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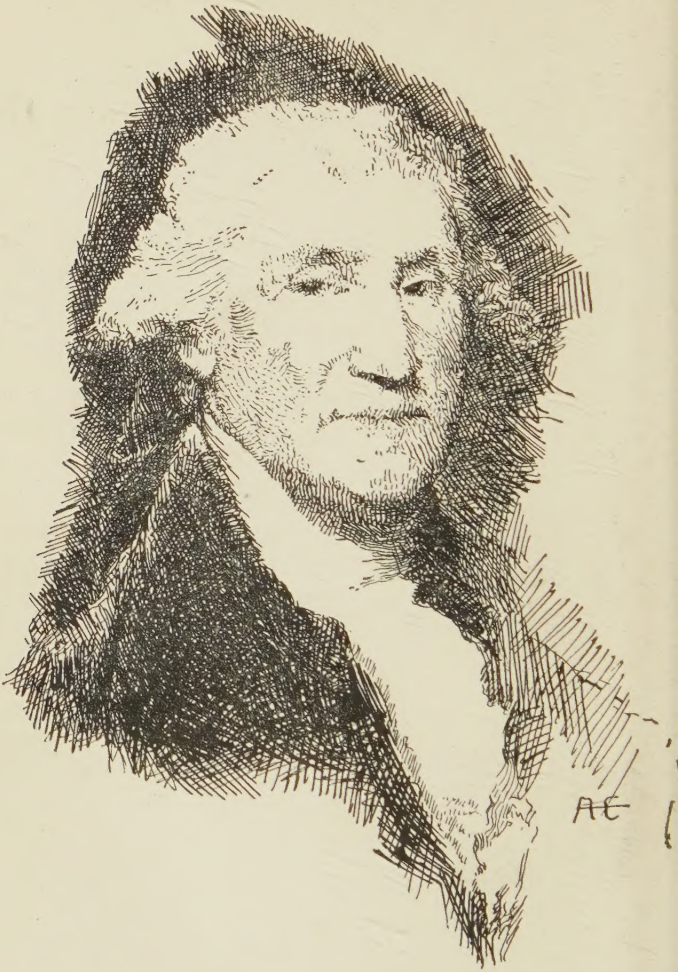

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

[From a painting by Gilbert Stuart, made in 1795, called the "Vaughan por

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON

BY

ELIZABETH EGGLESTON SEELYE

WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

BY ALLEGRA EGGLESTON

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

EDWARD EGGLESTON

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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INTRODUCTION.

By Edward Eggleston.

This work, like its predecessor, the Story of Columbus, by the same author, is intended to introduce the general reader, and especially the young reader, to what is most interesting and delightful in the history of its subject. While seeking to give pleasure by the selection of interesting material and by the manner of telling the story, the greatest pains have been taken to keep the narrative in strict conformity to the facts as established by the best contemporaneous authority and the careful researches of our critical age. No subject of biography has suffered more from overlaudation than Washington. His well-poised character, the never-failing public spirit evinced in his career, and the rare fitness of his great qualities to their fortunate opportunity, captivated the imaginations not only of his countrymen but of the world. Even during his lifetime he underwent an apotheosis. Those who wrote about him after his death treated him not as a historical figure to be described accurately and judged impartially, but rather as a demigod to be worshiped. An anecdote of that time represents a patriotic countryman as declaring that Washington was the greatest man in the world's history. When asked for the next greatest

he named the Founder of Christianity. The story but slightly burlesques the attitude of the American public toward Washington in the first half of the nineteenth century. The writer well remembers an editor who at a somewhat later period got himself and his paper into the greatest trouble by venturing, in his issue of the 22d of February, to make some playful remarks regarding probable childish mishaps in the boyhood of Washington.

Not only was the Father of his Country an object of worship to the generations following him, but he had to suffer the still further misfortune of becoming a model. Preacher and schoolmaster and schoolbook moralist sought to enforce every duty by his example, and to exemplify every virtue by stories of the great and good man. These stories were probably not invented deliberately; they rather grew by a process of unconscious myth making. Washington, by his cherry tree, taught the nobleness of truth-telling. Washington making peace with a man who had knocked him down the day before taught the wisdom of avoiding duels, and so on round the circle of moral and religious virtues. The effect of all this was exactly opposite to what had been designed. Under such treatment Washington as a man disappeared from view, and there was left instead a mere plaster cast. One so far removed from other men could not serve the purpose of an example.

The effect on historical knowledge of all this pious misrepresentation was disastrous. The events of Washington's life were distorted by a preconceived notion of his character. The editors of his writings went so far as to garble his correspondence lest one might catch his

mind in an attitude not perfectly statuesque. Biographers could present him only as exalted in a mirage. The very Indians incorporated the prevailing notion of him into their myths; and in the later mythology of the Six Nations he appears as a personage dwelling apart, fast by the gate of paradise, and passively gazing on all who enter there without ever breaking silence.

This present account of Washington, while giving careful attention to his military and administrative acts, has spared no pains to record as far as possible those details of his life and those personal anecdotes that preserve to us the living man. Fortunately, so much of Washington's intimate life has been recorded that there is no need to resort to mythical tales. I feel sure that the reader of this book will have no shadowy conception of him when he has enjoyed his boyish letters, has come to know the round of his daily duties as a planter, has seen him haul his seine, has watched him standing reflectively by a camp fire with hands behind him, and with a nose reddened from cold just before he made his famous crossing of the Delaware, has read his letter of advice to Nelly Custis on the matter of falling in love, and such anecdotes as Bernard's account of the help he rendered to the man who had upset his chaise and tumbled his wife into the ditch. It has seemed worth while to the writer of this life to describe the clothes he wore, the food he ate, and the process of powdering and tying his hair. What passes for the dignity of history is often only a stupid neglect of interesting particulars. The very infirmities of so great a man as Washington are needed to give relief to the picture. That he was austere and exacting in

money affairs, while remarkably generous in some cases, is a fact needed to complete the view of the man; and no sincere lover of historic truth would wish suppressed the fact that he flew into a rage and swore "till the leaves trembled on the trees" when he found one of his commanders playing traitor on the field of Monmouth.

But how admirably does the character of this illustrious man bear the closest scrutiny! The more one grows familiar with it the more does Washington seem to deserve his unique place in history. There were other men as good as he, there were generals more brilliant than he. Franklin was a greater philosopher, Chatham a greater statesman, Jefferson was greater as a political theorist; but history has no other character, perhaps, in which so many admirable traits were so equally balanced. Hardly any other man has ever arisen who combined a capacity for manœuvres so brilliant as the capture of Trenton, the night march on Princeton, and the sudden blow at long reach which destroyed Cornwallis, with the patience to wear out years in the weary waiting which was indispensable to the success of a small and scattered population contending with a great power. Rarely has the world seen a victor who sought no profit for himself, a man who had made himself the adored leader of his people, who put away from him with repulsion every suggestion that he should seek personal aggrandizement. Without laudation or rhetorical flourish, the writer of this work has told the story, and the reader leaves the contemplation of Washington more than ever filled with admiration for one who was not the most brilliant leader or the greatest thinker of his age, but who, by the sum of his qualities,

must remain the most illustrious figure in the history of the eighteenth century.

A grateful acknowledgment is due for the friendly assistance rendered by many persons to the illustrator in the arduous work of gathering material for the pictures. It is proper to mention in particular the courteous kindness of General G. W. Custis Lee, who put his valuable family portraits at the disposal of the artist. Dr. J. M. Toner, Mr. Allen, the librarian of the State Department, the Ladies Mount Vernon Association, Mr. F. D. Stone, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and the librarians of the New York Historical Society were very obliging and helpful.

Joshua's Rock, on Lake George.

THE STORY OF WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH.

1732.

When a man has become famous, dignified ancestors are sure to be provided for him. Efforts have been made to connect George Washington with more than one family of consequence in England bearing his name. It has recently been discovered, however, that the two Washington brothers who came to America in Cromwell's day were the sons of a certain Lawrence Washington, who was a college graduate and a poor parson, rector over a little church at Purleigh, in England, and who died in 1652, leaving his children still young and no doubt very needy. A few years after their father's death—that is, about 1657—the two eldest sons, John and Lawrence Washington, emigrated to America.

The wild lands of Virginia were to be had at a very low rate in those days, and an enterprising man might there become the owner of a tract as large as the estate of a great nobleman in England. For this reason many poor gentlemen, like the Washington brothers, came to Virginia to become planters and seek their fortunes in rais-

ing tobacco, the staple of the country. The elder of the two emigrant brothers, John Washington, who was about twenty-three when he landed in the New World, was the great-grandfather of George. He became in time a member of the Legislature, or House of Burgesses as it was called, and a county magistrate. Nearly twenty years after he had come to Virginia to live, there appeared some very bad omens, "a comet streaming like a horse-tail westward," a flight of pigeons which was so dense that the birds broke down the trees where they roosted, and swarms of flies which came out of "spigot-holes" in the earth. Old planters shook their heads, and remembered that there was such a flight of pigeons before the last Indian massacre. In course of time two men were killed by the savages, as every one had expected, and the people found their bodies on the way to church. Some Virginians rode after the murderers and fell upon the first Indians they found, without stopping to ask whether they were the real offenders. Indian troubles followed, and John Washington marched as colonel at the head of a number of Virginians against an Indian fort in Maryland. While the white men were holding a parley with some Indian chiefs at this fort, the bodies of more massacred men were brought in, and the colonists were so enraged that they bound five of the chiefs and "knocked them on the head." After six weeks of siege the Indians marched out of their fort in the night, killing the sleeping guards and yelling defiance at their besiegers. This was the beginning of the Indian troubles which led to Bacon's rebellion; so that John Washington was probably something of a rebel as well as an unsuccessful Indian-fighter.

Augustine Washington, the grandson of John Washington and the father of George, was born in 1694. He was married twice. His first wife, whose maiden name was Jane Butler, was the mother of four of his children. Two of these died when they were very young. The mother herself died in 1728, leaving two boys, Lawrence and Augustine. Washington's father was married again in 1730 to Mary Ball, who was then twenty-six years old. On the 11th of February, 1732, old style, the young wife had a boy born to her, who was named George. The date of his birth would be the 22d of February, new style, and this is the date that is celebrated as Washington's birthday. The little George had afterward brothers and sisters named Betty, Samuel, John Augustine, Charles, and Mildred. Mildred died in babyhood.

Washington was born in a low-pitched, single-story frame house containing four rooms, and having an immense outside chimney at either end. This house stood in Westmoreland County, between Bridge's and Pope's Creeks, and from it could be seen the Potomac River and the shore of Maryland. One breezy morning in April, when George was about three years old, dead leaves and brush were burning in the garden near this house. Some sparks settled among the shingles and set the house afire. Augustine Washington was away from home, but while slaves were trying to put out the fire, Mrs. Washington, with the cook and a maid, moved the furniture from the house, which soon burned down.

As Washington's father was agent for some iron works at Fredericksburg, and wished to live near them, he did not rebuild his burned house, but went to live on an-

other plantation, on the banks of the Rappahannock, opposite to the town of Fredericksburg. This was a four-roomed house, with outside chimneys, much like the other.

Washington's ancestors seem to have been good business men. True Virginia planters of that time, they led a robust, out-of-door life, riding about to oversee their plantations, hunting in the immense stretches of surrounding woods, and eating the plain food raised on their own lands. These men were ever ready for a wrangle with their Governors in the house of Burgesses,

VIEW OF FREDERICKSBURG FROM THE WASHINGTON PLANTATION ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

or for a brush with the Indians. But in spite of his homely life, the Virginia planter remembered that he was a gentleman, and took pains to preserve the somewhat antiquated manners brought by his ancestors from the Old World. Ships came to his own door direct from England, for what is called Tidewater Virginia is a land of peninsulas watered by rivers and estuaries. These

tobacco craft, which carried away the planter's valuable crop, brought back in exchange furniture, plate, linen, and fine dress, to lend a touch of fashion to the otherwise rude life of the Virginia gentleman. Sometimes the planter took his family visiting over the rough roads in a great yellow coach, brought over also on the tobacco ship, and sometimes he drove with his wife and daughters to Williamsburg to attend the balls given at this little capital. The Washingtons were of the plainer class of planters. They had fewer luxuries and endured more hardships than the members of the great families about them.

George Washington was a true child of this generous, active, out-of-door life—a life which called forth all the endurance and hardihood of the frontiersman, at the same time that it fostered dignity and courtesy, together with a high sense of honor and independence.

CHAPTER II.

STORIES OF WASHINGTON'S CHILDHOOD.

1735–1743.

SEVERAL of the most famous tales of Washington's boyhood are told by an odd character known as Parson Weems, who preached in Pohick church for a while after the war. Washington attended this church, and he and his wife often entertained Weems in their hospitable house. As the odd parson no doubt gossiped with all the old people about the neighborhood, he had a good chance to pick up any anecdotes about the great man's childhood. Unfortunately, Parson Weems was more fond of a good story than of the strict truth. Having a large family to support, he left off preaching and became a book peddler. He rode about in an old-fashioned gig, selling his own writings and those of others. He told so many amusing stories and played the fiddle so well, that he was a very successful peddler. He would enter a bar room with a temperance tract he had written, and mimic a drunken man so perfectly that he had no trouble in selling his tracts to the laughing crowd. It is told of Weems that he once fiddled for a dance from behind a screen, lest people should be shocked to see a parson fiddling in such a place. The screen fell over, however, and revealed the fiddling preacher, to the great amusement of the crowd.

The odd old parson wrote a life of Washington, in which he told some stories of the great man's boyhood which he said he had learned from an old lady who was a cousin of the family and had visited, when she was a girl, in the

WASHINGTON REPROVED FOR WANT OF GENEROSITY.

house of Mr. Augustine Washington. The stories are not improbable in themselves, and are doubted only because they are told by the queer parson, who loved a good story too well.

Washington's father, when the boy was five years old — so runs one of these tales — once invited the young lady cousin who was then visiting the family to go with him

and little George to the orchard. When they got there they found the ground covered with fallen apples, while the trees were so loaded that they were breaking with the weight of the fruit.

"Now, George," said his father, "look here, my son: don't you remember when this good cousin of yours brought you that fine, large apple last spring, how hardly I could prevail on you to divide with your brothers and sisters, though I promised you that, if you would but do it, God Almighty would give you plenty of apples this fall?"

The little George hung his head, and presently said, "Well, pa, only forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more."

The next story told by Weems is the famous little hatchet tale. He says that Washington's father took a great deal of pains to teach the child to tell the truth, and charged him, should he ever happen to do anything wrong, to come and tell of it, when, instead of a beating, he should have honor and love as a reward. George, who was about six years old, was given a little hatchet for his own. One day, when he was amusing himself hacking pea sticks in the garden, he presently fell upon a young English cherry tree, which his father valued a great deal, and barked it very badly. When Mr. Augustine Washington discovered the mischief he was very angry, and declared that he would not have taken five guineas for his cherry tree.

"George," said he, "do you know who killed that beautiful cherry tree, yonder in the garden?"

The boy hesitated a moment. "I can't tell a lie, pa,

you know I can't tell a lie," said he, presently; "I did cut it with my little hatchet."

The boy's father, so says Weems, remembered his promise and praised George, declaring that he was glad that he had lost his tree, since it had been the occasion of the child's daring to tell the truth.

Another of Weems's stories is that Washington's father once planted the letters of the boy's name in a cabbage bed in the garden. Some time after, the child came into the house all excitement, crying:

"O pa! come here! come here!"

"What's the matter, my son; what's the matter?"

"Oh, come here, I tell you, pa, come here, and I'll show you such a sight as you never saw in your lifetime!"

George took his father's hand and pulled him into the garden. "There, pa!" he exclaimed, "did you ever see such a sight in your life?"

"Why, it does seem like a curious affair, sure enough, George."

"But, pa, who did make it there?" asked the child.

"It grew by chance, I suppose, my son."

"By chance, pa! Oh, no, it never did grow there by chance, pa. Indeed, that it never did!"

"Hey! Why not, my son?"

"Why, pa, did you ever see anybody's name in a plant bed before?"

"Well—but, George, such a thing might happen, though you never saw it before."

"Yes, pa, but I did never see the little plants grow up so as to make one single letter of my name, and then standing one after another to spell my name so exactly,

and all so even at the top and bottom. O pa, you must not say that chance did all this. Indeed, somebody did it, and I dare say now, pa, you did it, just to scare me, because I am your little boy."

Whereupon, according to Weems, Washington's father drew a little lesson from the plant bed, by which he made him understand something about the heavenly Father, who made things grow for his benefit.

Besides Weems's doubtful stories, there are two letters which are said to have passed between George, when he was nine years old, and Richard Henry Lee, a little boy, who afterward became a great Revolutionary character, and to whom Washington wrote many letters in after-life. George's letter seems too correct for a little boy, though he may have had help from the friend who is supposed to have composed the rhyme at the end of the little note. Richard wrote:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me. RICHARD HENRY LEE."

George answered:

"DEAR DICKEY: I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and

I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony, Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.
Your good friend,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it and whip it."

The Sam in the letter was George's brother, and the "uncle jo" and "Uncle Ben" were no doubt old negro slaves.

To turn from doubtful stories and letters to what we certainly know of his childhood, George Washington attended a little school kept by a man named Hobby. It was very hard, in those rude days in Virginia, for planters to get any education for their children, and George's father bought Hobby as a bond-servant,* that he might

* The lot of poor men in that day was a hard one, and many such came to this country to escape misery in England. The captain of the ship that brought such a man was allowed to sell him for four

have a schoolmaster for his children. The schoolhouse is said to have stood in an old field—that is, a field exhausted by the growing of tobacco and allowed to grow up to pines. Here the little George learned to read, write, and cipher, and that by no very short cuts, for Hobby was probably only the poorest kind of a teacher. Weems tells, however, that the old man was very proud in after-life of having taught the great general. He drank a good deal, especially on Washington's birthday, and he would boast on such occasions that "'twas he who, between his knees, had laid the foundation of Washington's greatness."

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years to repay his passage. Many men, convicted of small crimes in England, were transported and sold for seven years. Those convicts who could read and write were often purchased for schoolmasters.

CHAPTER III.

WASHINGTON AS A BOY.

1743–1746.

When George Washington was eleven years old, his father was taken suddenly ill and died, at the age of forty-nine. To his eldest son, Lawrence, he left a place on the Potomac, which was afterward named Mount Vernon, with other lands, and shares in the iron works which he superintended. To his second son, Augustine, he willed the plantation in Westmoreland County where George had been born. George himself was to have the lands on which the family lived on the Rappahannock, but only after his mother's death. The other sons had six or seven hundred acres each, and the daughter Betty was also provided for. Mrs. Washington was left in charge of the lands of all her children until they should come of age.

In after-life, Washington said that he remembered his father's fondness for him, but that he believed he owed his fortune and fame to his mother. Mrs. Washington was a person of much sternness and force. She was probably a woman of the old Virginia type, in the time when planters were also frontiersmen and their children had few opportunities for education. Though she belonged to a good family, her accomplishments were of the plainest sort, such only as were needed by a housekeeper in

rude times. She was left a young widow in charge of tracts of land and negroes, a kind of property which yielded only a very poor living without the greatest watch-

HALL IN THE PART OF MOUNT VERNON BUILT BY LAWRENCE WASHINGTON.

fulness. She was in the habit of riding around her plantation in an open gig and overseeing all that went on, and she was feared by all about her.

"Pray," said she to an overseer who wished to do

otherwise than she had ordered, "who gave you any judgment in the matter? I command you, sir; there is nothing left for you but to obey."

Mrs. Washington's sons stood in awe of her when they were grown to be tall fellows. One of George's comrades said in after-years that he feared her much more than he did his own parents. "We were as mute as mice in her presence," said he.

Schools were few and poor in Washington's boyhood, and his mother sent him, soon after his father's death, back to his birthplace to live with his brother Augustine, who was now a grown man, to attend the school of a certain Mr. Williams. We do not know just how much he learned at this new school, but his four or five years under Mr. Williams did not teach him correct spelling or the commonest rules of English grammar, as some of his early writings show. He seems to have learned a good deal from a book which has recently been discovered with his name in it and the date of 1742, when the boy was ten years old. This book is called The Young Man's Companion, or Arithmetek Made Easy, and it claims to teach a boy without a tutor how to "read and write true English," how to write letters and make out various papers such as bills, bonds, releases, and wills, how to measure timber, and how to survey land, with various other useful things. Blank books are still preserved in which the boy Washington copied out various legal forms, some poor poetry, and one hundred and ten rules of behavior which are very quaint, and old, no doubt, in their origin. These rules are very curious. Some of them exhibit the rude habits of the time when it was thought necessary to teach

a young man not to kill vermin "in the sight of others." Another rule, which forbids a man to put his feet "upon the fire, especially if there be meat before it," shows how common it was in early days to live in the kitchen. The boy was taught, among many other things, "Shake not the Head, Feet, or Legs, rowl not the Eys, lift not one eyebrow higher than the other, wry not the mouth." He was to keep the nails, hands, and teeth clean, yet he was to show "no great concern for them." He was not to read in company; he was not to play the doctor when he visited the sick; he was not to laugh himself when he said anything witty; he was to see that his clothes were brushed every day, and was not to "play the peacock, looking everywhere about" him to see if he were "well decked"; he was to select good company, for he was told that it was "better to be alone than in bad company"; he was not to speak "of doleful things in a time of mirth," nor mention "death and wounds" at table; he was not to look at the blemishes of others; finally, he was taught great deference in the presence of his superiors and proper behavior toward his inferiors. This remarkable set of rules, which Washington copied so carefully when he was a boy, closes with the words, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." These old blank books show that the boy Washington was already practicing those painstaking habits with his pen which led him in later life to keep careful accounts of all his expenses, diaries of his doings, and copies of his letters.

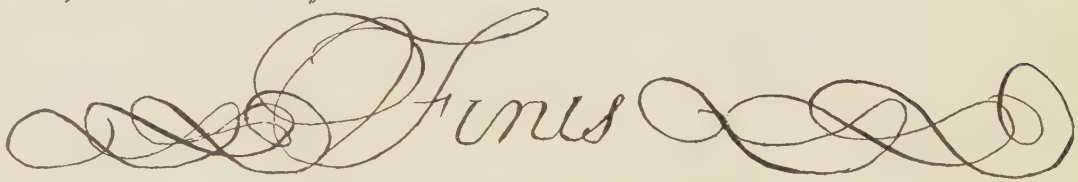
Although Washington seems to have been something of a model boy, he was still very much given to manly,

107th: If others talk at Table be attentive but talk not with Meat in your Mouth

100th: When you Speak of God or his Attributes let it be Seriously & Reverence Honour & Obey your Natural Parents altho they be Poor

109th: Let your Recreations be Manfull not Sinfull.

110th: Labour to keep alive in your Breast that Little Sharke of Celestial fire Called Conscience



FAC-SIMILE OF SOME OF THE RULES OF BEHAVIOR.

out-of-door sports. At school, so tradition says, he loved to play soldier, dividing the boys into armies, and George was pretty sure to be commander on one side or the other. There are many tales about Washington's great strength in running, and his skill in throwing to a great distance. Perhaps the distance has grown with the years, for, when people make a hero of a man, they like to think that he showed signs of his wonderful qualities in boyhood; though what throwing has to do with good generalship, or how foot-races lead to the presidency it would be hard to tell. They go to show, however, what was no doubt true, that Washington was a hardy, manly boy. To this day the very spot where George threw a piece of slate across the Rappahannock is pointed out. The slate, of course, cleared the river and landed some thirty yards on the opposite side. The people of Virginia firmly believe also that Washington threw a stone up some two hundred feet to the arch of the natural bridge from below, while some have it a silver dollar. Even in the North there is a legend of Washington's throwing a stone from the top of the Palisades into the Hudson, when he was a general.

Parson Weems also comes in with his homely tale of Washington's feats of running while he was at Mr. Williams's school. According to Weems, John Fitzhugh, Esq., made the following speech to him with regard to the superior qualities of Washington's legs:

"Egad, he ran wonderfully. We had nobody hereabouts that could come near him. There was a young Langhorn Dade, of Westmoreland, a confounded clean-made, tight young fellow, and a mighty swift runner too;

but then he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give it up, and would brag that he had sometimes brought George to a tie. But I believe that he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough."

Another story of Washington's boyhood tells how he once sat reading a book under an oak tree near the schoolhouse, when the other boys had persuaded the champion wrestler of the county to try their strength. He downed all the boys except the studious George, who refused to join the ring. The champion presently dared Washington to come on, or own that he was afraid. George was probably no more able to take a dare than to tell a lie, and he accordingly came on. There was a struggle of a few minutes, when, as the champion afterward said, "I felt myself grasped and hurled upon the ground with a jar that shook the marrow of my bones."

Washington, like all Virginia boys, was at home on a horse's back. During the Revolutionary War he presented the famous French officer, the Marquis de Chastellux, with a beautiful animal, which he assured his guest he had broken himself, to the wonder of the Frenchman. Perhaps Washington's first attempt at breaking a horse was on his mother's plantation, and this was an unlucky adventure.

Fine horses were the pride of the Virginia gentleman, and Mrs. Washington kept up the stock that had been owned by her husband. There was one spirited sorrel colt which no one had succeeded in breaking. George and some boy friends were looking at the horses early one morning, when Washington announced that he was

going to ride the sorrel. His companions, boylike, dared him to do it. They all went to work to catch the restless animal, and together they forced a bit into his mouth. No sooner was this done, than Washington sprang on his back. The horse backed, reared, and plunged, while George's comrades began to be frightened about the re-

WASHINGTON'S TENTS, AS SET UP IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

sult of their sport. But Washington kept his seat, and the animal finally made one great bound into the air and fell dead, having burst a blood-vessel.

Immediately after this the boys were called to breakfast, feeling very serious over the outcome of their sport. Mrs. Washington began to ask them if they had seen her colts, and especially her favorite, the sorrel.

The boys were silent, but Mrs. Washington demanded an answer.

"The sorrel is dead, madam," said George. "I killed him." The boy then told how it all happened. Mrs. Washington's face was red with anger, but she presently said that, while she regretted the loss of her horse, she rejoiced in her son, who always told the truth. This story is told by Washington's step-grandson, who was brought up in his family. The point resembles that of the hackneyed little hatchet tale, and perhaps they both grew out of one incident.

There is no doubt a foundation of fact in the tales of Washington's great strength, for we know that when he grew to be a man he was tall and muscular, had very large joints, and enormous hands and feet. He wore number thirteen boots, it is said, and was obliged to have his gloves made to order. A man who knew him during the war told that though it took two men to lift his large tent, wrapped up with its poles, Washington could pick it up with one hand and throw it into a wagon, as though it were a pair of saddle-bags.

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

1746–1751.

When George Washington was eight years old his eldest half-brother, Lawrence, then only twenty, was captain in a Virginia regiment which joined an expedition under Admiral Vernon to attack Cartagena in South America. The attack did not succeed. The ships did not get near enough to throw shells into the town, and the scaling ladders were too short. But the part of the forces which Lawrence commanded fought bravely, standing a very destructive fire for some hours and losing a number of men. No doubt the tales George heard from his brother of his adventures in this expedition made him love to play soldier as a boy, and dream of going to war himself.

Lawrence Washington was a noble and liberal-minded man, and he seems to have been one of the most devoted of elder brothers. He married a daughter of William Fairfax, and went to live on his estate on the Potomac, which he named Mount Vernon, in honor of the admiral under whom he had fought. His father-in-law lived across the river from him at a place called Belvoir. He was a gentleman of wealth, and the agent of his cousin, Lord Fairfax. Lord Fairfax was an English nobleman

who had fallen heir to a tract of land in Virginia so large that it is now divided into twenty-one counties. He had also estates in England, and was a man of fine education, and possessed some literary gifts, for he wrote papers for The Spectator. But a disappointment in love is said to have sent him to the wilds of Virginia. He turned over his English property to his brother, and became a Virginian for life. At the time when George first knew him he was living with his cousin William Fairfax at Belvoir. He afterward made his home in a house which he built beyond the Blue Ridge, and called Greenway Court. Here he kept bachelor's hall, and spent much of his time hunting in the forests which stood in that day about his house.

OLD BUILDING AT GREENWAY COURT.

When Washington was about fourteen it was proposed to send him to sea. Whether this grew out of his own boyish wishes, or the plans of his elders, is not certainly known; but a brother of Mrs. Washington, who lived in England, wrote her a very sensible letter, in which he told her that, rather than go to sea, her son "had better be put 'prentice to a tinker;" that at sea he would be treated like a dog; that there was no chance for him in the navy; and that he would be better off as a planter than as master of a Virginia ship. "He must not be too hasty to be rich," said he, "but go on gently and with patience as

things will naturally go. This method, without aiming at being a fine gentleman before his time, will carry a man more comfortably and surely through the world than going to sea, unless it be a good chance indeed."

Mrs. Washington's heart soon failed her. A friend of hers wrote to Lawrence Washington that one word against George's going to sea "had more weight than ten for it." So the plan was given up, and the boy was sent back to school to study surveying. For practice he plotted off the fields around the schoolhouse, and put the result of his work down very carefully in his blank books. He left school the fall before he was sixteen, and spent the winter with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. He practiced surveying about his brother's plantation during this winter. Here he often met the Fairfaxes and other choice company, and had a chance to practice his rules of behavior.

It is said that while George was living with his brother Lawrence, he was one day in Alexandria where a dealer was showing some blooded horses which he had brought there to sell. The boy admired them, and perhaps boasted a little about what he could do with a horse. The dealer offered to give him a very unmanageable young horse if he would ride it to Mount Vernon and back without losing his seat. George immediately mounted the animal and rode off. The next day he entered the town again firmly seated on the wild creature. The dealer is said to have been willing to stand by his promise, and offered the horse to George; but Washington frankly declared that he had not earned him, for he had been thrown once and dragged, though he did not lose his hold of the reins.

George Washington was the kind of boy to be a favorite with older men. Lord Fairfax selected him when he was barely sixteen to be a surveyor for him. Lord Fairfax's land stretched across the Blue Ridge, and he owned many fine valleys there which had never been surveyed. Emigrants were already pushing their way across the mountains, selecting the finest pieces of land and settling on them. Lord Fairfax wished to survey these lands, so that the settlers might have a clear title and pay their quit rents to the lord of the soil.

CASE, WITH PENCIL, FOOT-RULE, AND DIVIDERS, USED BY WASHINGTON IN SURVEYING. OWNED BY GEN. G. W. C. LEE.

George Washington and George Fairfax, the eldest son of William Fairfax, set out on horseback, in March, 1748, for the Shenandoah Valley, where they were joined by another surveyor. Washington kept a journal of this first surveying trip of his, which is very quaint with its odd spelling and its antique abbreviations. He tells how they rode many rough miles in a day, getting now and then a shot at a wild turkey; how they slept in a tent, every one being his own cook, with forked sticks for spits, and large chips for plates. Once the straw on which he slept caught fire, and one of the men saved him from burning up by waking him in time. At another time the tent blew away in the night. Once they ate dinner at a frontiersman's, where there was neither tablecloth nor knives, and they counted themselves fortunate in having some

knives of their own. He relates very naively how at one frontier house, he "not being so good a woodsman as the rest of the company," stripped himself very orderly and went into the bed, as they called it. The bed proved to be a little straw, matted together, no sheets, and an abundance of vermin. He says that he made haste to get up so soon as the light had been carried away, put on his clothes, and stretched himself on the floor with the other members of the party. "Had we not been very tired," he writes, "I am sure we should not have slep'd much that night." He resolved to choose the open air and the fire hereafter on a surveying tour. The next day they rode to Frederickstown, where they found their baggage and made haste to change their clothes, "to get rid of ye Game we had catched ye night before," says the journal.

At one place the boy surveyors were stopped several days at a ford by high rains and rising water. They were delighted, after two days of dull waiting, with the sight of a party of Indians returning from the warpath, "with only one scalp," as the journal remarks. Washington and Fairfax gave the Indians some liquor, which, "elevating their spirits, put them in ye humor of dauncing." Washington describes the war dance that took place in the following quaint words: "There manner of dauncing is as follows, viz., they clear a Large Circle and make a great Fire in ye middle. Men seats themselves around it. Ye speaker makes a grand speech, telling them in what manner they are to dauncc. After he has finished, ye best Dauncer jumps up, as one awaked out of a sleep, & Runs and Jumps about ye Ring in a most comicle manner. He is followed by ye Rest. Then begins there musicians to

Play. Ye musick is a Pot half full of water, with a Deerskin stretched over it as tight as it can, & a goard with shott in it to rattle & a Piece of an horses tail tied to it to make it look fine. Ye one keeps rattling and ye others drumming all ye while ye others is Dauncing."

For three years George Washington led the life of a backwoods surveyor, followed about by emigrants seeking lands. "Since you received my letter in October last," he writes to a boy friend, "I have not sleep'd above three nights or four in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bearskin, which ever is to be had with man, wife and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. There is nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon a day is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles." A doubloon was equal to seven dollars and twenty cents, while six pistoles amounted to twenty-one dollars and sixty cents.

WASHINGTON'S COMPASS.

In this way the foundation was laid for Washington's future greatness; hardihood, endurance, and independence were the lessons he learned. He spent his winters with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, and here he gained ease and polish of manner. He is said also to have been a great favorite with Lord Fairfax in his home at

Greenway Court, in the Shenandoah Valley, where the bachelor nobleman and the young surveyor had many a good hunt together.

Meantime Washington had young lady friends, and some youthful emotions with regard to them. In the same book which contains his journals is a copy of a letter in which he speaks of having been ill with a pleurisy, and says, "But purpose, as soon as I recover my strength, to wait on Miss Betsy, in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence, and see if I can meet with any alteration in my favor." This pretty speech savors more of old-fashioned Southern gallantry than of the real sentiment which some writers see in it. Another letter, however to be found in the same book, contains a rather amusing passage in a more serious strain.

"My place of residence," says young George Washington, "is at present at his Lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house. But as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her revives my former passion for your Low-land beauty; whereas was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure eliviate my sorrows, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion or etarnall forgetfulness, for as I am well assured, that's the only antidote or remedy, that I ever shall be relieved by or only recess that can administer any cure or help to me, as I am well convinced, was I ever, to attempt anything, I should only get a denial, which would be only adding grief to uneasiness."

There is no doubt that Washington, being only about sixteen when he wrote this doleful letter, recovered in due time of his hopeless passion for the "Lowland beauty," and lived to enjoy the society of other young women, without so much as being reminded of his first love, "etarnall forgetfulness" having done its work. We may smile at Washington's boyish effusions, as well as his mistakes in grammar and in spelling, but he soon conquered most of these faults, and gained a clear style in writing as well as a thoughtful and sensible bearing. As he never went to school again, all these improvements must have been due to his own painstaking habits.

CHAPTER V.

LEARNING TO BE A SOLDIER.

1751–1752.

ONE of the most remarkable facts about the boy George Washington was that he was trusted with difficult tasks at so early an age. Being the eldest son of a widow, and having his own way to make in the world, he seems to have become a man before his time. When Washington was a boy, the French in Canada, having already claimed the Mississippi, were pushing for the great interior country about the Ohio. The English colonies, too, began to see that their growth must soon force them in the same direction. George's half-brothers, Lawrence and Augustine Washington, belonged to a body of men called "The Ohio Company," which was formed to push emigration into this great new country. They sent out a famous pioneer named Christopher Gist to explore the Ohio Valley, and they made a treaty with the Indians, by which they were allowed to make settlements on one side of the great river. It was more difficult to find settlers, and Lawrence Washington, although he was beginning to fail in health, tried unsuccessfully to get a promise that German emigrants to the Ohio would be allowed to have their own religion, and not be obliged to support a clergyman of the Church of England. In the houses of his two

brothers Washington thus early learned to take a great interest in the struggle for the Ohio.

Wise men foresaw that there was likely to be trouble between the French and English colonies over the possession of the beautiful Ohio country; and the militia of Virginia were trained, and preparations began to be made for war. The colony was divided into provinces, with an officer over the militia of each province. Lawrence Washington got his "brother George," at nineteen years of age, appointed to the command of one of these districts, with the title of adjutant-general and the rank of major. It was the young man's duty to exercise the militiamen and inspect their arms.

Washington had not forgotten his early ambition to be a soldier, and he was probably as eager for war as any very young man would be under the circumstances. He studied tactics, and took fencing lessons of a Dutchman named Van Braam. He had hardly begun his new military duties, however, when he was called away by his brother's illness. Lawrence Washington was now suffering from consumption. He wished to try a voyage to the West Indies, and asked George to go with him. The two brothers sailed in September, 1751, and were five weeks reaching Barbadoes.

This was the only time that George Washington was outside of his native land. Soon after he reached the island he and his brother were invited to dine at a certain house. George went reluctantly, for there was smallpox in the house, and he had not yet had this disease, which was very common in those days. Two weeks later he was taken with the smallpox, and recovered after three

or four weeks of severe illness. Lawrence Washington seemed to be very much better when he first reached Barbadoes, but his health failed again, and he thought of trying a trip to Bermuda in the spring. He decided to send George home, in order that he might bring Mrs. Lawrence Washington out to meet him at Bermuda. The young man had a stormy passage. He kept a careful journal, however, and even copied the ship's log-book, setting down the direction of the wind and the number of miles made by the vessel daily, which shows his early habit of taking pains with the smallest details.

Washington reached home in February. His brother Lawrence, finding that he was getting no better, returned to Virginia in the following summer. He did not live long after he came home. His will shows his affection for George, and his trust in the young man's character. He left his estates to his little daughter, an only child, who did not live long. In case of her death, his wife was to have a dower interest in them, and they were to belong to George Washington. Meantime George was made one of the executors, and he began immediately to manage his brother's affairs. At nineteen he was managing a large plantation, and riding about several counties reviewing the militia on parade, training the officers, and inspecting arms.

CHAPTER VI.

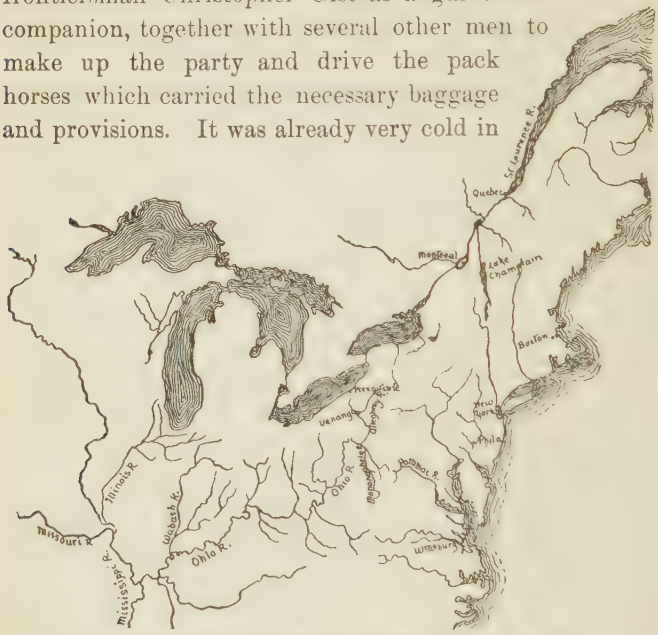
SENT INTO THE WILDERNESS.

1753.

BEFORE railroads were invented natural water ways were of vast importance. When the country was still wild there was no other way of penetrating it than that afforded by rivers and lakes. For this reason the French in Canada had secured Lake Champlain, which was connected by water, except for a few miles of land carriage, both with the St. Lawrence and the Hudson. They had grasped also the Great Lakes and the Mississippi which led through the heart of the continent. By a small carry from Lake Erie they were planning now to reach a new region by following French Creek to the Alleghany River, and this stream until it joined the Monongahela and became the Ohio. Their forts had already been extended to the junction of French Creek and the Alleghany, and the English colonists saw that they must soon be cut off from a valuable fur trade, and be shut in forever behind the Alleghany Mountains.

Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, wrote a letter in 1753 to the commander of the French fort at Venango, demanding that the French should leave off building forts in the Ohio Valley. He chose Major George Washington, then twenty-one years old, to carry this letter through

hundreds of miles of wilderness to the French fort. The young man set out in November, 1753, with his fencing-master Van Braam as an interpreter, and the trader and frontiersman Christopher Gist as a guide and companion, together with several other men to make up the party and drive the pack horses which carried the necessary baggage and provisions. It was already very cold in

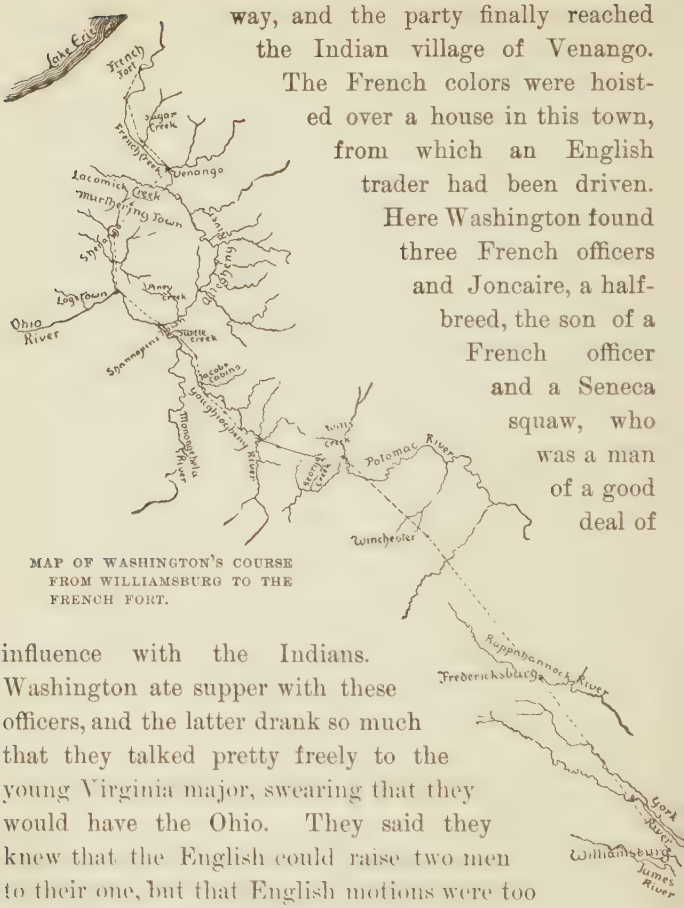


MAP SHOWING THE WATERWAYS CLAIMED BY THE FRENCH.

the Alleghanies, and the snow was ankle-deep in some places. Washington struck the Monongahela at Turtle Creek, and pushed on down the river till he reached the forks of the Ohio—that is, the place where this stream joins the Alleghany and becomes the Ohio. He selected a place on the tongue of land between these two rivers for a fort, which he thought would control all the

country around by commanding so many streams. This afterward became the point for which the French and English struggled.

Nothing could be done without the aid and good will of the Indians, so Washington and Gist held a council at Logstown, an Indian village not far from the forks of the Ohio. Washington visited an Oneida chief who lived here, named Monacatootha, and giving him a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco, asked him to send for the Half-king, a Seneca chief, who was out at his hunting cabin, and several other chiefs who were absent. When the Half-king came, Washington visited him in his cabin and talked with him about what the French were going to do. The Half-king said that when he had been at the French fort last he had told them that the Indians had built a council fire for them at Montreal, and told them to stay there, and that if they came any farther the Indians would have to use a stick on them. The French commander had answered, "I tell you down the river I will go." Washington held a council at the long house of the Indians, and, after a good deal of Indian ceremony and days of tedious waiting, it was decided that the Half-king, Jeskakee, White Thunder, and a young hunter were to go with Major Washington to the French fort and return a certain speech belt, which would mean in their eyes the breaking of friendship with the French. After all had been settled according to Indian notions, regardless of Washington's impatience, the party set out, and encamped at a place called Murthering Town, where they got some dried meat and corn for provisions. The Indians also shot two fine bucks by the



MAP OF WASHINGTON'S COURSE FROM WILLIAMSBURG TO THE FRENCH FORT.

way, and the party finally reached the Indian village of Venango. The French colors were hoisted over a house in this town, from which an English trader had been driven. Here Washington found three French officers and Joncaire, a half-breed, the son of a French officer and a Seneca squaw, who was a man of a good deal of influence with the Indians. Washington ate supper with these officers, and the latter drank so much that they talked pretty freely to the young Virginia major, swearing that they would have the Ohio. They said they knew that the English could raise two men to their one, but that English motions were too slow to prevent their doing as they chose.

Washington had a deal of trouble to get his Indians away from the influence of Captain Joncaire and French liquor. At last, however, the party started up French

Creek, subsisting on bear meat, and crossing streams on fallen tree trunks, with their baggage strapped upon their backs, while they swam their horses over. The young major was courteously received at the French fort. While the officers of the post were consulting over Governor Dinwiddie's letter, Washington made a careful observation of the fort, and charged his interpreter to find out how many canoes there were upon the shores of the creek, that he might get some idea of the size of the French force that would be sent down the river to the Ohio in the spring. There proved to be fifty birch-bark canoes and one hundred and seventy pine dug-outs, while many more were being built.

It was now the middle of December, the snows were increasing, and Washington's horses were getting very weak, as the grass in the natural meadows along the streams was covered, and they had nothing to eat but corn. For this reason he sent the animals ahead unloaded, intending to go back to Venango by water.

CHAPTER VII.

ADVENTURES IN THE WOODS.

1753.

THE commandant of the French fort furnished Washington with a canoe, which he loaded with provisions and liquor. But while he seemed to be very polite to the young Virginia major, he was secretly trying to keep the Indians from going back with him, that he might gain them over to the French side. When they were about to start, he offered the Indians each a present of a gun if they would stay till the next day. When Washington heard from the Half-king of this tempting offer, he resolved to stay also, for there was no such thing as getting the Indians to forego the guns. The next day they got their guns, but the French now began to ply them with liquor. Washington said that he had never suffered so much anxiety in his life, but he finally got his Indians off on the 16th of December. The white men were in one canoe and the Indians in another. They made sixteen miles the first day and camped for the night, the Indians having run ahead of them. The next day brought them up with their Indians, who had camped and were hunting. The party spent the day at this spot, the Indians having killed three bears. One of the hunters had not returned by the following morning, so the

white men pushed on and left the Indians waiting for him.

The waters of the creek were falling very fast, and after traveling for two more days Washington's party was stopped by ice. The men worked for some time trying to break a way through the ice, and then gave it up and hauled their canoe a quarter of a mile across a neck of land to where the water was clear again. Here they were overtaken by the Indians, three French canoes, and the crew of another French boat which had been lost with her lading of lead and powder. They all camped for the night about twenty miles above Venango. By the next day the creek had become so low that all hands were obliged to get out of the canoes to keep them from upsetting and haul them over shoals, the icy water freezing to their clothes as they stood in it. The Virginians could not help being pleased, however, to see one of the French canoes upset and her lading of brandy and wine floating in the water, while they ran by "and let them shift for themselves."

At Venango Washington was obliged to leave the Indians, for White Thunder pretended to be ill, and the young major dared not wait any longer, as winter was setting in. The horses were very weak by this time, and their packs were heavy, it being necessary to carry provisions for man and beast. The men of the party gave up their horses to be used as pack animals. Washington put on an Indian walking dress and tramped on with his party through the snow for three days. This was very slow work, because of the weakness of the horses, and Washington proposed to Gist that they should push ahead.

making the rest of the journey alone and on foot. Gist objected that the major was not used to walking, but Washington insisted. So he left his Dutch fencing-master, Van Braam, in charge of the pack horses, and putting his necessary papers into his bosom, he tied himself up

PACK SADDLES OF WASHINGTON'S TIME.

in a matchcoat, or Indian blanket. He and Gist then strapped packs on their backs loaded with provisions, and taking their guns in their hands set off on their lonely and dangerous journey. They walked eighteen miles the first day, and passed the night in a deserted Indian cabin,

Washington being very much exhausted. It was now very cold, and the small streams were so frozen that it was hard to find water to drink.

Washington and Gist made the distance the next day to the Indian village which bore the ominous name of Murthering Town. Here they met an Indian whom Gist had seen, he thought, at Venango, on the way up. The fellow called Gist by his Indian name, and asked a number of questions as to why the white men were traveling alone, and where they had left their horses. Washington wished to cut across the country instead of following the longer Indian path, so he asked this fellow if he would guide them, which the Indian was only too willing to do. They set out once more, the Indian guide carrying Washington's pack. They had walked only eight or ten miles when Washington's feet became so sore that he wished to encamp for the night. He and Gist were beginning to suspect that their guide was taking them too much toward the northwest. The Indian offered to carry the major's gun for him, but Washington refused. The fellow now became surly, declaring that there were Ottawa Indians in these woods, who would kill and scalp them if they lay out, and that it would be best to go to his cabin, where they would be safe. Gist began to be very suspicious of their guide, though he did not like to let the major see it. Washington, however, was uneasy himself. The Indian insisted that he could hear the report of a gun at his cabin, and steered north. When the white men became suspicious at being led in this direction, he declared that he could hear two whoops at his cabin. Night was falling. When the party had traveled two miles farther, Wash-

ington insisted that they should camp at the next water. Before finding water, however, they entered a natural meadow where there were no trees, and it was very light from the reflection on the snow. Instantly the Indian stopped, wheeled about, and fired upon the two white men.

"Are you shot?" asked Washington of Gist.

"No," answered the trader.

Immediately the Indian ran behind a great white oak tree and began loading his gun. The two white men were upon him in a moment, however. Gist would have killed him, but Washington would not permit this. They disarmed him, and ordered him to build a fire for them beside a little stream, as though they meant to encamp here for the night. Meantime Washington and Gist guarded the three guns of the party carefully while they held a little consultation.

"As you will not have him killed," said Gist, "we must get him away, and then we must travel all night."

Washington agreed to this plan, and Gist then went to the Indian and said, in order that he should not guess how suspicious they were of him:

"I suppose you were lost, and fired your gun."

The fellow assented, and insisted that he knew the way to his cabin, and that it was not far.

"Well," said Gist, "do you go home, and as we are much tired we will follow your tracks in the morning."

The Indian was glad to get off. Gist followed him and listened until he was sure that he was fairly gone. He and Washington then hurried away in an opposite direction for half a mile, when they made a fire, looked at their compass, set their course, and walked all night as

fast as they could. This was a pretty hard experience for a young man with sore feet. They found themselves at the head of Piney Creek the next morning, but they dared not stop, as they feared they might be tracked by their treacherous guide. They traveled all the next day down the creek. At night they found some tracks where a party of Indians had been hunting. They confused their tracks with these, and then separated for a distance, so that two trails could not be seen leaving this place together. Only after they had done this did they dare to stop and take some sleep.

Another day brought the two travelers to the Alleghany. They had expected to find the river frozen, but the solid ice extended out only about fifty yards from each shore, while the channel was full of floating ice. The two men worked all one day building a raft, with one small hatchet, which was the only tool they had with them. Just before sunset Washington and Gist got upon their raft. Before they were half way over the river the raft got jammed in the ice and was in danger of upsetting. Washington put out his setting pole to try to stop their rude craft, in order that the ice might get by. The force of the stream and the jamming of the ice against the pole, however, jerked Washington off of the raft and into ten feet of water. He succeeded in catching hold of one of the logs of the raft, and so got on again. In spite of all they could do, he and Gist were unable to reach the other shore. They had floated near an island, and here they left their raft and camped for the night. The sun was down, and it was very cold. Washington was wet to the skin, while Gist had all his fingers and some of his toes

frozen. They made a fire and slept on the island all night. In the morning they were delighted to find that the river was frozen over, so that they might easily cross it.

One more day's tramp brought Washington and Gist to the house of an Indian trader named Fraser. Here they expected to get horses. As it would take some time to find the animals, Washington walked about three miles to the mouth of the Youghiogheny, to visit a certain Queen Aliquippa, who had shown some jealousy because the major had not called on her when he had passed before. To placate this Indian queen, Washington made her a present of a matchcoat—the one he had worn on his tramp, no doubt—and a bottle of rum, the last present being the more acceptable of the two, he said.

A few more days brought Washington and Gist to the outlying settlements. They each kept a journal of their experiences. Washington's journal, to his surprise, was afterward published both in Virginia and in England, for men were much interested then in the question whether France or England was to have the Ohio country.

CHAPTER VIII.

WASHINGTON BEGINS A GREAT WAR.

1754.

THERE was a race between the English in Virginia and the French in Canada, each wishing to be the first to occupy the important point of land between the rivers forming the Ohio. A few Virginia pioneers were the earliest to reach the spot, where they began to build a little fort. Governor Dinwiddie was anxious to raise men to defend this position, and if all had depended on him it would soon have been done. Dinwiddie was a rough old Scotchman, stubborn, forceful, and unpopular simply because he was Governor. There was always a petty struggle going on in the colonies between the Governors and the representatives elected by the people, because the Governors stood for an encroaching royal authority, and the people had the English love for what they deemed their rights. This time the struggle stood in the way of defending the Ohio, for the Virginians refused to grant money for this purpose so long as the Governor continued to charge a pistole, or three dollars and sixty cents, for every land title that he signed, and everything lagged because of a divided government.

In March, 1754, Washington asked for a colonel's

commission. He got it, with the following note from a member of the Governor's Council:

"DEAR GEORGE: I inclose you your commission. God prosper you with it!"

Thus the young man got his promotion, with the honor of being second in command over a little band of tattered poor whites, for a rough and dangerous expedition, with no means of clothing his men, and a probability of starvation for want of supplies. But Washington was young and enthusiastic. He accepted all difficulties with a good heart.

The whole of the Virginia forces amounted to some three hundred men, an English gentleman, Colonel Fry, being first in command. Washington started on the 2d of April, 1754, with a part of the troops, Colonel Fry remaining behind to get the other half of the regiment ready to march. The young man had orders to make his way to the forks of the Ohio, to aid Captain Trent, who was already there with a handful of pioneers building a fort. But while Washington was making his toilsome march through the woods and over mountain ranges, his men felling trees and building roads as they went, the French were moving rapidly down the Alleghany in their fleet of canoes, and appeared suddenly before the unfinished English fort. Captain Trent was absent, and there were only forty workmen at the spot, in command of an ensign. The French placed the mouths of their cannon against the unfinished palisades of the fort and summoned the men to surrender, which they did without more ado, being allowed to march out

with their tools and go back to join Washington. The French destroyed the works, and began a larger fort which they called Du Quesne.

Meanwhile Washington pushed painfully forward, gaining only two or three miles a day. He reached the Great Crossing of the Youghiogheny on the 18th of May. Here he thought of trying to see if he could not avoid the difficult road-making by moving down the Youghiogheny in boats. To find out whether this were possible, he first explored the stream himself with four men and an Indian in a canoe. He had not gone far before the Indian guide refused to proceed unless he was paid for his services. As Washington had not been provided with the trinkets and coarse cloth used for Indian presents, he was forced to promise the fellow one of his own ruffled shirts and a matchcoat. In some places they found the water of the Youghiogheny deep, in others it was so shallow that all hands must wade. Washington made his way thirty miles down this stream, when he was stopped by rapids and a waterfall. He must give up the idea of a water passage, and take up once more his laborious march through the woods. By the 24th of May the Virginians had reached a place on the Youghiogheny called the Great Meadows. The men were encamping in these natural fields at the base of a somber range of mountains, when they were joined by a trader who had come that morning from a settlement recently started on the other side of the neighboring mountain. This settlement had been founded by Christopher Gist, Washington's companion in his previous journey. The trader brought the news that he had seen two Frenchmen, and that there was a large party

of them somewhere near at hand. Washington immediately sent out scouts to reconnoiter the country. He ordered his men to turn a gully which crossed the meadows into a natural intrenchment, and, having cleared away some bushes, pronounced the place, with the enthusiasm of a young soldier, "a charming field for an encounter."

Two days later Gist arrived, and said that some fifty French soldiers had been at his place looking for the Half-king, and he had also seen their tracks not five miles from the camp at Great Meadows. At night came a messenger from the Half-king, who was on his way to join Washington. This chief sent word that "he had discovered the tracks of two Frenchmen, and followed them to a low, obscure place," where he believed they were all encamped. This was very unpleasant for Washington. He feared some stratagem of the French to surprise him, and resolved to spoil their plans. He set out at ten o'clock at night in a heavy rain with forty men. It was "as dark as pitch," and the men tumbled over one another; often they lost their path, and seven of them strayed away entirely. After stumbling along all night, Washington and his men reached the Half-king's camp, where they held a council with the Indians. The result was that the Half-king, Monacatootha, and a few other Indians, agreed to go with Washington "hand in hand" to attack the skulking French. They accordingly marched to where the Frenchmen's tracks had been seen. The Half-king now sent two scouts ahead to find out where the enemy lay. They found them encamped in a little hollow surrounded by rocks.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON IN HIS COLONEL'S UNIFORM.

[Owned by General G. W. C. Lee. This portrait was painted in 1772 by Wilson Peale. It is the earliest portrait known of Washington.]

Washington made arrangements for an attack. The party continued their march, silently and in Indian file. They had but just surrounded the French encampment when the enemy discovered them. Washington gave the order to fire. The Frenchmen snatched up their guns and pointed them toward the very spot where Washington stood, so that the bullets flew fast about the young commander. There was sharp fighting for about fifteen minutes; then the French surrendered. Their commander, an ensign named Jumonville, was killed, and nine other men had fallen. Of these the Indians dispatched those who were not dead with a blow on the head, and secured their scalps. Twenty-two were taken prisoners. On the English side but one man was killed and two or three were wounded. Washington was very polite to the two officers among his prisoners, and shared with them his own few changes of clothing.

Such was the young soldier's first engagement. "I have heard the bullets whistle," he wrote to his brother, "and believe me, there is something charming in the sound." This youthful speech of Washington's was repeated from mouth to mouth until it reached the ears of the King of England. "He would not say so if he had been used to hear many," remarked his Majesty. Many years after, when Washington was a general, some one asked him if he had said such words. "If I did, it must have been when I was very young," the general answered.

After the Frenchmen had been captured they showed a summons from the commander at Fort Du Quesne, and asserted that they were on the way to deliver this paper to the English. If this were their purpose, they went about

it in a strange way, lurking for some days in hiding near Washington's camp, and sending messengers back to their fort to tell how the Virginians were placed. The French, however, persisted in regarding this affair as a massacre, and called the Virginia colonel "the cruel Washington."

In this skirmish the young commander of twenty-two fired the first shots in a great war which was to involve both Europe and America. When Washington was stumbling along through the darkness of a rainy night in search of some skulking Frenchmen, he never once thought of his actions having consequences so important, for he supposed that the planting of cannon against the palisades of the English fort at the forks of the Ohio would be regarded as opening the war.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE AT FORT NECESSITY.

1754.

WASHINGTON returned to the Great Meadows with his prisoners. He expected soon to be attacked; so he threw up some small earthworks, which he called Fort Necessity. The Half-king had sent the French scalps he had taken to neighboring tribes, as an invitation to engage in the war. He now joined the Virginians at Fort Necessity, with Queen Aliquippa and about a hundred men, women, and children. Washington held a council with these people. To please Queen Aliquippa, he presented her son with a medal, and gave him the English name of Colonel Fairfax, telling him that this meant "the first of the council." As he had heard that the Half-king would be flattered to have an English name also, he dubbed him Dinwiddie, which he translated into "head of all," for an Indian could not conceive of a name without a meaning. Washington had also, like all men who had to deal with these people, an Indian name, his being Conotocaurius, or "town-destroyer."

Colonel Fry, who was first in command of the Virginia forces, had died on his way out at Will's Creek. This left young Colonel Washington at the head of the expedition. He was soon joined by the recruits who

were with Colonel Fry, and a company of the South Carolina Independent Regiment. The South Carolina men were called independent because, though they were colonists, like Washington's recruits, they were in the king's pay, and better fed, clothed, and drilled than soldiers hastily raised by the colonies. They refused to work at cutting a road, as Washington's men had done; while their commander, Captain Mackey, because he was a king's officer, and also no doubt because he did not like being commanded by a stripling, refused to take the countersign from the Virginia colonel. But Washington bore these vexations with patience. As it would not do, as he said, to make his "poor fellows" do all the work, while Mackey's men marched "at their ease," he concluded to leave the too independent company at the Great Meadows, while he and his Virginians advanced to Gist's settlement, felling the trees before them as they marched.

While the few Virginians pushed laboriously forward, French re-enforcements were hurrying down the water courses from Canada to Fort Du Quesne, under the command of Coulon de Villiers, the brother of Jumonville, who had been shot by Washington's little party. Villiers came bent on revenging the death of his brother. So soon as he reached the French fort, the commandant, Contrecœur, called a council and made a speech to the Indians, in which he said: "The English have murdered my children; my heart is sick. To-morrow I shall send my French soldiers to take revenge." He then invited them to join in the attack, making them a present of a hatchet and two barrels of wine for a feast. The

French were much more expert in managing the Indians than were the English. They were more lavish with presents, and this time they had much the greater number of men, which was enough to decide most of the Indians to take their side in the dispute.

Washington had made his twelve miles forward to Gist's settlement, where Indian runners came in daily with reports that the French were preparing for an attack with a large force. He sent for Captain Mackey's

SITE OF FORT NECESSITY, FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL WEBER, OWNED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

company, which, when it had come, allowing for sick and deserters, made his forces amount to less than four hundred men. The officers held a council of war at Gist's house, where it was decided to fall back to a better place for a battle. The toilsome march was made back to the Great Meadows, the men carrying baggage on their backs and dragging cannon over the roughest of roads, because they had not horses enough for this service, while the soldiers of the independent company coolly marched beside them without putting a finger to the hard work.

Arrived at the Great Meadows, Washington put all hands to strengthening the intrenchments of Fort Necessity with logs. The French and Indians were but one day behind him, however. On the morning of July 3d they appeared, in a pouring rain. Washington drew up his men outside his feeble little fort, ordering them to reserve their fire till the enemy was within close range. The French fired at first from so great a distance that their balls were spent. They then made an irregular advance to within sixty yards and fired once more. Washington withdrew his men into the intrenchments, still reserving his fire, for he thought that, as there were so many of the enemy, they would try to force his works. This they did not do, however, but fought in true Indian style, from behind bushes and trees. Washington now gave the word, and his men fired very briskly. Their position was wretched enough. They stood in trenches knee-deep with water and mud, in a drenching rain, sustaining all day a cross-fire from enemies who were mostly invisible. They had no bread, and were living mainly upon raw beef. Their horses and their cattle, on which they depended entirely for food, were soon picked off by the enemy. Meantime the Half-king chose to retire with his warriors, squaws, and children. He refused to take any part in a fight where he found himself on the losing side. He coolly remarked afterward that Washington would not take his advice, and that, in fact, the French were cowards and the English fools.

In spite of their hopeless situation, Washington and his men withstood the galling fire of the enemy from

eleven o'clock in the morning until eight at night, determined to die rather than be taken. The French called for a parley, but Washington thought that, as they were so much stronger and had so many advantages, they could not be sincere, and refused them. At length, however, the French asked him to send an officer to them who could speak their language. The situation of the men in Fort Necessity was very bad. They were without provisions, their powder was almost gone, their guns were very foul, and they had only two screw rods for cleaning them. Washington accordingly sent the useful Van Braam to the enemy's lines, as the only other man in his regiment who could speak French had been wounded. After a long time Van Braam returned with a paper containing the terms which the French officer Villiers offered to the troops in Fort Necessity. By them it was proposed that the English should march out with the honors of war, beating their drums and taking one small cannon with them, while the enemy promised to protect them from the Indians. The prisoners recently taken by Washington were to be released, and two English officers were to remain with the French as hostages until these prisoners, who had been sent to Virginia, should be returned. There was but one point to which the English, in their desperate situation, could have objected, and this was that the death of Jumonville was twice called an assassination. Van Braam, whose French was none of the best, read the paper to the English officers by the light of one tallow candle, which was nearly put out more than once by the pouring rain. He translated the objectionable word "death" instead of murder, and the English officers

signed the articles. Villiers afterward boasted that he had made the English admit that they had murdered his brother.

On the morning of the 4th of July, Washington and his men marched out of muddy Fort Necessity with drums beating and colors flying. But their condition was very miserable. Their cattle and horses were all killed, so that they were forced to leave behind most of their baggage, while they carried the wounded on their backs. The Indians, ever to be dreaded in a case like this, hung around the defeated men, plundered them of their little baggage, broke open the medicine-chest, and killed and scalped two of the wounded. These people never could be brought to understand the white man's way of carrying on warfare, and it was very difficult to prevent a general massacre. The wounded were finally left at an encampment with a guard, while the remainder of the little army hurried back over the fifty or sixty miles to Will's Creek, for they were in danger of starving.

No doubt it was a very bitter day for Washington when he left Fort Necessity defeated. He had set out with all the hopes of a young and ardent soldier, had rejoiced to hear the bullets whistle, had laid out a charming field for an encounter, and all had ended in failure. It proved, however, to be the making of George Washington that he was schooled in hardship and defeat.

CHAPTER X.

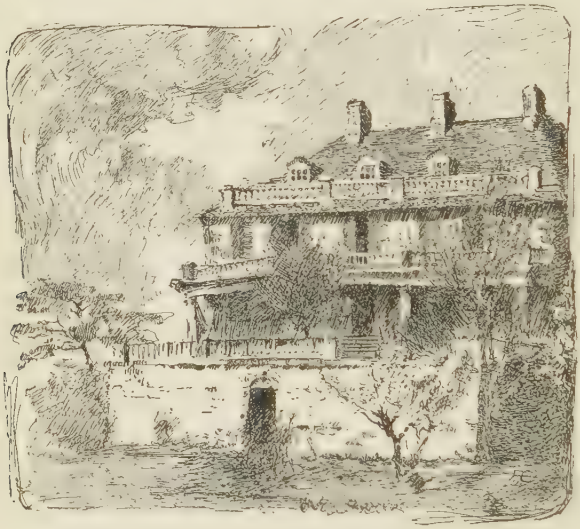
BRADDOCK'S AID-DE-CAMP.

1755.

For the reason that there had been so much trouble about rank, Governor Dinwiddie reduced the Virginia regiments to independent companies, with no officers higher than captains. To become a captain of a company after having been a colonel in command of an expedition was not to the taste of a proud young Virginian, and Washington accordingly left the service, and began to settle himself for living at Mount Vernon and carrying on the business of a planter.

Meanwhile both France and England were preparing to send armies out to enforce their claims to the Ohio Valley. General Braddock was sent by England to Virginia with one thousand regular soldiers in the spring of 1755. Braddock's chief virtues were honesty and courage. He was brutal, coarse, obstinate, and prejudiced. It is told of him that when his sister, who was a young lady of beauty and wealth, having squandered much of her fortune in buying a bankrupt lover out of prison, and wasted the rest at the fashionable gaming-tables of Bath, hanged herself with her silk girdle, Braddock calmly remarked: "Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced to tuck herself up." The general was as much of a spend-

thrift as "poor Fanny" herself. It is said that once, when he was about to fight a duel, his antagonist threw him his purse, saying: "Braddock, you are a poor dog! Here, take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you." These are some of the least disreputable tales



BRADDOCK'S HEADQUARTERS AT ALEXANDRIA.

about the general who was sent to America to reduce Fort Du Quesne.

Soon after he came to Virginia, Braddock invited young Colonel Washington to become his aid-de-camp. Perhaps he wished to have the advantage of the young man's experience. Washington's mother rode over to Mount Vernon to try to persuade him to refuse this offer,

A PENNSYLVANIA WAGON OF THE TIME.

but she did not succeed; for her son was very ambitious to learn more about military matters, and as he thought he would have the best of chances in a regular army, under an experienced general, he accepted the position. He was to have time to settle his affairs, and then he was to join the English army on its march.

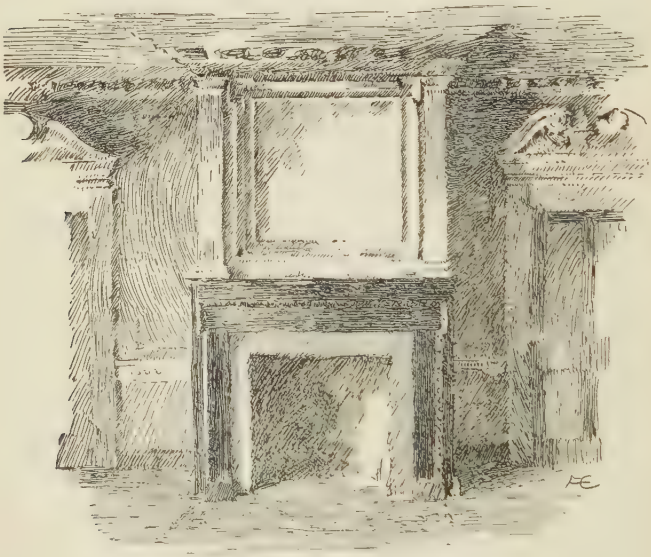
The general was so slow in starting to the Indian country, that people remarked in England that Braddock was in no haste to get scalped. The truth was, that the crusty general was having a hard time with the colonial Assemblies, which were too much absorbed in opposing the encroachments of their Governors to furnish readily the aid for the war which these Governors demanded of them. There was trouble about getting provisions for the men, forage, and, above all, wagons to carry stores in. Braddock had no notion of half-starving, as the colonial soldiers had patiently done. Benjamin Franklin once visited the English general in his camp at Fredericks-town, where he was waiting for some men who had been sent into the back settlements of Maryland and Virginia to get the necessary wagons. There proved to be only about twenty-five of these, some of which were useless. Braddock stormed, declared that everything was at an end, and that he was sent into a country where there was no means for carrying baggage or stores. Franklin said that it was a pity that the general had not landed in Pennsylvania, where every farmer had his wagon.

"Then you, sir," cried Braddock, "who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for us, and I beg you will undertake it."

Franklin agreed to do so, and in a short time sent for-

ward one hundred and fifty wagons with four horses each, whereupon Braddock declared that Franklin was almost the only able and honest man to be found in the colonies.

By May the army had reached Will's Creek, where the wilderness march was to begin. Washington had now settled his business, and he set out to join General Brad-



PARLOR IN THE HOUSE OCCUPIED BY BRADDOCK AS HEADQUARTERS IN ALEXANDRIA.

dock. There were many delays at this place, and Washington meantime was sent to Williamsburg to bring on a sum of four thousand pounds belonging to the army. On his way back he ordered out an escort of eight militiamen at the town of Winchester to protect him from Indians,

for it was not safe for a man to travel alone in the edge of the settlements. The eight men were as hard to raise "as the dead," Washington said. It took them two days to assemble, and he thought that "they would not have been more than as many seconds dispersing," had he been attacked. He arrived safely, however, at Will's Creek with the money.

Washington found that his position in the general's military family was not altogether a difficult one. He said that he hoped to please him without "ceremonious attentions," for he declared that it could not be done with them. He and the testy Englishman, however, had many a dispute together, for Braddock cursed everything American, and the young colonel defended his country warmly. Washington was a little surprised at some things he saw in the general's household. Braddock was a high liver. He took two cooks with him, who were supposed to be skilled enough to make a good dish out of a pair of boots, "had they but the materials to toss them up with." The general had no idea, however, of living upon boots. He complained loudly because there were no fresh provisions. Franklin, hearing of this grievance, sent the British officers each a package containing sugar, tea, coffee, chocolate, biscuit, pepper, vinegar, cheese, butter, wine, spirits, ham, mustard, tongues, rice, and raisins. Meantime Washington was amused to find that the general's admiration for a certain Virginia lady was all due to a present of "delicious cake and potted woodcocks."

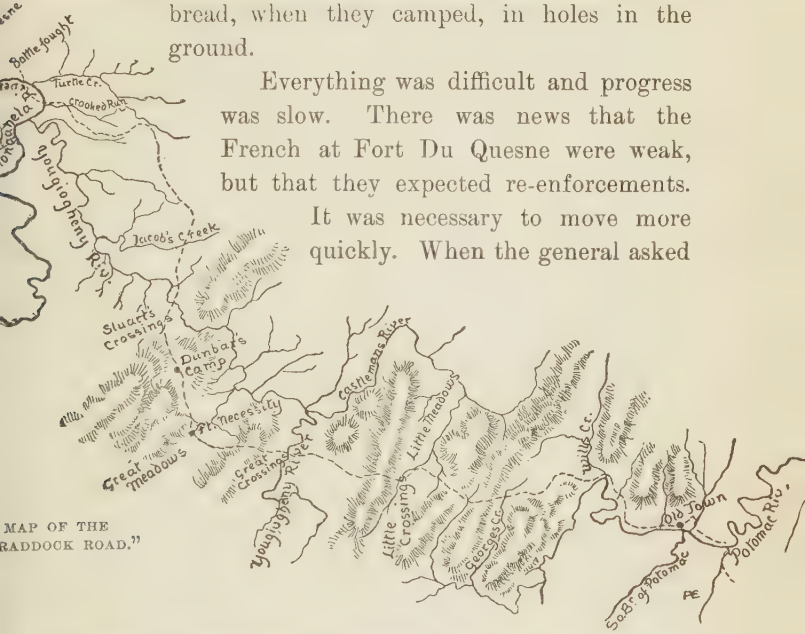
General Braddock knew nothing of frontier warfare, and was the last man to learn. He was disgusted with the Virginia troops which had joined his army. He

caused them to be drilled, but he was angry at their "languid, spiritless, and unsoldierlike appearance." He knew that he ought to get the aid of the Indians, who had already been much neglected by the colonies. About fifty savages joined the army at Will's Creek. The English soldiers gazed at these strange people, with their painted bodies, shaved heads, scalp-locks dressed with feathers, and slit ears. They observed how dexterous the Indians were with a rifle, and how they could throw a tomahawk to a great distance and strike a post with it. Braddock invited them to his tent, fired salutes for them, and gave them a bullock and some rum with which to hold a war dance. But the Indians had a strong suspicion that the English general regarded them "as dogs," and presently fell off, excepting eight men, who were used as scouts. These people had no patience with the slow and cumbersome ways of European warfare. By imitating their methods and treating them more as equals, the French, on the other hand, had gained great influence with them.

It was well into June before Braddock's army was fairly started on its forest march. Three hundred men with axes came first, then the long line of wagons, cannons, and packhorses toiled after over stumps and stones, mountains and marshes, while the troops were thrown out into the woods on each side, in flanking parties, making their way as best they could in close columns through the trees on either side of the roadway. At night the horses must be let out into the woods to make the best of a diet of leaves and young shoots. Many of them strayed away, or were stolen and run off by rascally drivers. Washington lost one of his spare horses in this way. At

one place the road was so bad that the wagons had to be let down the side of a hill with tackle. The English soldiers grumbled because they must bake their corn-bread, when they camped, in holes in the ground.

Everything was difficult and progress was slow. There was news that the French at Fort Du Quesne were weak, but that they expected re-enforcements. It was necessary to move more quickly. When the general asked



MAP OF THE RADDOCK ROAD."

his advice, Washington thought that he should push forward with a chosen band and only the most necessary stores, leaving the rest of the army to come on more slowly. It was decided to do this. Washington was going down with a fever, but he was greatly delighted at the prospect. He was disappointed, however, when he found that the advanced part of the army did not move so rapidly as he had hoped. He complained that they halted "to level every mole-hill." News came that

nine hundred men were on their way to re-enforce the French fort. "We shall have more to do than to go up the hills and down again," said Washington. He was trying to keep up with the march, though he was now suffering severely with fever and pains in the head. He presently became so ill that he was forced to leave the saddle and take to a covered wagon; but the jolting was intolerable. He feared to stop, lest there should be a battle before he caught up with the army once more. The doctor declared that he would not live to go into battle if he insisted on going on. Braddock ordered fever powders, and promised the young man that he should be brought to the front before Fort Du Quesne was reached. Washington was left on the road with a doctor and a guard. The advanced portion of the army pushed on, the hostile Indians discouraging bad discipline meanwhile by picking off stragglers.

MAP OF LOCATION OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

CHAPTER XI.

DEFEAT.

1755.

Braddock's army had reached the mouth of Turtle Creek, which ran into the Monongahela eight miles from Fort Du Quesne. The Indian road to the fort led through a dangerous defile, and Braddock resolved to cross and recross the river rather than risk passing through a place where the Indians might so easily lie in ambush. The fords were shallow. The men crossed to the music of the Grenadiers' March in fine order, the English soldiers bright in their scarlet uniforms, the colonial men in blue, while the line of wagons and cannon kept the center. Braddock thought that the Indians might attack him while he was crossing the river, but the last ford was safely passed. Washington had joined the army that very morning, though he was scarcely able to sit his horse. The wilderness journey was almost over, and it seemed certain that the French fort could not be defended against so fine an army.

During all Braddock's march the Indians who clustered around Fort Du Quesne had watched the progress of the English army by means of their scouts. They observed how they marched in close order, and remarked

that they could "shoot um down all one pigeon." Nevertheless, the French had a great deal of difficulty in persuading the Indians to make the attempt. When a French captain named Beaujeu offered them the hatchet, they exclaimed: "What, my father! are you so bent upon death that you would sacrifice us."

"I am determined," said Beaujeu, in a speech, "to go out against the enemy. What! will you let your father go alone?" Whereupon the Indians put on their war-paint. Beaujeu also dressed himself in full Indian costume. Barrels of powder, bullets, and flints were unheaded and set before the gate of the fort. Each man helped himself. There were some six hundred Indians, a number of French officers, a few Canadians, and still fewer French regulars, amounting in all to nine hundred men, who set out through the forest to waylay the advancing enemy.

Braddock's army had crossed the last ford about one o'clock on the 8th of July, 1755. The train was pushing along through the forest, the trees crashing before them as the axemen cut the road. An engineer, who was in front of the choppers marking the way for them, saw Indians coming on the run toward the army, led by a man in Indian dress but wearing an officer's gorget. This man, who was Beaujeu, waved his hat as a signal to the Indians to disperse to right and left, forming a half-moon about the advanced guard of the English army. The guides and choppers in the front fell back. The French and Indians gave the war-whoop and opened fire. The advanced guard of Braddock's army formed and fired. The Canadian soldiers fled at the first vol-

ley, but the few French and the swarms of Indians held their ground. At the third volley Beaujeu and a dozen others among the French fell dead. The English now brought two cannon into action. The Indians gave way. The English shouted and moved forward, but the French succeeded in rallying their men and the savages.

Braddock had heard the firing in front. He sent re-enforcements to the advanced guard, ordered an aid forward to find out what was going on, and then, without waiting for him to return, hurried forward himself. At this point the advanced guard gave way and fell back upon the re-enforcements which were advancing, so that they all soon fell into a hopeless tangle in the narrow roadway. The colors were advanced in different directions to separate the men of the two regiments, and Braddock ordered the officers to form their men in small companies, but the English soldiers would listen to neither threats nor entreaties. Meantime the Indians were drawing around the army, fighting from behind trees, skulking under the fallen trunks and brush left by the choppers, and shooting from the edges of ravines which lay on either side of the road. The scarlet-coated regulars were huddled together in an open roadway, terror-stricken at the yells of the savages and the death which was dealt around them. They held their ground stubbornly, but only to be butchered. Not more than five Indians could be seen at a time, and the English volleys fell harmless in the woods. The cannon were fired, but they did little damage to anything but the surrounding trees.

The English regulars were all unused to such warfare; but the Virginians, whose listless air had so disgusted Braddock, did not lose their presence of mind. They took to the trees, to fight the Indians after their own fashion, but Braddock furiously ordered them back, though Washington is said to have begged him to let them fight in this way. This was not according to the stubborn Englishman's notion of discipline, however, and when some of his own men made the experiment he beat them back with his sword, ordering them into their ranks. The stupefied men fired into the air, into each other's ranks, everywhere, for they could see no enemy. Braddock rode furiously from place to place, trying to form the men and get them to charge the Indians, but it was useless. His brave officers dismounted, formed in platoons and advanced themselves, hoping to encourage the soldiery, but many fell, and it was of no avail. For three long hours Braddock held the field, determined to save the day if stubbornness would do so. He had four horses shot under him. There was terrible loss among the officers, who did their duty to a man. Out of eighty, sixty were killed or wounded. Washington had two horses shot under him, and four bullets went through his clothing. He showed great courage during the day. Once, when his horse was shot, Braddock's servant had trouble in extricating Washington from the fallen animal.

The Indians had spread themselves along the whole line of the English march. At last, when every aid but Washington had fallen, when about half of the men were slain, and the afternoon was far gone, Braddock caused

THE FIELD OF BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

[From a painting by Paul Weber in the Pennsylvania Historical Society.]

the drums to beat a retreat. As he gave the order, standing beneath a large tree, a ball went through his right arm and into his lungs. He fell from his horse. His men, who had stood to their places with a kind of stupid courage, broke and ran as soon as the retreat sounded. Orme, a wounded aid of Braddock's, offered a purse of sixty guineas to any man who would carry off the general, but they rushed on without heeding. Braddock told his friends to leave him and save themselves. Two American officers, however, bore him off.

About fifty Indians followed the scampering army to the water's edge, where the men were plunging across the Monongahela, the horrid war-whoop ringing in their ears. One of the British officers said, three weeks after the battle, that he could still hear the yells of the Indians, and that the sound would haunt him to the day of his death. Braddock called a halt and tried to stop the men, while he sent Washington ahead to order supplies to be sent on by Colonel Dunbar, who commanded the rear portion of the army. The general succeeded in gathering about one hundred men around him, but they slipped off one at a time, and there was nothing for Braddock to do but to follow.

In spite of the terror of the men, the Indians had no thought of pursuing them. They fell upon the battlefield, where almost every man secured a scalp as well as uniforms, grenadiers' caps, canteens, bayonets, and arms. After burning twelve English prisoners to death that night, outside the fort, they all betook themselves to their far-away homes, leaving the French fort quite unprotected.

General Braddock's wound was mortal. Besides issuing commands, he said nothing the first day but "Who would have thought it?" The next day he said, "We shall better know how to deal with them another time," and died soon after. Washington was with the general when he died, and he gave the young man his favorite body servant, a mulatto named Bishop. Braddock was buried in the middle of the road, Washington reading the burial service over him. The retreating army then marched across their general's grave, that the enemy might not find it. The rear portion of the army, which had not been in battle, also rushed on for the settlements with those who had heard the war-whoop, leaving the frontiers of the colonies entirely unprotected, to the great disgust of Governor Dinwiddie, who said that, though he was not a soldier, common sense told him that this should not be done.

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE, FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL WEBER, OWNED BY THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The story was circulated in Virginia of Washington's death, and his dying speech. The young man wrote to

his brother that he could contradict the former, and that he had not "as yet composed the latter." He took his way home, feeling discouraged with his military career. He had twice lost his expensive officer's equipments and a number of horses; had been reduced in rank, and "soundly whipped," as he frankly said.

CHAPTER XII.

DEFENDING THE FRONTIER.

1755–1757.

INDIAN massacres followed close upon Braddock's defeat. There were three hundred and fifty miles of frontier which must be protected, or Virginia would lose all her hold upon the Alleghanies. New forces were raised for this purpose, and George Washington was appointed commander of them. He was still ambitious to become a great soldier, but he did not like the prospect of defending with a few men so wide a stretch of country against Indians. He was sure that he would never gain any honor in this way. But the young colonel of twenty-three presently went to his post. He worked hard to get his small army of a thousand men, sometimes much less, into good order. There was a chain of forts to be built along the whole frontier, and the men must be divided into small bodies to do this, and to try to cover the country and protect the people.

In spite of all that could be done, there were times when massacres followed one on another. Parties of Indians would descend on the settlements suddenly from woods and mountains, murder a few families, burn their houses, slaughter their cattle for a feast, and be gone before the alarm could be given and soldiers sent in pur-

suit. They haunted the roads and picked off stragglers. In one place two men were killed only two hours after Washington had ridden by the spot. The woods were so infested that frontiersmen were forced to hunt by night for fear of being discovered by the Indians. Sometimes people were killed within a few miles of the town of Winchester, and the inhabitants of the borders fled, one family behind another, each one afraid "to stand in the gap of danger," until Washington feared that the Blue Ridge would presently become the frontier, while the Indians would live off the spoils that the flying people left behind them.

Often there were false alarms. Once a messenger came express into Winchester, breathless with hurry and fear, saying that the Indians had been seen about twelve miles off at the plantation of a man named Julian, and that the people were flying for their lives. Washington immediately prepared the town for an attack, and sent out scouts to discover what were the movements of the enemy. Presently came another express, "ten times more terrified than the former," with the news that the savages were within four miles of the town, and were "killing and destroying all before them." The messenger declared that he had heard "constant firing and the shrieks of the unhappy murdered." Washington hurriedly got together all the men he could find, twenty-two rangers and nineteen militia, and marched against the enemy, which proved to be three drunken soldiers, who were "carousing, firing pistols," and swearing at the top of their voices. Washington made them prisoners and carried them back to Winchester, where he found that

his scouts had returned with the news that the Indians seen on Julian's plantation had proved to be a mulatto and a negro who were hunting cattle, and had been seen by Julian's child, "who alarmed the father, and the father the neighborhood."

Washington divided his men into small bodies and kept them scouring the woods, carrying their provisions on their backs, lying out in bad weather with no shelter but the trees and rocks, searching always for the stealthy Indians, who were harder to catch than wild animals. At one time, when a number of the enemy had attacked a settlement, a certain Captain Lewis, with about twenty soldiers, went in pursuit, he and his men having first stripped themselves of their clothes so that they might run as fast as the savages. They caught up with the enemy, opened fire upon them, and, finding that they were likely to be surrounded, retreated to a stockade, where the Indians besieged their naked pursuers for two hours, giving the people of the neighborhood a good chance to take to their heels. The soldiers came off with one scalp, but they lost their clothes, and Washington was obliged to petition the Government for a new supply for them.

At times the Indians would leave the borders of Virginia, as Washington knew when his scouts brought him word that the road to Fort Du Quesne looked as though it had been tramped by as many feet as when Braddock's army had marched over it. But though the country was pretty quiet for months at a time, it was necessary to be always on the watch for the enemy. For over two years Washington remained in this hard and thankless position.

In spite of all he could do, he felt that he was blamed for the "murder of poor innocent babes and helpless families." He said that the tears of the women and the petitions of the men caused him such "deadly sorrow" that he felt as though he would give himself up to the "butchering enemy" if it would only do the people any good. Meantime men could not be persuaded to leave their families to march against the enemy, and they were at the same time very selfish, each one expecting a force at his own door, and angry if it was placed at his neighbor's. Governor Dinwiddie, who would have liked to put another man in Washington's place, vexed him with contrary orders. There was also in Virginia a party of men who were jealous of the young commander, and reported evils things of him and his officers. Washington was disgusted with a service which he thought would never bring him honor, and wished to resign, but his friends sent him words of encouragement. "Your good health and fortune are the toast of every table," wrote Colonel Fairfax. "Our hopes, dear George," said the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, "are all fixed on you."

While he was defending the Virginia frontier, Washington had trouble with a certain Captain Dagworthy, who had been commissioned by the Governor of Maryland and had once held a king's commission, which made him think that he had a right to refuse to obey the young Virginian. To settle this difficulty, Washington made, in the winter of 1756, the journey of five hundred miles to Boston, accompanied by his valet Bishop. At Boston he laid the dispute before Governor Shirley, who commanded

all the forces in America at this time. Shirley gave orders that the troublesome Dagworthy should be subject to Washington's commands. The young colonel also stopped at Philadelphia and New York for a short time.

The story is told that while Washington was in New York it was boasted at the governor's table that a British regiment which had just landed contained some of the finest-looking fellows among its officers to be found anywhere. Mrs. Morris turned to the governor, and said: "I wager your Excellency a pair of gloves that I will show your Excellency a finer man in the procession to-morrow than your Excellency can select from your famous regiment."

"Done, madam," answered the governor.

The next day there was a procession in honor of the king's birthday. In the rear came some colonial officers not on duty.

"I see that your Excellency's eyes are turned to the right object," said Mrs. Morris. "What say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," answered the governor. "When I laid my wager I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

Washington was indeed a very fine-looking man. It was while he was in New York that he met Miss Mary Phillipse, a young lady who was heiress to a large fortune. He admired Miss Phillipse very much. Some months after Washington's visit to New York a friend wrote to him that Captain Morris, who had, like Washington, been an officer under Braddock, was paying his attentions to

the young lady. The friend advised Washington to go to New York again, but the young Virginia colonel was too busy with the trying duties of his frontier command to get even so far as Mount Vernon, and he never saw Mary Phillipse again until long after she had become Mrs. Morris.

CHAPTER XIII.

WASHINGTON'S COURTSHIP.

1758.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was taken very ill in the fall of 1757, and was at length obliged to leave the service and return to Mount Vernon, where he was ill all winter. In the spring he was much better, and was happy to hear that there was to be a new expedition against Fort Du Quesne during the coming summer. The first William Pitt, afterward Lord Chatham, was now Prime Minister in England, and the war in America was to be carried on more vigorously.

During this spring of 1758 Washington was crossing a ferry on the Pamunkey River. He was now a young man of twenty-six, six feet two inches tall, with a fine, muscular body, blue-gray eyes, and dark brown hair. He rode a noble chestnut horse, and was followed by his military-looking servant Bishop, who was also mounted. Major Chamberlayne, a gentleman who lived near the ferry on the Pamunkey, hurried to the water's edge and invited the young man to visit him. Washington declared that he had business with the governor and council at Williamsburg, and could not wait. Major Chamberlayne urged with Southern hospitality. He said that he had a charming young widow visiting him to whom he

PORTRAIT OF MARTHA CUSTIS.

[By permission of General G. W. C. Lee. Painted by Woolaston in 1757.]

would introduce the young colonel. Washington at last consented to dine with his friend.

The young widow was Mrs. Martha Custis. She had been Martha Dandridge, the daughter of Colonel John Dandridge, who lived on the Pamunkey River. Martha had been a pretty girl, a little below the usual height, with dark eyes, fair complexion, and brown hair. She played on the spinet, was sprightly and winning in her manners, and dressed very fashionably. She attended the balls, or assemblies as they were called, in Williamsburg, and was the belle of the little capital. One of her lovers was Daniel Parke Custis, a man of over thirty and the son and heir of a very rich man, Colonel John Custis, of Williamsburg. Colonel Custis wished the young man to marry his cousin, Evelyn Bird, who was four years older than he, and a lovely woman, the descendant of a high-bred family. But Daniel Parke Custis had refused, and the father in his anger had willed all his property to a little pet negro named Jack. His friends persuaded him to destroy this will, and in course of time the old gentleman heard so many good things of little Patsy Dandridge that he consented to his son's marriage with her. They were married in less than three weeks, being in haste to have it done before the old man should change his mind. The young couple lived very happily together for seven years. They had four children. Two of them died, however, and Daniel Parke Custis also died soon afterward, leaving his wife a young widow, with a small son and daughter, and a large fortune divided equally among the three.

It was about a year after her husband's death that

Mrs. Custis went to make a visit at the house of her friend Major Chamberlayne, and happened to meet there Colonel George Washington, who was a young man very much admired and respected in Virginia in those days. Mrs. Custis was about three months younger than Washington. The young people are said to have fallen in love at first sight. However this may be, Bishop, who had been ordered to have the horses ready immediately after dinner, waited and waited, but his master did not appear.

Washington rose to go only when it was late, and then Major Chamberlayne declared that no guest should leave his house after sunset. It was not difficult now to persuade Washington to stay. He and Mrs. Custis talked long in the drawing-room after the others had gone to bed.

The next day Washington rode on to Williamsburg. He finished his business there, and stopped on his way back at the home of Mrs. Custis, which was called the White House. He stayed at Mrs. Custis's home until the following day. The time was short, Washington was off on a dangerous campaign, and he courted the lady and won her in these two days.

Before she died, Martha Washington burned all the letters which had passed between herself and the general, probably because she did not wish her love-letters to become public; one little note only of their days of courtship escaped the fire in some way. It was written after Washington had started on his march for Fort Du Quesne once more, and runs:

"*July 20, 1758.*

"We have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportu-

PORTRAIT OF MRS. CUSTIS'S TWO CHILDREN.

[By permission of General G. W. C. Lee. Painted about 1757, probably by Woolaston.]

nity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other my thoughts have been continually going to you as to another self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful &

"Ever affectionate friend,

"G. WASHINGTON."

CHAPTER XIV.

TO THE OHIO ONCE MORE.

1758.

THE new commander under whom Washington was to serve was a Scotchman named John Forbes, a good soldier and a frank and simple gentleman. There were to be about six thousand men—Highlanders, Virginians under Washington, and a Royal American regiment made up mostly of Germans from Pennsylvania. There was a question as to whether the army should cut a new way across the mountains, or march the thirty-four miles from Pennsylvania, where Forbes's headquarters were, to Fort Cumberland, and from there follow Braddock's road. There was much jealousy between Pennsylvania and Virginia on this question, as each colony would have liked to possess the only road to the Ohio, and thus monopolize the fur trade. Washington, who was then an ardent Virginian in feeling, urged so eagerly that Braddock's road should be used that General Forbes declared his behavior to be "noways like a soldier." Washington, however, seems to have been mainly anxious that the expedition should be hurried on lest the French should have time to re-enforce Fort Du Quesne. "Backwardness," he wrote, "appears in all things but the approach of winter; that jogs on apace."

But the Virginia colonel did not know the plans of his general, who was directing the campaign from his sick-bed in Pennsylvania, while Washington was waiting impatiently at Fort Cumberland. Forbes had taken warning by the fate of Braddock, and resolved to push forward very slowly, making small forts as he went in which to store provisions, so that when he marched he need not be encumbered by a long line of wagons. He wished to be slow for another reason. He planned to delay until the Indians, whom the French had gathered from the north to defend them, should get tired of waiting, and desert their friends as Indians are prone to do. Then, too, he had a number of men working on the Indians in every way to get them to renew their old friendship with the colonies and break with France. One man, a Moravian named Christian Frederic Post, who had married a converted squaw, penetrated even to the Indian camp about Fort Du Quesne, where he was very near being tomahawked, his friends charging him to keep close by the camp fire for fear of such an event, as the French had offered a reward for his scalp. Poor Post, as he said, stuck to the camp fire as though he "had been chained there." But the Indians liked his pluck, and when he was sent a second time to the camp around Fort Du Quesne the older men received his message of peace favorably, while they kicked about the war-belt which the French sent them, and picked it up with a stick and flung it across the room. They then mocked and laughed at the French officers, who turned pale with fear and disgust. The young Indians, however, were still full of "a murdering spirit," and with "bloody ven-

geance were thirsty and drunk," as the good Moravian said.

Early in the campaign the savages had begun their usual practice of cutting off small parties and stragglers. Some of the southern Indians who came in as allies were sent out in return upon scalping parties by Washington. They proved, however, the most pestiferous of friends as well as enemies, for they were constantly teasing for presents, and were so impatient that it was impossible to get them to wait for the slow movements of an army.

When General Forbes was told that sixty Indians were willing to join the army if he would go by Braddock's road, he declared that this was "a new system of military discipline," and that he was not to be directed about his measures by "sixty scoundrels." Colonel Bouquet, however, adopted one Indian as his son, and everything was done to conciliate these necessary pests.

Meantime Washington busied himself putting his Virginians into Indian dress. In their hunting shirts, leggings, and blankets they were lightly clad for frontier warfare and better able to cope with Indians. By the first of September he was still waiting at Fort Cumberland. The new road was cutting with infinite labor across the Alleghanies from Pennsylvania, and the cannon were being slowly hauled down and up the rough mountain sides. "Nothing but a miracle," thought Washington, could bring the summer's work to a happy ending. The advance of the army had reached a place called Loyalhanna. Major Grant with a body of Highlanders and some American troops, among whom were a number of Washington's Virginians, was sent out

to reconnoiter Fort Du Quesne. The major succeeded in rousing the Indians. The Highlanders did not long stand the terrors of tree-fighting, but a company of Virginians under Captain Bullet bore the whole force of the attack for some time. They would take no quarter, knowing too well the fate of Indian prisoners, and were killed or driven into the Alleghany, where some were drowned and others escaped by swimming. General Forbes, who had before had a poor opinion of the provincial troops, now complimented Washington on the way in which his men had borne themselves.

During the latter part of October it rained and snowed, so that the new road became such a mass of mud that the army could neither move backward nor forward. General Forbes, who was suffering from a serious complaint, reached Loyalhanna early in November, borne on a litter. A council of war was held, at which it was decided to go into winter quarters, and move no farther for that year. At this gloomy moment a scouting party came in with three prisoners, from whom it was learned that the garrison at Fort Du Quesne was weak, and that the Indians had deserted it. It was decided to march immediately for the fort without tents or baggage. Washington begged to be allowed to take the lead, as he and his men knew these woods so well. This was granted, and he was sent on, with one thousand men, who were to cut the road and keep out scouting parties. They threw up intrenchments at camping places for the rest of the army, and built a chimney at each camp for the comfort of the sick general. Washington's men were in high spirits, and he kept a sharp lookout against surprises.

At midnight on the 24th of November a rumbling sound was heard. The next day the whole army moved against the fort, the Highlanders in the center, with Forbes on his litter, and the American soldiers on the right and left. Toward night they neared Fort Du Quesne. Here they found a well-beaten track to the fort, where the Indians had been used to make their prisoners run the gantlet. On either side of this path stood stakes on which were set the heads of Highlanders killed in Grant's affair, with a kilt hanging beneath each head. The Scotch soldiers no sooner saw this ghastly sight than they rushed for the fort with a roar like that of wild animals. But they found only ashes where the fort had stood. As Washington said, the French had burned "the fort and run away by the light of it." The rumbling sound which had been heard in the English army the night before was caused by the explosion of their powder magazine.

General Forbes named the place where Fort Du Quesne had stood Fort Pitt, after the great English minister. Here a rude work was built to protect the few American soldiers who were to spend the winter on the spot and hold the much-coveted forks of the Ohio. Before he left Fort Pitt, Forbes caused the bones which still lay scattered on the field of Braddock's defeat to be gathered up and buried. Major Halket, whose father and brother had been killed in this battle, had come out with General Forbes, hoping, it is said, to find that they were perhaps still living as captives among the savages. One of the Indians present, however, asserted that he knew the very tree where Sir Peter Halket had fallen, and where his son was shot while lifting up his father's head. He led a

party to the spot. The leaves were brushed away from under this tree and the bones of two men were found, one lying across the other. Major Halket looked among the bones for an artificial tooth which his father had worn, and found it. He is said to have fainted in the arms of his friends. The bones were wrapped in a Highland plaid and buried with the honors of war.

The army hurried back across the mountains in December, for the men were threatened with starvation. General Forbes was carried on his litter to Philadelphia, where the Head of Iron, as the Indians called him, died in the following spring.

CHAPTER XV.

WASHINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

1759.

During the summer of 1758, while Washington had been waiting on the frontier for orders to march, he had offered himself as a candidate for a seat in the House of Burgesses. His superior officer gave him permission to attend the election, but he did not choose to leave his post, and a friend of his, Colonel James Wood, represented him at the polls and was carried around on men's shoulders amid a lively hurrahing for Colonel Washington. This election cost Washington about ninety dollars for wine, beer, cider, a dinner for his friends, and punch by the barrel. Such was the manner of electioneering in that day.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

As soon as he had come home from the Ohio, Wash-

ington resigned his command in the army and took his seat in the Assembly. On his way to Williamsburg he visited Mrs. Custis, and while he was there the wedding day was fixed. One of this lady's old negro servants said, many years afterward, that Washington visited Mrs. Custis only four times before they were married.

When the young colonel took his seat in the Virginia Legislature it was resolved to thank him in public for the way in which he had discharged his duties as an officer. The Speaker made a speech in which he praised him so highly that Washington was very much abashed. He rose to reply, but he was never a ready speaker and he was now so confused that he stammered, blushed, and trembled.

"Sit down, Mr. Washington," said the speaker; "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

Washington was married to Mrs. Martha Custis on the 6th of January, 1759, in the Church of St. Peter, which stood near the White House. There was a very fashionable party assembled at the little church, the governor in scarlet cloth embroidered with gold, bag-wig and dress sword, some English army and navy officers, and a number of members of the Assembly. Washington wore a suit of blue cloth, the coat lined with red silk and trimmed with silver, an embroidered white satin waistcoat, shoe and knee buckles of gold, and a sword. His hair was powdered. The bride wore a petticoat of white quilted satin, with an overdress of white corded silk interwoven with silver threads, high-heeled white satin shoes, diamond buckles, point-lace ruffles, pearl earrings, bracelets, necklaces, and pearls in her hair.

One of the most striking-looking persons at the wedding is said to have been Bishop, Washington's body servant, who stood on the porch of the church holding the bridegroom's handsome horse. He was dressed in the scarlet uniform of a British soldier.

After the wedding the bride and her lady friends rode back to the White House in a coach drawn by six horses, with negro postilions dressed in livery. Washington and the other gentlemen rode on horseback beside the coach. The day closed with a feast at the White House. Here Washington lived for three months, while he attended the Assembly and settled his wife's estate so that they might move to Mount Vernon. He was now the stepfather of two little children, John Parke Custis and Martha Parke Custis, or Jacky and Patsy, as they were called. Jacky was six years old, and Patsy was four. Washington became their guardian and took charge of their property for them. He was a man who was very much trusted, and often had the care of other people's concerns.

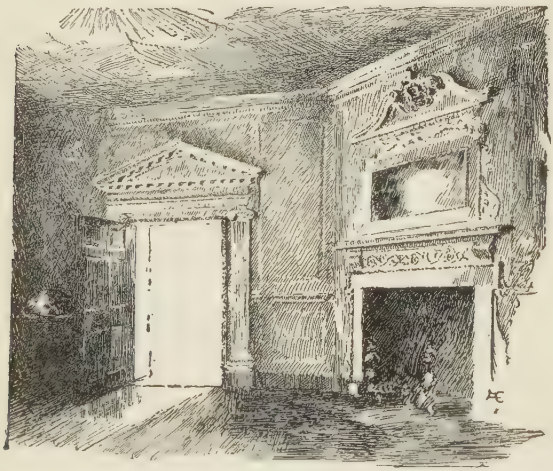
"I am now," wrote Washington, after he had moved to Mount Vernon with Mrs. Washington, Jacky, and Patsy, "fixed at this seat with an agreeable consort for life, and hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amid a wide and bustling world." Mount Vernon, which had for some time been a bachelor's hall, was renovated a little for its new mistress. In the spring after his marriage Washington ordered his London agent, who sold his tobacco and made purchases of goods for him, to send him "a tester bedstead with fashionable blue and white curtains," to match the paper

THE WHITE HOUSE—MRS. CUSTIS'S PLACE.

[From a photograph taken just before its destruction in 1862.]

on the walls of a room at Mount Vernon. He also ordered window curtains, a fine coverlid, and coverings for the seats of four chairs, "to make the furniture of this room uniformly handsome and genteel."

Washington's orders to his London agent the next fall show that there was a lady in the house. Among



PARLOR AT MOUNT VERNON.

[The doorway leads into the banquet-hall which was added later by Washington.]

other things, there was to be "a salmon-colored tabby, with satin flowers," to be made into a sack and coat, a cap, fine handkerchiefs, tuckers, and ruffles of Brussels or point lace, "flowered" lawn aprons, silk and fine cotton stockings, black and white satin shoes, a black mask, a fashionable hat or bonnet, six pairs of kid gloves, scissors, pins, sewing silk, tape, and "minikin pins." Then

there are lists of things ordered for little Jacky and Patsey, to come out of their own estates. For Master Custis there were to be, among other things, linen and cambric, small fine handkerchiefs, gloves and laced hats, four pairs of strong shoes and four pairs of pumps, handsome silver shoe and knee buckles, ten shillings' worth of toys, and six little books for children learning to read.

Little Miss Custis was to have some Holland and fine printed linen, eight pairs of kid mits, four pairs of gloves, silk stockings, pumps, flowered dimity, caps, ruffles, tuckers, bibs, and aprons if fashionable, fans, masks, bonnets, and "a stiffened coat of fashionable silk, made to pack-thread stays." There were to be also for this small lady, ribbon, necklaces, silver sleeve buttons with stones, and a doll fashionably dressed, with other toys.

In this way the wealthy Virginia planter, such as Washington now was, got the luxuries with which he adorned a somewhat rude and simple life in an "infant, woody country." He and his wife were at the mercy of their agent for the choice of all that they bought. Sometimes Washington complained that the things sent to him were coarse or unfashionable, and said that he had heard that dealers liked to put off their unsalable goods on Virginia customers. When he ordered a spinet for Patsey, who was then six years old, he begged as a favor that his agent would not let it be known that the instrument was going to America, lest a poor one should be sent him. When his coach, or chariot as he called it, became dilapidated, he ordered a new one to be sent to him of hand-

some and durable make, with his arms painted on it. He complained a year or two later that the panels had shrunk, split, and slipped out of the moldings, and that he feared it would not last much longer. Once he ordered, for a building which he was putting up, window glass to measure nine by eleven inches. They were sent all the way from England, and measured eight by ten inches. Washington wished his own clothes to be simple, without lace or embroidery. "Plain clothes," said he in his orders, "with a gold or silver button, if worn in genteel dress, are all I desire."

When Washington rode away from his plantation he was followed by his body servant. While Mrs. Washington was still a young woman she sometimes rode beside him, dressed in a scarlet riding habit. But his carriage horses were his great pride. They were what were called muslin horses. At early dawn the stable boys began their grooming. At sunrise, Bishop, who was master of the stables, appeared with a muslin pocket handkerchief in his hand. He wiped the horses with the handkerchief, and if it proved to be soiled the boys were had up for punishment. Sometimes it happened, however, that the muslin horses had to be taken for plowing, when for some reason the other horses were disabled.

When the tobacco crop was poor, while the expenses of the plantation were great, Washington, who was always a strict and careful business man, ordered no finery from London and sent only a short list of necessaries. He added to the fortune which had come to him. He bought a great deal of land, and especially Western land, which he had a good chance to know a great deal

about. One of his purchases was the Great Meadows, where he had fought his first battle. He was a careful and faithful guardian and a kind and tender husband. For forty years, from the time of his marriage to his death, he wore his wife's miniature about his neck next his breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PLANTER.

1769–1774.

Although Washington, his wife, and his little step-children drove to visit their neighbors in a "chariot," dressed in fashionable English clothes, the children looking like small copies of their elders, and though Colonel and Mrs. Washington sometimes drove to town to attend a ball in the costumes of an elegant gentleman and lady, most of their time was spent in the duties of a plain planter's family. Washington rode out in all sorts of weather, superintending the work on his different plantations. One day he was at a hog killing, another he was trying with his smith to make a plow of his "own contriving," again he was surveying some fields and laying the beginning of a worm fence for his men to work from, or he was busy oiling his dogs with "hog's lard and brimstone, for the mange." One of his negroes was very ill, and he brought him to the house to nurse him; again he rode to one of his places where the slaves had the smallpox, and saw that they were rightly cared for. Once he heard that his mill was likely to wash away. "I immediately hurried off all hands with shovels, etc.," says he, "to her assistance, and got there myself just time enough to give her a reprieve for this time by wheeling dirt into the place

which the water had washed." Another time it was necessary for him to see to the hauling of his seine in the Potomac River, which flowed in front of his place ; and he must be present when the herring were salted down in barrels for future use, or all would go wrong. Again he rode to where his carpenters were at work hewing timbers. He found that four of them had hewed only one hundred and twenty feet in a day. "Sat down, therefore, and observed," said he. While he watched the work went on rapidly, and he calculated that, at this rate, in one day they ought each to hew as many feet as they had all hewed in that time.

He was, in fact, an excellent farmer. He bought the best books of his day on farming, and took a great deal of interest in his plowing, planting, and harvesting. At one time he arranged a number of little boxes in his garden containing soil from different fields on his plantation mixed with manure. In each of these boxes he planted several grains of wheat, and watered and watched them to see which soil would produce the best plants.

Mrs. Washington, on her part, was an old-fashioned housewife, busy from morning till night, overseeing her house, training her servants, teaching slaves to spin, weave, and make clothes for the negroes, knitting, sewing, and teaching her children.

During these years of plantation life Washington's sport was hunting foxes, in the company of his neighbors and friends. Sometimes it was the Fairfaxes who went with him, and often Jacky Custis joined the sport. Sometimes it happened that the hounds left the track and went in chase of deer. Washington took great pride

in his dogs, and gave the pups as soon as they were born such names as "Jupiter," "Trueman," "Tipler," "Truelove," "Juno," "Dutchess," and "Lady," or "Vulcan," "Searcher," and "Sweetlips." He was also very fond of duck shooting. Once when he heard a man, who had been often warned off, shooting ducks in one of his creeks, he rode in chase of him. The fellow jumped into his canoe, pushed it off from shore, and leveled his gun at his pursuer. But Washington rode into the water, grasped the bow of the canoe, drew it ashore, disarmed the man, and gave him a sound thrashing.

JOHN PARKE CUSTIS.
[From a portrait on copper, owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

In 1761 Washington had a very serious illness, and was thought to be near his "last gasp." He was believed either at this time or during an earlier illness to be doomed to die with consumption, like his brother Lawrence, and he had a hollow in the chest and a weak voice in after life, thought to have been left by this disease. This time he went to the Warm Springs in the mountains, over roads made almost impassable by fallen trees. Here he found a number of people "full of all manner of diseases," with no buildings to shelter them. Washington was lucky to have a

tent. Though he said that he once thought the "grim king" would master him, he finally recovered his health.

When she was about thirteen or fourteen, Patsy Custis was afflicted with convulsions. An iron ring was once put on her, because of some old superstition which made this a cure for fits; but she grew no better, and Mr. and Mrs. Washington took her to the Warm Springs. Jacky Custis had a tutor at home for several years, and then Washington sent him to Annapolis, to the home of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, who took pupils into his house. Washington was very anxious about his stepson, and offered to pay Boucher fifty or sixty dollars extra in a year if he would take particular care of him, for, said he, "he is a promising boy, the last of his family, and will possess a very large fortune." He wished, he said, to make him fit for "something more useful than horse racing."

MISS MARTHA CUSTIS.

[From a portrait painted on copper, owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

When he was nineteen, Jack Custis fell in love with Eleanor, daughter of Benedict Calvert, of Mount Airy, Maryland, who was of a family descended from Lord Baltimore, and was a man of wealth. When Washington

heard of the engagement of the young people he did not oppose it, but wished Jack to finish his education before he married. In the spring of 1773 Washington went to New York with him and placed him in Kings (now Columbia) College. A few days after his return home Patsy Custis died suddenly, in one of her attacks, at the age of sixteen. Washington is said to have prayed earnestly at her bedside for her recovery. He felt very strongly for his wife's sorrow, and regretted that he had taken her son away from her. Jack, too, soon longed to be back again, and, as Mrs. Washington wished for his presence, he returned after three months of college life. In February, 1774, he was married to Nelly Calvert. Washington went to the wedding, but Mrs. Washington, who was still very sad over the loss of her daughter, did not go. She sent a little note to the bride, which was to be given to her immediately after her marriage. It ran:

"My Dear Nelly: God took from Me a Daughter when June Roses were blooming. He has now given me another daughter, about her Age when Winter Winds are blowing to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as One so Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction and a Wish that You may long live the Loving Wife of my happy Son, and a Loving Daughter of

"Your Affectionate Mother,

"M. Washington."

Washington made an adventurous trip to the Ohio country in 1773 to select lands to which he and other Virginia soldiers were entitled as a reward for their

services in the French war. He and his party rode on horseback to Fort Pitt, and then took a boat down the Ohio. They camped on shore every night, and sometimes Washington got out and walked, looking for fine bottom land. They saw many wild turkeys and deer browsing along the shore or drinking at the water's edge. Some of them they shot, and they also killed five buffaloes. They were alarmed at one place by the tale that two traders had been killed below by Indians. They found, however, that the men had been drowned in crossing the river. They met a company of Indians, and one chief among them told how many times he had aimed at Washington on the day of Braddock's defeat and failed to hit him. He declared that the Great Spirit protected the colonel, and that he could never be killed. Lands were selected on the Great Kanawha. Washington's share was fifteen thousand acres. On the eve of the Revolution he was busy sending out a party of bond servants and slaves to improve these lands, forwarding among other things two thousand peach stones to be planted on them. He also explored the Great Dismal Swamp at one time to see whether these waste lands could not be improved by drainage, and slept one night on some high ground in the center of this great waste.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION.

1765–1774.

The people who first settled America brought from England a strong love for liberty and self-government. Each colony was allowed, under more or less restriction, to make its own laws, and the people elected assemblies for this purpose. But they had to keep up a continual struggle to preserve their liberties against the encroachments of the king and the English Parliament. They particularly disliked many of the governors appointed from England to rule them. Parliament, which claimed the right to regulate their trade, would not allow foreign ships to visit the colonies, and compelled the colonists to sell most of their principal commodities in England, and buy only English goods. The American customhouse officers were appointed from England to enforce these laws, and the Americans could only evade them by smuggling.

There were many other grounds of dispute between the Government in England and the people in America. The Americans objected to the sending of English convicts to the colonies. They also tried to make laws to keep the English slave-trading company from sending any more slaves to America, but all such laws were re-

pealed in England, because men in high office, members of the royal family, and at least two kings of England—Charles II and James II—owned shares in the Royal African Company, which had the exclusive right to furnish negroes to the colonies.

Probably the people of America would have done nothing for many years to come but grumble and quarrel with their governors, had not the British ministry gone a step further and determined to tax the colonies to pay part of the expense of the recent war with France. This was to be done by requiring the Americans to use stamped paper for all their bills, notes, leases, and other business papers, as well as for the printing of their newspapers. The colonists were to pay a high rate for the stamped paper, and every business document was to be illegal if not written on such paper. When the Stamp Act was passed, in 1765, Franklin is said to have written from England to a friend in America: "The sun of liberty is set; you must light up the candles of industry and economy." His friend answered that he feared that "other lights would be the consequence." The Stamp Act caused a great deal of disgust among Americans. They thought that since they were not allowed to send members to represent them in Parliament, that body had not the right to tax them. The English people had long preserved their liberties by holding the purse strings. The colonists saw that if by buying stamped paper they once admitted that the English Government had the right to tax them without their consent, there might be no end to the burdens put upon them.

Washington agreed with the more thoughtful and

patriotic men of his country in opposing the Stamp Act. He was present in the Virginia Assembly when Patrick Henry made his famous speech against this act, in which he said: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third—"

"Treason! treason!" cried some of the other party.

"May profit by their example," continued Henry. "If that be treason, make the most of it!"

The officers who were appointed in America to sell the stamped paper had their houses mobbed and their windows broken, while their effigies were carried about and torn to pieces by enraged crowds. In New Hampshire the people attended the funeral of Liberty, who was carried through the streets in a neat coffin and finally came to life on the brink of the grave amid rejoicing and ringing of bells. When a ship carrying stamped paper reached Philadelphia, flags were hoisted at half-mast and the bells of the city were rung muffled as for a death. There was never a bit of the stamped paper sold in all America. Men from nine of the colonies met in a congress in New York in 1765. This meeting is spoken of as "The Stamp Act Congress." The colonies had always been jealous of one another, and they were now for the first time drawn together by a common danger. Although there were almost no manufactures in America, merchants agreed not to import any English goods until the Stamp Act should be repealed. People resolved to eat no more lamb, in order that sheep might increase and furnish wool enough to make homespun garments. The English merchants were so much injured by this resolution of the Americans to buy no more of their

goods that they added their petitions to those of the colonists, and the Stamp Act was repealed in 1766.

There were great rejoicings in America when the Stamp Act was repealed, but Parliament still claimed the right to tax the colonies. Soldiers were quartered on the Americans as a means of awing the people, and the colonies were required to pay the expense of keeping them, which they refused to do. In 1767 small duties were put upon all glass, paper, paints, and tea brought to America. Though this was not a great tax, the people of the colonies, now thoroughly aroused, said that it was meant for an entering wedge. They again made an agreement not to import English goods. Washington ordered his agent in London to send him nothing which his countrymen had agreed not to import. About the same time he wrote to a friend that "no man should scruple or hesitate a moment to use a—ms (arms) in defense" of freedom—which shows that he foresaw that there was likely to be a war.

Again there was distress in England because the people of America ceased to buy English goods. The Government, unwilling to give up the point entirely, now took off the tax on everything except tea, and arranged it so that the Americans after paying the tax on this article should still have their tea cheaper than usual. But the American people saw that what the English Government wished was to establish the right to tax them, and they resolved to drink no tea, although they had been great tea drinkers. They used instead drinks made of sassafras, sage, and various other herbs. Americans were so earnest in this matter that some refused to use the forbidden tea, even

when it had been, as they said, "honestly smuggled." The English Government sent ships loaded with tea to some of the larger ports, for it was thought that once the tea had reached America it would be used. But the tea ships which came to New York and Philadelphia were sent back; in Charleston the tea was stored away in damp cellars and allowed to spoil; at Annapolis—though this was a year later—a tea ship was burned. The resistance which made the most excitement was that of the people at Boston, where fifty men disguised themselves as Indians, boarded the ships, and emptied the contents of the chests into the water. Those who tried to fill their pockets with the tea which had been spilled on deck were ducked, and men went around in small boats and beat the tea which was floating about the harbor with their oars, so that all of it should be wasted.

This first forcible resistance was called the Boston Tea Party, and that city was punished by having her port closed so that no ships might come or go. Business in Boston was almost entirely stopped, and many poor people were thrown out of work. In Virginia, the Assembly in which Washington sat called this act of the Government "a hostile invasion," and appointed the 24th of May, 1774, as a fast day. The Governor of Virginia dissolved the Assembly as a punishment for this action, but the members merely removed to the Raleigh Tavern, where the House made itself a committee to advise that a general congress of the colonies should meet. Washington records in his diary that he went to church on the 24th of May and fasted all day. He wrote to a friend that he wished that the dispute might have been left to

posterity to settle, but that the colonists must either now assert their rights or submit until "custom and use," as he said, "shall make us as tame and abject slaves as the blacks we rule over with such arbitrary sway."

THE RALEIGH TAVERN.

[From an old print.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHOSEN COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

1774–1775.

The English Government chose to quarrel only with New England in the first place, hoping to keep the colonies divided, and so to conquer easily those which were rebellious. The New Englanders remembered that they owed nothing to the mother country, and that their forefathers had been driven away from England by oppression. They were a rather democratic people, most of them neither very rich nor very poor, but independent and intelligent. They had been made hardy by hard work on a rocky soil, by a seafaring life, and by the struggle they had kept up for many years with Canada. The more patriotic men in the colonies sympathized with New England in her sufferings, and felt that she was fighting the cause of all Americans.

On the last of August, 1774, Edmund Pendleton and Patrick Henry stopped at Mount Vernon and spent the night. They had come to make the journey to Philadelphia with Washington. They were all going to join the Continental Congress as delegates from Virginia. The two guests admired the spirit which Mrs. Washington displayed. Pendleton said that "the dear little woman was busy from morning till night," and that she

"seemed ready to make any sacrifice, and was cheerful," though he knew that she "felt very anxious."

"I hope you will all stand firm," she said; "I know George will."

When the gentlemen set forth on their journey in the morning, Mrs. Washington stood in the doorway at Mount Vernon, and said, in a cheerful voice:

"God be with you, gentlemen."

When a relative wrote to her, about this time, speaking of her husband's "folly" in joining the Congress, Mrs. Washington answered that she foresaw the "consequences—dark days, and darker nights"; but she added: "My mind is made up, my heart is in the cause. George is right; he is always right."

Late in October Congress adjourned, and Washington returned home. About this time Patrick Henry was asked who was the greatest man in Congress.

"If you speak of eloquence," he answered, "Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

Washington spent the winter and part of the spring at home. A number of the Virginia militia companies chose him as their field officer. He probably did not expect anything more at this time than to command the Virginia forces in case of a war. He declared that he meant to devote his life and fortune to the cause, if necessary.

Though an English army was quartered in Boston, under the command of General Gage, an officer who had

been present, like Washington, at Braddock's defeat, the Americans still contented themselves with sending petitions to the Government in England, while they were training the militia and laying up ammunition and arms against the time of need. One of the places where they had some military stores was at Concord, about twenty miles from Boston. At midnight, on the 19th of April, 1775, General Gage sent a body of men out of Boston to destroy these stores. The English soldiers were opposed at Lexington common by a small body of "minutemen," as the militia were called. The English officer shouted, "Disperse, you rebels!" but the rebels did not disperse until they had been fired upon and eight of their number killed. The English soldiers then marched on to Concord, where they destroyed some empty gun carriages, spiked the only two cannon the Concord men had not carried off, threw a store of rifle balls into the mill pond, and knocked to pieces a number of barrels of flour. Meantime the death of the men at Lexington had enraged the people, and the delay at Concord gave the minutemen time to assemble. On their return march the English soldiers were fired upon from every tree, rock, and stone wall along the road. The Americans were skillful hunters and took good aim. The English retreat soon became a run. Re-enforcements were sent out from Boston, and these fresh men formed a hollow square to keep the minutemen at bay. The retreating and exhausted soldiers lay down in the midst of this square, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase." But they had not long to rest. The Americans pressed them hard, and they hurried back to Boston, pursued by

the minutemen, until they came under protection of the guns of the English ships. That very night an irregular American army sat down before Boston. The war had begun.

Congress was called to meet again, and May found Washington in Philadelphia once more. This time he came dressed in his colonel's uniform. There was a great deal of military enthusiasm now. "Oh, that I were a soldier!" exclaimed the lawyer John Adams, and he took to reading military books. Some of the Philadelphia Quakers even armed themselves and began to parade, to the great amusement of onlookers.

The common danger forced the members of Congress from the different colonies to learn some forbearance toward each other. The industrious New Englander had been used to think of the "barons of Virginia" as men who had nothing in common with him, while the planter had had his doubts whether the Northern people were not, after all, violent men who wished to start an independent country. But Washington was pleased to find that the New Englanders were "plain, downright, practical men, seeking safety from oppression"; while Joseph Reed, of Pennsylvania, impressed with the resolution of the Southern men, wrote: "There are some very fine fellows come from Virginia, but they are very high; the Bostonians are mere milksops to them."

It was necessary for Congress to prepare for war as quickly as possible. The first step was to adopt the volunteers, who lay before Boston, as a continental army. Officers must then be appointed. As there was still a good deal of jealousy in the colonies of the "haughty

airs" of New England, and people were apt to think that she wished to lead in everything, the men from these colonies thought it wise to select their commander in chief from some other region. For this reason, and because he was almost the only native American of military experience, Colonel Washington was talked of for the difficult position. There were, it is true, two English officers, Gates and Lee, men who were living in Virginia and had often visited Mount Vernon during the last years and talked over the prospects of war, but the members of Congress thought it wise to place an American at their head. Most of the Southern delegates were in favor of Washington, but some were cool, and Pendleton was opposed to him. There was a division also among the New England men. Finally, John Adams rose and moved that Congress should adopt the army before Boston and appoint a general. He said that there was but one gentleman in his mind "for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia," who was among them, "a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union." When Washington saw that the allusion was to himself, he, with his "usual modesty, darted into the library room," the door of which stood near at hand.

There were some objections to Adams's motion, but the members were all finally persuaded to withdraw them, and Washington was elected commander in chief of the new continental army. "I can now inform you," wrote

Adams to his wife on the 17th of June, 1775, "that the Congress have made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esquire, to be General of the American Army." When Washington was informed of his appointment, he rose in his place and said that he felt that a "high honor" had been done him, but that he was under great distress lest his "abilities and military experience" might not be "equal to the trust," and "lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to" his "reputation." He begged it should "be remembered by every gentleman in the room that" he did not think himself "equal to the command." He ended by saying that, as money could not have persuaded him to leave his home, he did not wish to make any profit from his services, and would accept nothing more than his expenses. Washington was sincere in his fears about his own fitness for the difficult command. "This day," said he, "will be the commencement of the decline of my reputation."

He wrote immediately to his wife to tell her of his appointment—news which he knew would give her uneasiness. "You may believe me, my dear Patsy," said he, "when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad."

Washington's anxiety for his wife was great, and he

was tormented with thoughts of her loneliness and uneasiness. He wrote to his stepson, and desired that he and Nelly would stay at Mount Vernon with their mother. He wrote also to his wife's relatives and friends, asking them to visit her and keep up her spirits. "My departure," said he, "will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her; and on this account alone I have many very disagreeable sensations." He had good cause to be uneasy. The leaders of the Revolution knew very well that they were regarded only as rebels in England, and that they must expect to be hanged should they fail. "I have now," said Washington, "embarked on a tempestuous ocean, from whence, perhaps, no friendly harbor is to be found."

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE BOSTON.

1775.

About the time that Washington was made commander in chief at Philadelphia, the battle of Bunker's Hill took place before Boston. About fifteen hundred Americans, under an officer named Prescott, undertook to occupy this hill, because it overlooked the city and threatened the English army. They marched to the spot with spades and pickaxes on the night of June 17, 1775, and began throwing up intrenchments on Breed's Hill, which stood a little nearer Boston than Bunker's Hill. The Americans worked so hard that by daylight they had thrown up a redoubt. When morning came the English cannons began to play upon them, but Prescott coolly walked the top of the earthworks to encourage his men, and they began work once more, throwing up a rude outer breastwork around the hill, made of the new-mown hay, which lay on the ground, heaped between fence rails. As General Gage could not have occupied Boston once the Americans had succeeded in planting cannon on Breed's Hill, he sent about two thousand men, the pick of his army, to dislodge them. The British troops came over in boats. They burned Charlestown, a village of about five hundred houses, so that the Americans might have no cover from

which to attack them. The blazes ran up to the top of the church steeple, making a pyramid of fire. The English soldiers now moved slowly and steadily up the hill. The Americans behind their hay breastworks reserved their fire until the enemy was very near, when they took a deadly aim. The British troops fell back, but their officers pushed them on with their swords. Again the American farmers reserved their fire until the last moment, and again they mowed down the enemy and drove

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTOWN.

[From a sketch made at the time by a British officer, viewing it from Beacon Hill.]

them back. Once more the English officers pushed their men on. This time the Americans were almost out of powder, and the English cannon raked their breastworks of hay so that their fire was not so brisk, and they retreated before the enemy to their earthworks. When the British soldiers poured over this redoubt, the Americans clubbed them with the butt ends of their muskets, and did not retreat until their works were half full of the enemy. The English losses were more than twice as great as the American in this battle. Though the Americans were

defeated, the way in which they had fought gave their countrymen heart, and taught the English to respect them. Washington said, after he reached the camp, that a few more such victories would put an end to the English army and the war.

The new commander in chief heard of the battle of Bunker's Hill on his way to Boston. Honors were done him on his journey, but at New York, where there was still a great deal of indecision, he had to divide his honors with the royal governor, Tryon, who arrived shortly after he did, and it was suspected that the same crowd shouted for them both. There was danger that the American general would be kidnaped in this city by royalists, and Washington was told to cross at the upper ferry for fear of such an attempt. Before Boston, he was received with all the honors that could be done him without the use of powder, for powder was scarce, and must be saved for the benefit of the enemy. With Washington arrived two Englishmen who had also been made generals by Congress—Lee and Gates. Like Washington, they had been young officers at Braddock's disastrous battle. Lee had just bought land in Virginia, so that the Americans might be more likely to put him in a place of trust. They both, doubtless, secretly thought themselves more fit for the chief command than the Virginia planter who had been placed over them.

Washington found the American army posted on the hills around Boston. There were about sixteen thousand men, of whom fourteen thousand five hundred, were well, and fit for service. They were all New Englanders, though later in the summer they were joined by some

rifle companies from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, bodies of men which had been raised and marched, some of them, over seven hundred miles in about two months. As the men before Boston were posted in a large semicircle, and might be attacked and routed at any point before the rest of the army could come to the rescue, Washington thought the force far too small. However, he set about forming the undisciplined crowd into an army, and a hard task it was. Sometimes he almost lost all patience with New Englanders. Before he had come to Boston he had admired, as others did from a distance, the courage and spirit of these men; but when he came to try to make them into a disciplined army, he found that the officers were far too familiar with the men for good discipline, while the men were too independent to make obedient soldiers. The officers had been elected by their men, belonged to the same town, and thought they must "shake every man by the hand, and desire, beg, and pray, 'Do, brother,' 'Do, my friend,' do such a thing," when, as it was said, a good hearty oath from one who cared nothing for their friendship would have been more to the purpose. With his Virginia ideas, Washington was at first inclined to be a little disgusted with Northern democracy, the more so that it stood in his way in disciplining the army. "However," he said more cheerfully after a time, "we mend every day, and I flatter myself that in a little time we shall make up these raw materials into a very good manufacture." He afterward came to think very highly of the spirit and behavior of New England men, though he said that it took some time to "bring people of their temper and genius into such a subordinate way of think-

ing as was necessary for a soldier." He tried hard to give his motley army a soldierlike appearance. He endeavored to get the officers to wear uniforms, or at least a colored ribbon, which should distinguish them from the men. He attempted to get hunting shirts made of tow for the common soldiers, as this was the cheapest way in which to make the men look somewhat alike. Never was a great general so cramped for money, for Congress could not get any except by making paper money. It dared not tax the people, an opposition to taxes being the cause of the war.

One of Washington's first cares was to have the intrenchments made stronger, so that his men might be protected in case they were attacked. "The Americans," said General Putnam, "are never afraid of their heads; they only think of their legs; shelter them, and they'll fight forever." Washington kept the men digging even upon Sundays. He also caused a certain place to be agreed upon for a rendezvous, in case the army should be defeated. He was very cautious, and he felt that he would be doing the wisest thing for the country if he held the enemy hemmed up in the city of Boston, kept them from getting provisions from the surrounding country, and prevented them from marching out "with fire and sword." He caused some vessels to be fitted out, which cruised along the coast and often captured the food and stores sent from England at great expense for the army in Boston. Sometimes these vessels were taken at the very entrance to Boston harbor, when the wind was such that the English ships of war could not sail out to defend them. Some vessels of the English navy, however,

sailed to the town of Falmouth (now Portland), in Maine, and, after giving the people only a few hours to get out of their houses, burned the town. This act, as well as the burning of Charlestown, angered the Americans very much, and served to make them more bitter in their resistance to the mother country.

During the war Washington often had trouble in overcoming the jealousy of men who came from different colonies. His headquarters, when he lay before Boston. were in Cambridge. One day some Virginia riflemen in fringed hunting shirts were hooted at by a body of Marblehead men who wore the round jackets and trousers of fishermen and sailors. The Virginians retorted, and the two parties fell to snowballing each other, and then to fighting. There was great uproar in the streets of the beautiful little town. The son of an American lieutenant, a boy of ten, who saw the affray, told, many years after, how Washington and his black servant suddenly appeared on the scene. The general instantly threw his bridle to Billy, dismounted, rushed into the midst of the fighting men, seized a Virginian by the throat with one hand and a New Englander with the other, shook them soundly, and poured forth a torrent of angry words. In three minutes the fighters slunk away, and no one was left in the street but the commander in chief and the two men he had collared.

Washington was borne down by heavy cares, and he was naturally grave and anxious most of the time, so that it has become a common belief that he never smiled during the war. There are two stories, however, of his life before Boston which show that he could laugh as heartily

as any man. A certain Dr. Church, who was supposed to be a great patriot and was surgeon-general of the army, was discovered to be holding a secret correspondence with the enemy. It was thought necessary to capture a woman who carried his letters. Rough and honest old General Putnam happened upon the messenger one day, and secured her by mounting her on the horse behind him. He brought the woman, who was very stout, into Cambridge in this fashion. When he saw them approaching, Washington is said to have burst out laughing. It was with difficulty that he could control himself enough to address the woman seriously when she was brought before him, in order to threaten her with hanging unless she told all she knew.

Another story of this time tells how the alarm was once given in Cambridge that the enemy was approaching. There was a great bustle of preparation, and amid all the confusion General Greene stood at the bottom of the stairs "bawling to the barber for his wig."

"Bring my wig, you rascal—bring my wig!" he shouted.

"Your wig is behind the looking-glass, sir," said General Lee.

Turning toward the looking-glass, Greene saw that his wig was on his head. Washington meantime is said to have thrown himself on a sofa and laughed heartily at the expense of the excited general.

CHAPTER XX.

LITTLE POWDER AND FEW MEN.

1775–1776.

WASHINGTON was beginning to feel that he was in a good state of defense, when it was suddenly discovered that there had been a mistake about the amount of powder belonging to the army. It was found that there were in the storehouse only thirty-five half barrels of powder, or nine rounds to a man. When the general heard this bad news he did not say a word for half an hour. Without powder no amount of courage could prevent the army from being beaten in case of an attack. Washington made every effort to get more powder. He begged Congress and the different States to send him what they could. "No quantity," he wrote, "however small, is beneath notice."

"The word powder," said his secretary, Reed, "sets us all a-tiptoe." The Americans were, he said, like a man with only a little money in his pocket who would "do twenty mean things to prevent breaking in upon his little stock." They felt it very hard to be obliged to "bear with the rascals on Bunker's Hill," who frequently cannonaded their works, which lay opposite at Winter's Hill. They longed to give the enemy a few shots in return, but Washington said that every ounce of powder

must be saved, to be used only when "the red-coat gentry please to step out of their intrenchments." Meantime it was all-important to keep the scarcity of powder a secret, lest it should come to be known by the enemy, and they should take advantage of it to attack the Americans.

There was a young man of seventeen, named Elkanah Watson, who was at this time apprenticed to a Boston merchant whose name was Brown. He afterward told how Mr. Brown's ships brought in a ton and a half of powder, and how he was sent to take this powder to Cambridge, where the headquarters of the army were. Washington seemed to Elkanah Watson a very awful person, especially as he was reproving a militia colonel for some offense when the young man first saw him. The general sent a young officer with Watson to see that the powder was placed in the powder house. While it was being unloaded, Watson said to the officer:

"Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here."

"These barrels are filled with sand," whispered the young officer in his ear.

Watson asked why that was.

"To deceive the enemy," answered the officer, "should any spy chance to look in."

From this story it is evident that it was impossible for Washington to keep his secret very well. Little by little the stock of powder was increased. Congress succeeded in buying all the powder on the coast of Africa, even that in British forts, and seized a magazine of it in the island of Bermuda. John Adams urged his wife to try to make saltpeter at home, as this article was used in

making powder, and Mrs. Adams promised to do so after "soap-making." Mills were presently built for manufacturing saltpeter and powder, but, in spite of all that could be done, for some time this very necessary article was scarce. There was, in fact, a great deal of waste, since the men were so poorly protected from rain that the powder with which they were supplied often became damp, and must be renewed.

No sooner was Washington out of one difficulty than he was plunged into another. As winter approached the men were sadly in need of tents, and had to make the best of a lot of old sails from the seaport towns which were useless now that New England's commerce was destroyed. They were also, as Washington said, "almost naked for want of shirts, breeches, stockings, shoes, and other clothing." The commissary, too, complained that, with "twenty thousand gaping mouths opened full upon him, and nothing to stop them with," he must "depend upon being devoured himself."

The summer and autumn of 1775 wore away, and Washington looked in vain for the enemy to "come boldly out" and give him battle. After he had got a tolerable supply of powder he wished for an attack. He felt sure of his men behind intrenchments, for they were good marksmen and could fight in this way with much courage. But General Gage also felt sure of them, and preferred to stay in Boston. Washington was surprised to see that Gage was laying in coal, as though the English meant to spend the winter in Boston. Presently, however, Gage was ordered home, and General Howe was left in command of the British army. The Americans

busied themselves with capturing the coal ships from England, and long before the winter was out the English army was so destitute of fuel as to be obliged to pull down houses in Boston and burn the wood of which they were built. Food also became so scarce that there was barely enough even of salt meat for the army. English people felt that the condition of their army shut up within Boston was degrading. The officers meanwhile passed their time as best they could. Once when they were

VIEW OF BOSTON FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME, ALSO SHOWING NOOKS HILL ON THE RIGHT.

amusing themselves by a play, written by young Major André, called The Blockade of Boston, at which Washington figured on the stage as a country lout with a big wig and a long and rusty sword, a sergeant hurried into the theater with the news that "the alarm guns were firing at Charlestown and the Yankees attacking Bunker's Hill." The audience took this for part of the farce, until General Howe gave the order:

"Officers, to your alarm posts."

The Blockade of Boston ended with a hurried scramble for the door and the screaming and fainting of ladies.

A body of Americans meantime had crossed over on a milldam to the foot of Bunker's Hill, set fire to an English guardhouse, made some prisoners, and returned in safety, while the cannon roared behind them and spoiled the English farce in the city. An English paper, disgusted with the inactivity of the British army in Boston, reported that the officers were carrying on a theatrical campaign, and that the Americans were preparing to play Measure for Measure in the spring. The English, indeed, amused themselves by keeping up a pretty constant cannonade on the nearest American works, but this only served to inure the provincial soldiers to the sound of firearms.

Washington had promised his wife, when he wrote to her after his appointment, that he would see her in the fall, but he found it impossible to leave the army, and he sent for her. She made the long journey in her coach to Boston, accompanied by her son and his wife. She was received with honor at Philadelphia and other places. About this time the Americans captured an English ship, from the West Indies, loaded with limes, lemons, oranges, sweetmeats, and pickles. Washington bought some of these good things meant for British officers, because he was expecting "his lady." Mrs. Washington reached Cambridge on the 11th of December.

With the winter came fresh trouble. Most of the men had enlisted only till December, and Washington must dissolve his army and form a new one in face of the enemy. It was very hard to get recruits, for men could make more money by staying at home, and already the first eagerness and excitement was gone. The Connecti-

cut men were determined to go off in a body, and when they finally went, after staying ten days over their time at Washington's request, the other regiments "hissed, groaned, and pelted" them. Those of the old men who re-enlisted must be given furloughs, and this left the army very weak. Washington was sure that the English must know of his small numbers, for he heard that it was common talk in Boston. The beginning of the new year found him with an army of only a little over nine thousand men, one thousand of whom were absent on furloughs. Powder was scarce, and so were arms. Washington had bought from the retiring men all the guns that were of any value, and still there were not enough for his small army.

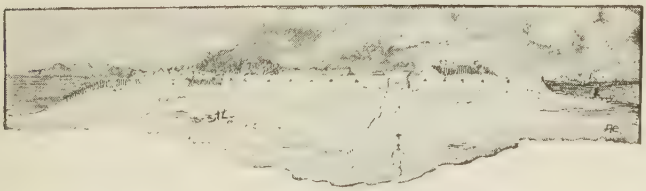
"I wish this month were well over our heads," he wrote in January. He was, in fact, so harassed and disheartened that he said that if he had known what would have happened nothing could have persuaded him to take the command of the army. He would have been ten times more comfortable as a colonel, and he was sure that he would have gained more honor. He did not believe that it had ever happened before that a post was held within musket shot of twenty British regiments for six months without powder while one army was dismissed and another raised. Washington declared that, if he succeeded, it would be "the most fortunate event of his life."

CHAPTER XXI.

DRIVING THE ENEMY OUT.

1776.

In the months that he lay before Boston Washington longed eagerly to attack the enemy. He felt that something was expected of him. Several times he had called a council of war, but his officers had always agreed that it would be unwise to attempt anything, either because of the want of powder, arms, and men, or for other good reasons. Washington had a plan for acting on the offensive, "when we have powder to sport with," as he said,



VIEW OF THE BRITISH LINES ON BOSTON NECK.
[From a sketch made at the time.]

but that time did not come, and he was unable to destroy "the nest in Boston," as he wished so much to do. While he was forced to keep his difficulties a secret from his friends lest they should reach the ears of his enemies, he felt that he would be lucky if he were able

"to keep above water, as it were, in the esteem of mankind."

One of Washington's many difficulties had been a lack of heavy cannon, such as were necessary for carrying on a siege. Early in the winter he sent Henry Knox, who afterward became his chief artillery officer, to Ticonderoga, to procure heavy ordnance, lead, and flints. With a great deal of difficulty Knox transported the cannon in boats to the southern end of Lake George, loaded them upon more than fifty sledges, drawn by eighty yoke of oxen, and so carried them to the American camp before Boston, where they arrived late in the winter.

Washington thought that when the waters around Boston should be frozen the English would certainly march out on the ice to attack him, if they did not do so before. But the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill had made them very cautious, and they did not care to face Yankees who had their legs protected. General Gage declared that the rebels were not the rabble many had supposed them to be. His successor, General Howe, said that the American army, made up, as it was, of young men of spirit, was not to be despised, and he proceeded to show how little he despised it by staying securely in Boston. If the enemy would not make use of the ice, Washington was determined to use it himself. It would be more possible to enter Boston in this way than to try to force the narrow neck of land which connected the town with the mainland, and which was very strongly fortified by the English. But the winter was warm, and the water did not freeze over until the middle of February. As soon as the ice was strong enough to hold

men, Washington called a council of war to advise with him about attacking the city; but his officers thought it too dangerous an undertaking. In fact, the American generals were very uncertain how their undisciplined men would behave when they were the attacking force, and their legs totally unprotected. One severe defeat would have ruined the American cause, while the colonies gained much by keeping their foe in a disgraceful confinement within the narrow limits of the little town of Boston. But Washington was disappointed. He felt that he was expected to act. He said that perhaps his officers were right, but his situation had become so irksome that he would have made the attempt. He fell back, however, upon a more cautious course. The Americans were to take possession of Dorchester Heights, which overlooked the town much as Bunker's and Breed's Hills did. As the English could not hold Boston with batteries commanding the town, it was thought that they would be forced to attack the men on Dorchester Heights, who behind breastworks would fight manfully. When the enemy should have divided their forces for this purpose, Washington meant to take the opportunity to march upon them in Boston with another division of his army. He had his plans all carefully laid, and ordered in the militia from the country around to man his lines while his forces were drawn off.

Two nights before the time he had set for taking Dorchester Heights Washington began to bombard Boston from other points, in order to confuse and deceive the enemy about his plans. The people who lived near the city were terrified to hear the roar of cannon. Windows

rattled and houses shook, while no one knew what it all meant. During the day it was perfectly quiet, except for the marching of the militia going into camp with three days' provisions, but when night came the terrible uproar began again, the American guns firing upon the city and

MAP OF BOSTON, SHOWING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF THE AMERICANS.

the English cannon answering. On the third night, which was the 4th of March, when the cannonade had once more opened, over three hundred wagons began moving toward Dorchester Heights, loaded with baled hay and bundles of poles, called fascines. The bales of hay and fascines were to be used in making a breastwork for the

men to fight behind, for the ground was frozen too hard to be dug up for earthworks. The moon shone brightly, but the English army was too much occupied with the cannonade, which now and then burned a house or killed a few men, to observe this movement of the Americans. Four thousand men worked all night on Dorchester Heights, while most of the three hundred teams carried three loads each. By morning, two forts, a long breastwork, and some barracks had sprung up.

"My God!" exclaimed General Howe in Boston, "these fellows have done more work in one night than I could make my army do in three months!"

Some of the English officers afterward admitted that the sudden way in which these redoubts had sprung up in the night made them think of the works of enchantment in an Eastern romance. But something must be done immediately. The new works would soon command the town and most of the harbor and the beach where the men must embark in case of a retreat. The English admiral sent word to General Howe that Dorchester Heights must be taken or the fleet could not stay in Boston harbor. So three thousand soldiers were hastily ordered on board transports for this purpose. The men said to each other that it would be another Bunker's Hill. The transport ships fell down to the Castle, which stood on a small island not far from Dorchester Heights. The Americans were expecting an attack. They had placed a number of barrels filled with sand and stones in front of their breastworks. They meant to roll these heavy barrels down the hill when the enemy should advance, so breaking the ranks and maiming the legs of the English

soldiers. Washington made a speech to the men, in which he reminded them that it was the 5th of March, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, as it was called, when, before the war, the British soldiers quartered in Boston had fired upon the townspeople who were pelting them with snowballs in which were stones. The Americans were in high spirits. Washington felt very sure that they would defeat the enemy. Meanwhile General Putnam and four thousand men stood ready to enter Boston by crossing the ice behind the town at the same time that the attack was made on Dorchester Heights. But when the English troops were about to cross over from the Castle to the assault there came up a violent storm. By the next day the Americans had made their works so strong, that the English officers did not care to face the thousands of good marksmen behind them.

Washington continued to push his fortifications out on the Dorchester peninsula. The next important step was to take possession of Nook's Hill. He sent some men up to mark out the ground on the crest of the hill. The English ships immediately began to cannonade the hilltop, which was exactly what the Americans wished. The night that followed was dark and foggy, and they began their works farther down the slope, while the cannon balls went completely over their heads. The next morning the English abandoned Bunker's Hill. The fleet was loading up as hastily as possible. The harbor was so covered with masts that it looked like a "forest." General Howe sent the selectmen of Boston to Washington with a proposal to leave the town unharmed if he would not cannonade the English army while it was embarking. Wash-

ington made no promises, but he was willing to spare Boston from destruction, and he always avoided unnecessary bloodshed.

The Englishmen were deeply mortified that they were forced to abandon Boston by a body of American farmers, whom they had always despised. It was the worst season of the year to go to sea, but go they must, burdened with some fifteen hundred loyalists and their household goods, for these people dared not stay behind and face their angry neighbors. Hasty efforts were made to spike the cannon on Bunker's Hill and at Boston Neck, while some mortars were thrown into the water, but the Americans soon after recovered these and restored the cannons to usefulness. The enemy finally left Boston on the 17th of March. Washington immediately sent General Putnam to take possession of the city with two thousand men, selected because they had had the smallpox, for Boston was infected with this disease. He had already hurried off some of his men to New York, for he thought that the enemy would sail to that city next. The English blew up the Castle, but they remained for some time in Nantasket Roads. Washington declared that the enemy had "the best knack at puzzling people" he had "ever met with." Old seamen told him, however, that they were waiting to get ready for sea—which was true, for they all presently sailed away and left Washington free to hasten to New York with his army.

The evacuation of Boston caused deep disgust in England, and gave much pleasure in America. Washington, who never prided himself much on a success, expected that the people, who could not know his diffi-

culties, would blame him for not having driven the enemy out sooner. The Massachusetts Legislature, however, made him an address of thanks, and Congress presented him with a gold medal. He modestly said that he was happy to find that his reputation stood fair.

CHAPTER XXII.

WASHINGTON AT NEW YORK.

1776.

WASHINGTON made the journey to New York, accompanied by Mrs. Washington, her son, who was the general's aid-de-camp, and his wife, or Jack and Nelly, as they were called in the family. The army traveled in various divisions, which were carried as far as possible on the waters of the sound, so that the men might not be worn out with marching when they reached New York. At Providence Washington overtook a body of soldiers who had marched ahead, under the command of General Greene. Their general ordered all the men who could boast of uniforms to turn out in honor of the commander in chief, having first washed their faces and hands, shaved their beards, and powdered their hair.

The general and his family were in New York by the 13th of April, 1776. Washington had already sent General Lee to this town in the month of January, when the English general, Clinton, had left Boston with a small British force, and he feared the English meant to make a lodgment in New York. Lee had begun to fortify both Brooklyn and New York. The city at that time all lay below Grand Street. Fortifications were now made all around the end of the island, and the streets leading to

the water were barricaded. Some of the barricades were made of mahogany logs which were taken from West India ships. In Brooklyn, besides a fort on the Heights, a line of works was thrown across the narrowest place behind this village, between Wallabout Swamp and Gowanus Bay. There were one hundred and twenty-one cannons in and about New York, thirty-three of which were kept ready to run to any place where the enemy might make their most serious attack. During the spring and the heat of the summer the men dug and dug, expecting every day that the enemy would appear and that they would have to fight from behind their unfinished works. They worked so hard and wore out clothing so fast that it was impossible to keep them in respectable dress, and a double allowance of soap was needed for washing hands and faces.

While Washington was before Boston, and while he was busy in superintending all that was going on about New York, he had the affairs of the American army in Canada upon his shoulders also, although he was too far away to do more than send general directions and forward men and supplies. During the past winter Montgomery had penetrated into Canada by way of Lake Champlain, taken St. Johns and Montreal, and marched upon Quebec. Washington had sent Benedict Arnold with eleven hundred men up the Kennebec River to meet him before the city. The attack on Quebec had failed, however, and Washington said that this proved what he had suspected for some time—which was, that the American soldiers, placed behind a breastwork, stone wall, or any other kind of shelter, would, "from their knowledge of a firelock, give a

good account of the enemy," but that they would not "march boldly up to a work nor stand exposed in a plain." A small force of Americans had blockaded Quebec all winter, but when the ice in the St. Lawrence River melted in the spring, so that English troops could sail in, they were obliged gradually to fall back. Weakened by the smallpox and defeated in a battle at Three Rivers, they finally retreated through Lake Champlain. Washington was meanwhile doing all he could to help the army in Canada, dividing his own forces until, as he said, there were not enough men to attack the English in Canada, while there were not enough left to oppose them in New York. But he did the best he could, and arranged signals to get in the militia of New Jersey and Connecticut in case of need.

A young man who joined Washington's army at this time said it was an irregular mass of "badly disciplined, badly armed, and badly equipped men." He told how a body of men calling themselves the Connecticut Light-horse came and offered their services to Washington. They were elderly countrymen, mounted on queer old "jades" of horses. Some of them wore dingy regimentals of scarlet, and three-cornered hats trimmed with tarnished lace, relics of the last French war, and they all carried old fowling pieces, many of which were very long. As Washington had no forage for their old horses, he thanked them and sent them home. One of these fellows, however, found his way to Long Island, and was afterward captured by the British. The English officers made him amble about for their amusement, and laughed heartily at his expense. When they asked him what his duties had been in "the

rebel army," he answered, "To flank a little and carry tidings." There was still very little discipline or regard for appearances among the New England men. General Putnam rode around in summer wearing a waistcoat without sleeves, and a hanger strapped across his shoulders. His nephew, who was chief engineer of the army, was once met by a friend carrying a piece of meat.

"What!" exclaimed the latter, "carrying home your rations yourself, colonel?"

"Yes," answered Colonel Putnam, "and I do it to set the officers a good example."

Though Washington expected "a very bloody summer," he had little time to discipline his men, for they were constantly employed in digging. But he charged them to stand to their duty when they were attacked, to load with balls and buckshot, and not to fire until the enemy was near. He tried to uniform his soldiers as far as possible in hunting shirts and what he sometimes called long breeches, "made gaiter fashion about the legs," and sometimes overalls. They were, in fact, a kind of long trousers, which were a novelty in those days, and they served to cover the lack of stockings, too common in the American army. Washington liked this costume because he thought it terrified the British, who imagined that a man in an Indian or backwoods dress must be a good shot. Morgan, who commanded a company of sharpshooters during the war, dressed his men in fringed hunting shirts, wampum belts, leggings, and moccasins worked with beads and porcupine quills, to which he added also the knife and tomahawk of the savages. They marched in Indian file, and he told, after the war, how the very

The General being sensible of the difficulty and expense of providing Cloaths of almost any kind for the troops, feels an unwillingness to recommend, much more to order, any kind of Uniform But as it is absolulely necessary that men should have cloaths and appear tight and decent he earnestly encourages the use of Hunting Shirts, with long Breeches made of the same Cloth, Gaiter fashion about the Legs, to all those yet unprovided. No dress can be had cheaper nor more convenient. Besides which it is a dress which is justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy who think every such person a complete marksman"
Washington's Orderly Book 1776.

Since the date of my last we have had the virtue and patience of the Army put to the severest trial. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread; at other times many days without meat, and once or twice two or three days without either...At one time the soldiers eat every kind of horse food but Hay. Buckwheat, common wheat, Rye and Indian Corn was the composition of the Meal which made their bread. As an Army they bore it with most heroic patience
Letter from Washington to Gen. Schuyler Jan. 30. 1780.

"The cap is of leather with the word "Congress" upon it, the clothes of twilled overall are trimmed with white fringe. The gaiters begin just below the knee. Most of them go barefoot." German Officer's Notebook

A SOLDIER OF CONGRESS.

[From a sketch made during the war by a German officer.]

sight of his riflemen was enough for a Hessian picket. The Germans would scamper into their lines, crying out in all the English they knew: "Rebel in de bush! rebel in de bush!" There is also another tale which shows how the English feared this sort of a soldier. An American who was captured and taken on board an English ship was asked by the captain how many riflemen he would be likely to meet in sailing up the Potomac.

"I don't mean your regulars," explained the English captain, "but those hunting-shirt fellows from the woods, who can hit any button on my coat when they are in the humor of sharpshooting."

The American assured him that there were plenty of such men along the Potomac, although there was not in reality one within hundreds of miles, and the English captain thought best not to make his trip up the river.

Washington's headquarters were at a house called Richmond Hill. Mrs. Washington was with him and thinking about "taking the smallpox," though the general said that he thought she would not have the resolution. Taking the smallpox meant inoculation, which was the only way in those days of escaping this disease, to which she would be much exposed living in an army. The general went to Philadelphia in May to consult with Congress, and here Mrs. Washington was inoculated. She returned to New York again with her husband, and soon afterward a plot against the general's life was discovered. Tryon, the royal governor of New York, had retired to a ship of war. From his ship he planned a conspiracy, in which many people living in and about New York were concerned. A man named Hickey, who be-

longed to Washington's life guard, was one of the conspirators. He was to assassinate Washington, and the other conspirators were to rise, spike the American cannons, and capture New York. Hickey decided to poison the commander in chief. He was on good terms with Washington's housekeeper, who was the daughter of Sam Fraunces, a celebrated tavern-keeper. He went to this woman and agreed with her to put poison in a dish of green peas, of which they knew the general was very fond. Though the housekeeper pretended to agree with Hickey, she went to Washington and informed him of the plot against his life. The poisoned peas came to the table, but Washington sent them away, and Hickey was soon afterward arrested, as well as many others concerned in the plot. Hickey was hanged, and Washington was careful after this to have none but native Americans in his life guard, for Hickey had been a British deserter.

Meantime the Americans captured several vessels, on some of which were English soldiers, from whom it was learned that General Howe had sailed from Halifax, where he had landed after leaving Boston. With the enemy coming, Washington was anxious about his lack of men and arms. Some of the colonies might perhaps get their proportion of men raised before snowfall, he said, but not in time to relieve either New York or Canada. In the early part of June there were less than eight thousand well-armed men in the army. Militiamen who had no arms were told to bring with them either shovels, spades, pickaxes or scythes straightened and fastened to poles. On the 26th of June some large ships were seen off Sandy Hook. One of them was the Greyhound, with

General Howe on board. In a few days there were one hundred and thirty sails outside the harbor. Everything was now made ready for battle, and Mrs. Washington was sent away. The English general was about to land his men on Long Island, when he found that the Americans were strongly posted there, and he chose Staten Island instead. This was a very anxious time for Washington, for he expected daily to be attacked at some point. But during July the enemy lay quiet on their island, and their fleet gradually grew to three hundred ships.

On the 9th of July the American army was drawn up and heard the Declaration of Independence read for the first time. The soldiers gave many "loud huzzas." In the evening a number of them joined a crowd of "Liberty boys" gathered at Bowling Green, where stood a statue of George III made of solid lead and gilded. The crowd pulled down the statue, and it was drawn to Litchfield, Conn., where the women of the town melted it and molded it into bullets.

Three days later two English ships of war, the Rose and the Phœnix, taking advantage of a brisk wind and a running tide, sailed past the American batteries on the North River, as the Hudson is called at New York. The ships kept near the Jersey shore, and their decks were protected by sand-bags, so that the American cannon did them no damage. The Rose and Phœnix returned the American fire, and their balls crashed through houses in New York. Women and children ran screaming about the town. The ships ran up to Tappan Zee, where the river is broad, and there anchored. By this means

they cut off Washington's water communication with the north. The militia watched the shores and prevented the ships from landing men. The Americans also built some fire ships and tried to destroy the English vessels. They grappled with the Phœnix, but she got away, and one of her tenders only was burned. They towed the remains of the tender ashore the next day under the enemy's guns and saved some cannon from her. The Rose and Phœnix now sailed back down the Hudson, after having been up the river five weeks. They received several shots in their hulls from the American forts, but got off without serious damage.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS IN NEW YORK ON FIRST ARRIVING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A QUESTION OF DIGNITY.

1776.

The admiral of the English fleet was Lord Howe, brother to General Howe, commander of the army. They were appointed commissioners by the English Government to treat with the American people and try to bring them to terms. Washington sarcastically remarked that they were come to "dispense pardons to repenting sinners." On the 14th of July an English officer came up the harbor in a boat, carrying a white flag. He was detained by some whaleboats which made a part of the only fleet Washington had. The American general consulted with his officers, and they agreed with him that he ought not to receive any paper which did not recognize him as a general. Colonel Reed, who was Washington's adjutant-general, went down the bay and met the English officer.

"I have a letter from Lord Howe to Mr. Washington," said the officer, taking off his hat and bowing politely.

"Sir," answered Reed, "we have no person in the army with that address."

"But you will look at the address?" asked the Englishman, holding out a letter on which was written "George Washington, Esq."

"I can not receive that letter," said Reed.

"I am very sorry," said the English officer, "and so will be Lord Howe, that any error in the superscription should prevent the letter being received by General Washington."

"Why, sir," answered Reed, "I must obey my orders."

"Oh, yes, sir, you must obey orders, to be sure."

The officers then exchanged some letters from prisoners and parted. But the English boat put back again, and the officer asked by what title "General—Mr. Washington wished to be addressed."

"You are sensible, sir," answered Reed, "of the rank of General Washington in our army."

"Yes, sir, we are," answered the English officer. "I am sure my Lord Howe will lament exceedingly this affair, as the letter is quite of a civil nature, and not of a military one. He laments exceedingly that he was not here a little sooner." It was supposed that the English officer meant by this that Lord Howe was sorry he had not arrived before the Declaration of Independence.

The English admiral next sent a letter addressed to "George Washington, Esq., &c., &c., &c." But this letter was also refused, and Lord Howe then sent Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson to talk with Washington, who received him at Colonel Knox's headquarters. The American general was very handsomely dressed and "made a most elegant appearance," for Washington was determined that the English should respect him and his cause. Colonel Patterson began to talk, taking great care to say "May it please your Excellency" as often as possible. He explained that the "&c., &c., &c." on the address of

Lord Howe's letter, which he had brought with him, "implied everything that ought to follow." He laid the letter on the table, but Washington refused to receive it, saying that a letter sent to a person in a public character ought to have something on it to show this. After some talk about the treatment of prisoners, Colonel Patterson then said that the benevolence of the king had caused him to make General and Lord Howe commissioners to settle the present unhappy disputes, and that they would be very much pleased to effect this. Washington answered that he had no authority in this case, but that it did not seem that Lord Howe could do anything but grant pardons, "and that those who had committed no faults wanted no pardons." Colonel Patterson refused to eat of a collation which was prepared, and he and General Washington parted with much ceremonious politeness on both sides.

Washington never failed during the war to insist on respectful treatment from the enemy. When General Gage, at Boston, had refused to distinguish American officers taken prisoner from privates, saying that he did not recognize a rank which did not come from the king, Washington replied that a rank which came from the "choice of a brave and free people" seemed to him the best of all ranks. Later in the war, when Sir Henry Clinton once sent a letter to the American general, addressed to "Mr. Washington," the commander in chief took it from the officer bearing the flag of truce, and said:

"This letter is directed to a planter of the State of Virginia. I shall have it delivered to him at the end of the war; till that time it shall not be opened."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

1776.

SINCE the first appearance of the English fleet Washington had been daily looking for an attack. He reminded the men that "the fate of unknown millions" depended upon their courage and good behavior. Though he did what he could to encourage them, he had his own doubts about succeeding in the defense of New York. In all the posts to be defended he had about twenty-eight thousand men by the latter part of the summer. But the season was hot and unhealthy, and something like nine thousand were ill, so that there were only about nineteen thousand who were able to fight, and many of these were militia or raw troops. The English army amounted to thirty-one thousand, of whom twenty-four thousand were effective. They were finely trained soldiers, with the best of arms. While Washington must divide up his inferior forces to defend long lines at New York and Brooklyn and forts above on the Hudson, Howe could bring most of his to bear upon one spot, if he chose. The English also had an immense advantage in having a fleet to command the waters which nearly surrounded New York. Washington was so uncertain of success that he sent all his spare powder to General

Schuyler, who commanded in northern New York, and nailed his papers up in a box, which he dispatched to Congress, but he kept these precautions secret lest his men should be disheartened.

On the 21st of August the English were seen to be getting their troops on shipboard. It was plain that they meant to attack some part of the American lines. The next day the Phœnix, Greyhound, Rose, and Rainbow, having been placed so that they could defend the men from attack, a large body of troops was landed at Gravesend Bay, on Long Island. There ensued several anxious days. Washington spent a good deal of time in the Brooklyn works, making ready for battle. He brought over more men, until the American forces at this point amounted to seven thousand, and he put the works in command of General Putnam, who was familiarly known as "old Put." He ordered that the men should have two days' provisions of bread and pork always on hand, and his commands to the troops were, "Be cool and determined; do not fire at a distance, but wait for orders from your officers."

The English army lay in a plain. Between it and the American works was a ridge of hills, part of which still exists in Prospect Park and Greenwood Cemetery. These hills were rather steep on the side toward the British army, and were covered with woods and thickets. There were three roads which ran through them where there were depressions. The first of these was the Gowanus road, the second the road to Flatbush, and the third was the road through Bedford. Away off to the left there was also a road leading to the village of Jamaica, which crossed

the hills about four miles away from the Brooklyn lines. Along these hills the Americans posted their forces. They could not guard the whole distance perfectly, but as it was pretty certain that the English would come by way of the roads, they built barricades of trees across them and guarded them strongly. The Jamaica road, however, was so far away from the British army that it was patrolled by five men who were officers, officers being almost the only mounted men in the army. A body of troops under General Miles was stationed in the woods not far from this road, and he was ordered to keep his scouts out to watch it. Washington, Putnam, and Sullivan rode out to the hills near Flatbush on the 26th of August, and viewed the enemy's encampment through a field glass. In the evening Washington returned to New York, where it was necessary for him to keep a watchful eye for fear of an attack there.

About the same time General Howe began to move his men silently forward under cover of the darkness, so that they might be ready for a battle the next day. He had about three times as many men as the Americans, and was pretty sure of succeeding. He divided his army into three columns. One was to march up the Gowanus road, the second was to march to the Flatbush pass, and the third and largest column, led by Howe himself, together with Clinton and Cornwallis, was to march a long way around to the Jamaica pass, where the English knew they were not expected. The enemy struck the American pickets on the Gowanus road about two o'clock in the morning and drove them in. When their pickets fell back the Americans marched out to meet the enemy,

whom they found already through the pass. Their general, Stirling, drew up his forces, placing part of them on the high hills where Greenwood Cemetery now is.

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.

The British opened a heavy fire from their cannon and mortars. "The balls and shells flew fast, now and then taking off a head," but the Americans stood to their duty

manfully. The English did not press them very closely, for they only wished to keep them engaged while Howe made his long secret march around to the Jamaica road. There was, however, some pretty hard fighting for the possession of the Greenwood hills, and the Americans kept them.

At the Flatbush pass General Sullivan commanded the American forces. The Hessians here kept up some show of attacking, but this was all. Meantime General Howe, with ten thousand men, had been marching in the night from the village of Flatlands to the far-away Jamaica road, guided by three Tories. By coming across the fields this column got between the American forces and the five officers who were patrolling the road, about three o'clock in the morning, and made them all prisoners. General Clinton questioned the American officers. He learned that no troops occupied the Jamaica pass, but when he tried to learn more, young Lieutenant Dunscomb, who was a graduate of Columbia College, declared that "under other circumstances" the English general would not dare to insult them by asking such questions. For this the young man got himself called "an impudent rebel," and was threatened with hanging. Dunscomb answered that "Washington would hang man for man," and that "as for himself, he should give Clinton no further information."

At half past eight in the morning the British had got through the hills on the Jamaica road. General Miles had just moved through the woods out to this road, when he found that the English were on the full march down it. He thought of trying to cut his way through the

enemy's columns and thus reach the Sound, but it was considered better to retreat. He was completely caught in the trap, and after running against the enemy several times in the woods, he and his men were taken prisoners. And now the Hessians marched up the Flatbush road to attack General Sullivan. This general soon heard the fire of the English in his rear, where they were chasing the flying Americans. The enemy was nearer the Brooklyn lines than he was. He immediately began a retreat, and turned the same cannon against the English in his rear which had been firing upon the Hessians in front. The gunners stood to their duty "heroically" until they were all captured. The men fought hard, and many of them managed to break through the British lines in small parties and make their way to the Brooklyn works. Quite a number were driven back by the English upon the advancing Hessians, who sometimes bayoneted the Americans when they resisted too long. Sullivan himself was taken prisoner by three Hessian grenadiers.

General Stirling, on the Gowanus road, held his ground bravely until between eleven and twelve o'clock. He knew nothing of his danger until he heard firing in his rear. He then fell back, but found that Cornwallis, with a part of Howe's columns, had cut off his retreat on the Gowanus road. There was but one chance. Stirling took half of the Maryland battalion and attacked Cornwallis, at the same time ordering the rest of his men to make their way as best they could across Gowanus marsh and creek. They succeeded in doing this, excepting a few who were shot or drowned in the attempt. Stirling

and most of the brave men who covered their retreat were taken.

During the early part of the morning Washington had been in New York watching the movements of the fleet, which threatened the city until a contrary wind sprang up. He came over to Brooklyn in time to see from the lines the desperate retreat of the men across Gowanus swamp.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what brave men must I this day lose!"

The battle was all over by two o'clock in the afternoon, though straggling parties of Americans made their way into the lines until the next morning. If Howe had succeeded entirely in his plans he would have cut off all the American army outside of the works. A surprising number of the Americans, however, escaped. There were only about one thousand men missing, and the losses in killed and wounded were nearly equal, amounting to something over three hundred in each army.

In this battle about five thousand Americans were driven back by nearly twenty thousand English. They must have been driven back sooner or later by a superior force, but they were outflanked and surrounded, a fact which was very mortifying to the Americans. Washington had written frankly some time before this of "the want of experience to move upon a large scale," which, he said, "is common to us all." This lack of experience had no doubt something to do with the loss of the day.

There were great rejoicings in England over this victory. In many places bonfires were built, windows were

illuminated, and cannon were fired. But the American leaders did not lose heart. "We have lost a battle and a small island," said Dr. Rush in Congress, "but we have not lost a State. Why, then, should we be discouraged? Or why should we be discouraged even if we had lost a State?"

CHAPTER XXV.

A NIGHT RETREAT.

1776.

It rained very hard for two days and nights after the battle of Long Island. Since a powerful army lay near at hand, it was necessary to keep the men in the Brooklyn lines on duty. In some places the poor fellows stood "up to their middles" in water. There could be no such thing as cooking, and they must live on hard biscuit and raw pork. They were so exhausted that it was almost impossible to keep them awake. When they did rest they lay on their arms, without tents or any other covering from the soaking rain. Washington said that the soldiers were almost broken down. The commander in chief spent these two hard days in Brooklyn, and was on horseback night and day. He was certain now that most of the English army was on Long Island, and he ordered over more troops from New York.

General Howe's camp lay in full sight of the Brooklyn works. There were some "pretty smart" skirmishes during these rainy days. Once a party of the English advanced and took possession of some high ground near the American lines. The Americans marched out and drove them away, but after they had retired the enemy took it again. Here they began to dig and throw up a breast-

work, which by the next morning was sixty rods long. Washington now saw that the enemy meant to advance by trenches, and as some parts of his works were made only of brush, he knew that they could not stand a regular siege. Then he feared that the English would make their way into the East River and cut off his retreat. The wind had been against them as yet, but when it should turn he expected that some of the smaller vessels would manage to get in through Buttermilk Channel, between Long Island and Governor's Island, or to sail safely over the hulks he had sunk between that island and New York. He did not wish to fight the English with but half of his army of tired and discouraged men; nor did he dare to risk the loss of the division in Brooklyn by leaving it to be surrounded. He called a council of war, and the officers agreed with Washington that a retreat was necessary.

The general kept his intentions a secret. He sent trusted men "to impress every kind of water craft from Hell Gate to Spuyten Duyvil Creek "that could be kept afloat, and that had either oars or sails." He gave out that he was going to move over re-enforcements from New York in these boats. Washington then ordered the men to parade at seven o'clock in the evening in order of battle. The poor fellows thought that they were going to fight once more, and some of them made noncupative wills—that is, by word of mouth to their comrades. Later they were given to understand that they were to be exchanged for fresh men from New Jersey.

When darkness came on all was very busy, though all was silent inside the American lines. The sick were

moved to the ferry first, where they were put into boats and taken to New York. Then the army began to move. As one regiment marched off the next one filled its place, so that the lines should not be left unmanned at any point. The men carried their baggage on their shoulders, "through mud and mire, and not a ray of light visible." The work of getting them over the East River in boats went on slowly, for the wind was contrary, and the sailing craft could not be used. At this rate they could not cross before morning, when the enemy would discover what was going on and intercept the retreating army. But by eleven o'clock a breeze from the southeast sprang up, and now rowboats and whaleboats, periaugers, sloops, and sailboats were all in motion. Some of them were loaded to within three inches of the water.

In the middle of the night a cannon which was being spiked went off accidentally. The roaring sound in the stillness of the night produced a startling effect. A party of men, under General Mifflin, were left to man the works until the last. It was agreed that they were to make a stand around the church in case the enemy attacked them, so that the rest of the army might have time to get safely away. One of the officers, however, misunderstood his orders, and the entire force marched for the ferry about two o'clock in the morning. Washington met them and ordered them back to the lines, "or the most disagreeable consequences" might follow, he said, since all was confusion at the ferry. The poor fellows marched back to their posts, and there they stayed until daylight, feeding the camp fires, so that the enemy might not have reason to suspect anything. Luckily, it

was a foggy morning, and they could hear the English working away at their trenches with spade and pickaxe, quite as though their game had not already escaped them.

Washington was everywhere during this anxious night, and he saw the last man on the boats before he would leave himself. In one of the last boat loads was a certain Captain Miller, who could not resist the temptation to stand up and give three cheers as the craft moved away in the fog. His huzzas brought down a volley of musketry from the enemy, which nearly swamped the overladen boat.

Washington succeeded in carrying away everything in his hasty retreat excepting a few cannon, which sank in the mud so that they could not be drawn. The retreat from Long Island was managed with great ability, and has since been greatly admired, but it caused much discouragement in the country, where it was not clearly understood how necessary it was that too much should not be risked.

CHAPTER XXVI

AVOIDING A TRAP.

1776.

WASHINGTON had wished to hold Brooklyn, for the reason that it would be impossible for him to defend New York unless he could command the East River, which runs between the two towns. Now, however, the enemy was free to bombard the little city from both rivers and reduce it to ashes. But what Washington feared most was that Howe would get into his rear in Westchester County by way of the sound and the East River, and so catch him in a trap. Hemmed in between the English fleet and the English army, he and his men would have been captured, and the ruin of the American cause must have followed such an event.

Soon after the retreat from Brooklyn the ship of war Rose slipped in between Governor's Island and Long Island. The Americans fired upon her from New York, but, though they struck her several times in the hull, she got by and anchored in Wallabout Bay, on the Brooklyn side. Washington observed that the English ships were drawing together and "getting close in with Governor's Island," while he knew, on the other hand, that the enemy had a large camp on the sound. These were ominous signs. He began to move away stores and the

sick, which made about a quarter of his army. He also caused all the church bells in New York to be taken down and sent into New Jersey to be melted into cannon.

The idea of abandoning the city after his men had worked so hard to build defenses for it was very unpalatable to Washington. The English fought shy of the de-

VIEW OF KINGSBRIDGE.
[From an old print.]

fenses, and were preparing to surround and entrap the Americans. In fact, they did not wish to destroy the town, which would make fine winter quarters for them. General Greene thought that New York should be burned by the American army, so that the enemy would fail of their warm quarters. Washington wrote to Congress to ask whether he should set fire to the city in case he should be forced to abandon it. The members of Congress, however, voted that New York should not be dam-

aged, for they expected to regain the town again should it be lost. At a council of war it was decided to keep part of the army in the city, and move the other part up to Kingsbridge. The American officers disliked to abandon New York, since Congress seemed to be opposed to such a movement. But Washington received word from Congress that the army should not remain in the town longer than was thought best, and a second council of war decided on evacuating the city. That same night a number of English boats went in between Governor's Island and Long Island to join the Rose at Wallabout Bay, where other English ships soon assembled.

Washington now moved men and stores as fast as possible to Harlem Heights. On the 14th of September he took up his headquarters at the Morris mansion, at what is now One Hundred and Sixty-first Street, but then many miles out of the city. Toward sunset on this day ten ships made their way into the East River, though the batteries in New York fired upon them. The next day, which was Sunday, three men of war went up the Hudson, so that the American army was threatened from both sides. Washington was at Harlem, watching the movements of the enemy, who seemed likely to land from Randall's Island. Part of his army was still in New York, at the lower end of the island, to defend his retreat, and part was stretched along the East River behind earthworks, to prevent the English from landing at any point and cutting the American forces in two. The question was where would they land? Very early on this Sunday morning five British men-of-war, which had been in Wallabout Bay, crossed over to the New York side and placed

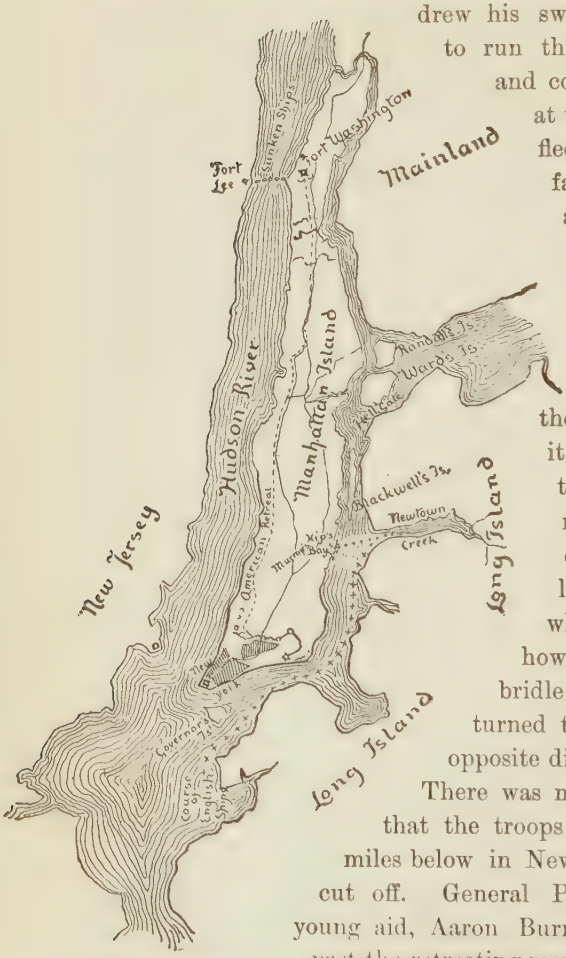
themselves near a cove called Kip's Bay. The American militiamen who were stationed at this cove could see the name of the Phœnix distinctly. At Wallabout Bay English soldiers were embarking in eighty-four boats. One of the American soldiers who gazed at the boat loads of red-coated men from the New York side said that they looked like "a large clover field in full bloom." But the Americans did not gaze long. Suddenly the five ships opened a broadside of seventy or eighty cannon full upon the breastworks at Kip's Bay. The roar was deafening, and there was nothing for the militia to do but to keep under cover. Even then the English fired at them from their masts. Soon the men were almost buried in the remains of their breastworks. The "clover field" had arrived by this time, and the English troops were landed under cover of the smoke from the cannon. The Americans at Kip's Bay beat a retreat from the guns of the ships, and this retreat soon became a flight. Other men were ordered up to hold the enemy in check, for the soldiers who were still in New York were in danger if the Americans did not make a stand and give them time to escape.

Washington was at Harlem, four miles away, when he heard the cannonade. He put spurs to his horse and rode toward the place of danger as quickly as possible. On what is still known as Murray Hill stood the house of Robert Murray and a large corn field. Here the general met his flying militiamen and tried to rally them.

"Take the walls! Take the cornfield!" he shouted.

But the men took to their heels, although there were only about seventy of the enemy in sight. Washington

was so disgusted that he fell into a towering passion. He drew his sword, threatening to run the men through, and cocked his pistols at them. But they fled, leaving him facing the enemy almost alone and in danger of being shot. He was so vexed that he threw his hat on the ground, and it was thought that for the moment he "sought death rather than life." Some one who was with him, however, caught the bridle of his horse and turned the animal in the opposite direction.



AP OF AMERICAN RETREAT FROM NEW YORK CITY.

There was now great danger that the troops which lay three miles below in New York would be cut off. General Putnam and his young aid, Aaron Burr, galloped down past the retreating men, to their rescue. Most of them lay in and near a fort

which stood outside of the city. They could see the enemy taking possession of the island above them, but they had no orders. Presently came Burr telling them to retreat. General Knox answered that there was no hope for them, and that he would defend the fort till the last. But Burr declared that he could show them a way out. He and Putnam led the men along the west side of the island, taking great pains to keep them in the woods and out of sight of the road. The officers were everywhere urging the men on. The day was very hot, and some of the exhausted soldiers died at springs where they drank. Everything depended on whether the English should stretch their lines across the island before the Americans could pass them, under cover of the woods.

Meantime General Howe and his officers, with true British deliberation, had stopped at the house of Mrs. Robert Murray, who treated them to cake and wine. Governor Tryon, who was with Howe, joked Mrs. Murray about her American friends. Two hours were spent in this way. While the English leaders were enjoying Mrs. Murray's refreshments, the rear of the American forces safely made its hasty and winding march of twelve miles to Harlem. It was often said after this that Mrs. Murray's cake and wine saved a part of the American army.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SMALL BATTLE.

1776.

WASHINGTON drew his army up on Harlem Heights and extended it across from the Harlem River to the Hudson. A little above he had caused hulks of vessels loaded with stones to be sunk in the river and fastened together with chains between two military posts named Fort Washington and Fort Lee, and he hoped thus to defend his position and keep the enemy from going up the river. Below the heights toward the city lay a hollow, and beyond the hollow were Bloomingdale Heights. As Bloomingdale Heights were covered with woods, the movements of the enemy on this part of the island could not be seen. Before daylight on the morning after his retreat from New York, Washington sent a party of rangers, under the command of Colonel Thomas Knowlton, a brave officer who had fought at Bunker's Hill, to reconnoiter toward Bloomingdale Heights, so that the general might know what the English were about there, and to protect the main body of the Americans who were digging intrenchments about this new camp. Colonel Knowlton marched forward through the woods, till he fell upon a part of the English forces. He placed his men behind a stone wall, and there was a smart little

skirmish, in which about ten Americans were killed. Knowlton then found that the enemy was trying to turn his flank, and retreated.

While this skirmish was going on Washington was writing a letter to Congress, in which he told how, the day before, a part of his troops at Kip's Bay had run away from the enemy "without firing a single shot," and how their "disgraceful and dastardly conduct" had cost him the loss of most of his heavy cannon in New York. Just as the general sent away this letter he was informed that there was fighting going on, and rode to the Point of Rocks, where he could look off and see his rangers retreating in good order, while the enemy appeared on Bloomingdale Heights, where they blew their bugles as though they were on a fox-chase—a sound which made the Americans' blood boil.

Colonel Knowlton reported that there were about three hundred of the enemy, and as Washington knew that they must be detached from the main army, he thought he might capture them. He sent out some troops to engage them in front while others should steal around to their rear. When the English saw a small party of Americans marching out to attack them, they ran down the hill into a field and took a position behind some bushes and a rail fence. In order to keep the English busy while another detachment was marching to their rear, the Americans began firing at long range. The party which attempted to get behind the enemy was made up of New England men, under Colonel Knowlton, and Virginians, under Major Leitch. By some mistake, they did not wait until they were in the rear to make

their attack, but opened fire when they were on the flank or side of the Englishmen. The British began to

MAP OF THE
BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS.

retreat, and the Americans rushed after them, up the rocky sides of Bloomingdale Heights, pouring in a heavy

fire upon the enemy. At the top of the ridge Major Leitch fell, with three bullets in his side, and was carried back to the army, where he died about two weeks later. Colonel Knowlton also soon received a mortal wound. A captain who stood by his side asked him if he was badly hurt.

"I am," answered the brave officer, "but I do not value my life if we do but get the day."

The fighting went on, and Washington ordered up re-enforcements until the Americans amounted to about eighteen hundred, in command of Putnam, Greene, and Clinton. They charged the English and drove them from the top of the heights through a piece of woods to a buckwheat field. Here the English were re-enforced by Hessian troops and two field pieces. There was a stubborn little battle in the buckwheat field, which lasted for an hour and a half. Again the enemy fell back, and again the Americans chased them to an orchard, and on down one slope and up another. The officers thought best to leave off the pursuit here, as they were near the main body of the British army, and already fresh men were hurrying forward to oppose them. Washington dared not bring on a general engagement, and he ordered his men back. They gave a loud hurrah and retreated in good order.

The battle of Harlem, as this affair is sometimes called, had a good effect in giving the Americans some heart, for they had been deeply discouraged by the defeat at Long Island. It was plain that they could face and drive the enemy in the field.

The American army lay on Harlem Heights, digging

industriously. "I have never spared the spade and the pickaxe," said Washington. General Howe had his discouragements now. He had a wholesome respect for Americans behind intrenchments, and he did not see how he was to dislodge them from Harlem Heights. The royalists did not flock to his standard in great numbers, as Governor Tryon had promised, while in England it was expected that he would conquer the Americans before the year was out.

If Howe had causes for discouragement, Washington's were much greater. He had now only about fourteen thousand men in his army. They had been engaged for a year, and in a few months their time of service would be out. Depending on the militia was, he said, "leaning on a broken staff." After the battle of Long Island, indeed, great numbers of these troops had marched off home. As they took with them arms, which were even more precious than men, Washington was forced to place a guard at Kingsbridge to stop the fugitives. This guard arrested one fellow who carried a bag in which there was, among other things, a cannon ball. When he was asked what he wanted with this, he said that he was taking it home to his mother to "pound mustard with."

The early ardor for war had died away. When men were first "irritated and their passions inflamed," as Washington said, they flew "hastily to war," but now a soldier who was reasoned with and told fine things about the rights he was contending for, would answer that this was all very true, but that these rights were of no more importance to him than to others, and that he could not afford to ruin himself to serve his country while every one

in the country was benefited by his labors. The few men who were really disinterested, Washington said, were but "a drop in the ocean." Because of his great difficulties in raising and training men only to have them dispersed again, Washington begged, and begged often in vain, that soldiers might be raised for the term of the whole war. There was a good deal of jealousy in Congress lest Washington, should he have a permanent army, would have too much power—a power which might endanger the liberties of the country.

Washington's many difficulties, the poverty of America, the weakness of Congress as a government, the inexperience of the men and officers, and the lack of all kinds of manufactured articles for warfare, left but one course for him to pursue. He must make the struggle a war of posts; he must retreat from post to post when threatened by superior force, and not risk his "young troops" in the open field. In this way he might compel the enemy to waste their time and spend immense sums of money without gaining any advantage so great as to promise a successful end to the war. On the other hand, should he once lose his army and stores America could not recover from the blow.

There were wise men in Europe who saw that this was Washington's true policy; but the people of America looked for a brilliant stroke which should put a speedy end to the war, just as the English Government expected that Howe would reduce America in one campaign. Washington's position was a very unhappy one, as he lay upon Harlem Heights and looked back over a summer of disaster and loss. He said that he should not be surprised were he "capitally censured by Congress." He

wrote a confidential letter to Lund Washington, a man who had charge of Mount Vernon, in which he described his difficulties, so that his friend might make them public, out of justice to his character, in case he fell. "If I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side the grave," wrote Washington, "I should put him in my stead with my feelings."

There were many no doubt who at this time blamed Washington for the losses of the summer. Some thought that General Lee, who had fought in Europe, would make a much better commander. It is plain now that though Washington had accomplished nothing brilliant during the summer, he had done much with his small, badly equipped army in giving General Howe all that he could do for months to gain possession of one small city. "Is it not strange," said bluff old Putnam, "that those invincible troops, who were to destroy and lay waste all this country with their fleets and army, are so fond of islands and peninsulas, and dare not put their feet on the main!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS AND THE LOSS OF FORT WASHINGTON.

1776.

WASHINGTON wished very much to hold Harlem Heights, so that he might guard the great water way, the Hudson River. But, after wasting a great deal of time, Howe tried once more his favorite stratagem of gaining the American rear, hoping to capture Washington's whole army and thus end the war, as people in England expected him to do. He sent two frigates up the Hudson. They got over the sunken hulks at high tide with very little trouble, though the American gunners at Fort Lee and Fort Washington did their best to injure the English ships with cannon balls. This was a disappointment to Washington, as he had hoped that the sunken vessels and the batteries on either side would have been enough to block the river. Three days later Howe put a large part of his army on ships, sailed up the East River through Hell Gate, and landed at Throg's Neck, a point jutting out from the Westchester coast; but a body of Americans pulled up the boards of the causeways which connected this point with the mainland, and so held the English army in a trap.

While the enemy was wasting time at Throg's Neck,

Washington held a council of war, and decided to change his position, lest Howe should get into his rear. So he moved back, and placed his army along the Bronx River. Not caring to face the American riflemen at the broken causeways, Howe put his men into boats once more and moved over to Pell's Point. From here he marched toward New Rochelle. He was attacked on the way by a body of militiamen from behind stone walls. The English lost some men in this skirmish, and Washington praised the Americans for their conduct.

Howe spent several days at New Rochelle. It was important for Washington to know what the enemy was doing, for he and the English general were now playing a desperate game, and it was a question as to who could move most quickly and wisely. He accordingly sent Colonel Putnam to find out. Putnam took the cockade out of his hat, pulled it down about his ears, and hid his sword and pistols. This was enough to make an American officer look like any other man. He then rode near the enemy's lines, and learned from some people who were friendly to the American cause that the English were secretly moving toward White Plains, where the Americans had some stores which they could not afford to lose. Colonel Putnam rode back to camp and told the general what he had discovered. Washington immediately pushed his army on to White Plains, and was there before Howe. He placed his forces on some hilly ground, with the left of his army protected by a mill pond and the right by a bend in the Bronx River. He hastily threw up breastworks made of cornstalks, the roots, with the soil clinging to them, being placed outward, so that

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF WHITE PLAINS.

they looked like real earthworks. Washington also stationed a part of his men on Chatterton's Hill, which lay on his right on the other side of the Bronx. There was no time to fortify this spot even with cornstalks, for Howe appeared by the 28th of October. The two armies were each thirteen thousand strong. The English were about to attack the Americans in front at first, but the cornstalk works looked formidable from without, and they turned their forces against Chatterton's Hill. About four thousand British and Hessians pushed up the ascent. The Americans, who were only about sixteen hundred in number at this point, poured a hot fire down upon them, at short range, from the crest of the slope. The English fell back, but came on again and were met once more with a withering fire. Meantime, however, a body of Hessians had attacked the hill on the right, where there were militia posted, and had driven them back. The Americans were now between two fires and were forced to retreat to the main army, carrying off their wounded and artillery. They lost one hundred and thirty in killed and wounded, and thirty prisoners. The English lost two hundred and thirty-one.

Howe meant now to try to carry the American cornstalk works by assault, but he waited all the next day for re-enforcements. When they arrived it was raining, and meantime Washington, having removed the stores at White Plains, made one of his quick moves in the night back to the heights of North Castle, where his position was so strong that Howe thought best to let him alone. It was this quickness of Washington in evading the enemy which made his men nickname him "Sly Fox."

The English general now turned his attention to Fort Washington, which lay in his rear, and which he wished to reduce before marching upon Philadelphia. Since it had been found that this post could not prevent the enemy's vessels from sailing up the Hudson, Washington's judgment had been against holding it. But Congress wished it to be held. While he was at White Plains, however, Washington sent word to General Greene, who commanded at Fort Washington and its companion, Fort Lee, across the river, to withdraw the artillery and stores from the post preparatory to abandoning it. But he did not make this a positive command, as he thought Greene, who was on the spot, could judge better than he whether it would be necessary. Meantime Washington, so soon as Howe began to withdraw from White Plains, threw a part of his men over into New Jersey, going with them himself, since he thought that the English general must march into this State next, for, said he, "what has he done as yet with his great army?" When Washington reached Fort Lee, on the New Jersey side, he found to his chagrin that General Greene had done nothing toward evacuating Fort Washington. There was time yet to withdraw the garrison, but the dislike Congress had shown to such a measure, the advice of many about him, and the fact that the true policy of America was to cause the English to waste the campaign without coming to a general action or allowing them to overrun the country, caused, as Washington afterward said, a "warfare" and hesitation in his mind which ended in his letting the opportunity slip for abandoning the fort.

Howe had been slowly drawing his forces around Fort

Washington. There were a number of outside works belonging to this post which were to be defended with something over twenty-eight hundred men. Meantime an American officer in the fort, named Demont, deserted to the enemy with plans of the works and information of the numbers and position of the enemy. The English general summoned the garrison to surrender on the 15th of November, threatening to put the men to the sword if they did not do so. Colonel Magaw made answer that such a threat was unworthy of a British general, and that he was determined to defend the post. Washington and several of his generals crossed over the Hudson the next day in boats, gave what advice they could, and then went back. The English attacked the American works in three places on the same day. One column moved down from Kingsbridge, another crossed the Harlem, and a third came up from the direction of New York. The Americans fought in a spirited manner, and Washington, who watched them from the other side of the river, hoped that they would repulse the English; but a fourth column of the enemy presently crossed the Harlem, got into the rear of the men facing toward the city, and forced them to fly to the fort in confusion. The Americans were now driven in from the other points, and they were all crowded together in the fort, where they were exposed to a deadly fire from all sides. Howe summoned Magaw to surrender. He asked for a parley of four hours. He was allowed half an hour. Washington sent a captain over in a boat to tell Magaw to hold out till night, when he would try to bring the men off. The captain ran through the enemy's fire to deliver his message. Magaw, however, had gone too

far in making a treaty. He surrendered, and Washington lost over twenty-eight hundred men, while the English lost some four hundred and fifty in killed and wounded.

The fall of Fort Washington was a very severe blow to the American cause. Greene, who was more responsible for it than any other officer, said, "I feel mad, vexed, sick and sorry." Washington lamented his men, many of whom had been well trained, and regretted the loss of so many arms and accoutrements, articles hard for America to procure. But he nobly refrained from blaming others, and it was long before the world knew that the fort was held against his better judgment. "I never shall attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another," he said some years after, in alluding to this event. At the time he merely wrote regretfully that, without this misfortune, General Howe, with so much the best and largest army, "would have had a poor tale to tell."

REMAINS OF FORT WASHINGTON AS THEY APPEARED IN 1850.
[From an old print.]

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHASED THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

1776.

It was useless to try to hold Fort Lee after the capture of Fort Washington. The general ordered that the ammunition and cannon should be moved away from this post, but before everything could be saved Cornwallis crossed the Hudson above the fort, on a stormy night, with about six thousand men. The morning found the English threatening the fort. Washington immediately rode there from Hackensack, and he and Greene hurried the men away, leaving their tents standing and their kettles boiling over the fires. By moving very quickly they were all got across the Hackensack before Cornwallis could intercept them.

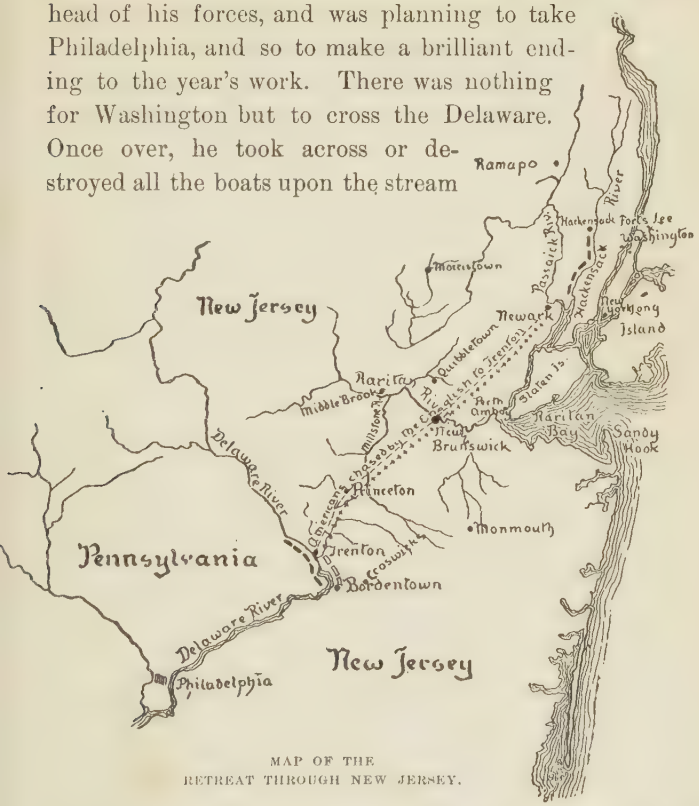
Everything now looked very gloomy for the American army. During three months over five thousand of their men had been made prisoners, killed, and wounded, besides many who had died of disease. Over two hundred cannon had also been lost, as well as many tents and much baggage. While Washington was in New York State he had succeeded in keeping a powerful English army, with its well-trained men and fine artillery, at bay, by taking advantage of the rough, hilly country and the stone walls which made natural breastworks, and by using

the pickaxe and shovel on every occasion. Now, however, he was in a level land, while the all-important spades and pickaxes had been left behind in his rapid marches. He had little over three thousand men with him by this time, and many of them belonged to the "flying camp," as the militia were called, and were anxious to be dismissed from their hard service. Perhaps few generals were ever placed in a harder position.

General Lee had been left by Washington on the other side of the Hudson with half of the dwindling army. The commander now sent Lee word to join him. There was danger lest Washington should be shut in by the enemy between the Hackensack and the Passaic Rivers, so he crossed the Passaic and marched to Newark. He left Newark on the 28th of November, and while his rear was marching out of the town at one end the British advance marched in at the other. Washington pushed on to New Brunswick, where he thought of trying to prevent the English from crossing the Raritan, but he found that the stream was so shallow that they could walk through it anywhere. At this place some New Jersey and Maryland troops, whose time was up, refused to stay with the American army an hour longer.

Washington had hoped that the New Jersey militia would turn out to help him defend their State; but, instead of this, the people seemed to think that the cause was lost, and, wishing to save their property, submitted to the English as fast as they approached. The general, in his anger, declared that the conduct of this State was "infamous." He hurried on to Trenton, got his stores across the Delaware, and then turned about to face the

enemy once more. But a large English army was approaching by this time, for Howe, finding how weak Washington was, had come from New York to take the head of his forces, and was planning to take Philadelphia, and so to make a brilliant ending to the year's work. There was nothing for Washington but to cross the Delaware. Once over, he took across or destroyed all the boats upon the stream



MAP OF THE
RETREAT THROUGH NEW JERSEY.

within seventy miles of him, and stationed his men at the fords to prevent the enemy from going any farther.

Washington's numbers now amounted to only about three thousand men. He had sent repeated orders to

General Lee to join him, with the other half of the army, but this general preferred to stay where he would have a separate command, and there is reason to believe that he wished for Washington's ruin. He made various excuses, and remained away. Lee was at this time very popular. The commander in chief was blamed by many for the misfortunes of 1776, and they imagined all would have gone better with Lee in command. Even an officer and particular friend of Washington—Colonel Reed—wrote to Lee in words which showed that he thought him an abler officer than the chief. Lee's answer was opened by Washington, who thought it was on matters of business, and he was hurt to discover the way in which he was spoken of by those nearest him. He sent the letter to Reed, explaining how he had come to see words which he would rather not have seen. When Reed afterward tried to explain the matter away, Washington received his apologies very generously. At this disastrous time, however, the unkind words must have given him pain. Instead of marching to Washington's aid, Lee chose to hang upon the rear of the enemy in New Jersey. He was finally taken prisoner, and ignominiously carried off without a hat by a party of English soldiers. His reputation had a sudden fall, for it was suspected that he had kept near the enemy because he wished to be taken. Washington only said, "Unhappy man!"

It was the darkest moment during the whole war when Washington lay at the fords of the Delaware with but a few thousand men. He hoped the enemy would find it hard to cross the river, but he feared that they

might bring up pontoons; and, in any case, when the river should freeze, they could easily march upon Philadelphia. He feared that the loss of that city, the largest in America and the seat of Congress, would result in the entire failure of the American cause. One of Washington's fine qualities, however, was a certain equability of temperament, which prevented him from being unduly depressed by misfortune or very much elated by success. He wrote to his brother at this dark time that the cause was so just that he could not believe that it would "finally sink," though it might "remain for some time under a cloud." He was determined at least to keep up the "shadow of an army." Report, he said, would exaggerate his numbers, and so aid in causing the enemy to respect him. He was even wondering what he should do if the worst should happen.

"What think you," said he to General Mercer, "if we should retreat to the back parts of Pennsylvania; would the Pennsylvanians support us?"

"If the lower counties give up, the back counties will do the same," answered Mercer.

"We must then," said Washington, "retire to Augusta County, in Virginia. Numbers will repair to us for safety, and we will try a predatory war. If overpowered, we must cross the Alleghanies."

A man who saw the American general during these dreary days on the Delaware has left a description of him. Washington was standing by a small camp fire, but he did not appear to be warming himself, and was lost in thought. He was as straight "as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude." The ob-

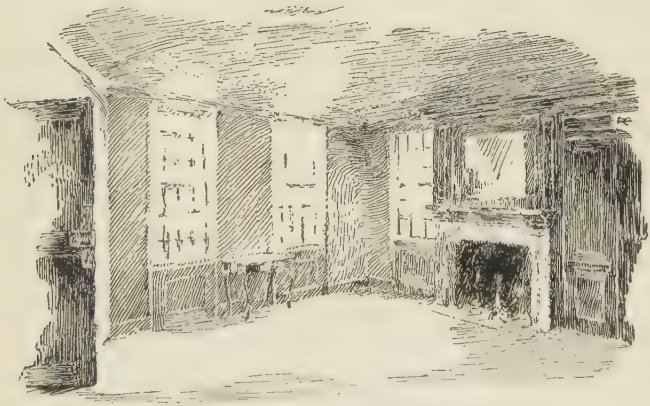
server said that he seemed to be six feet and a half in height. He was not "what the ladies would call a pretty man," he said, but he was a "heroic figure." His "hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities." His knee was a little lame from running against a tree, and his nose was red from the piercing wind. Otherwise his face was very colorless, and his eyes were so gray as to appear almost white. He was hoarse, and had a piece of flannel tied around his throat. His face wore a troubled look, as he stood thinking by the camp fire. He was, in fact, planning one more effort to save the cause by a last desperate blow at the enemy.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

1776.

THE English, finding the Delaware well guarded, had gone into winter quarters at New Brunswick, Bordentown, Princeton, and Trenton, until the time when the



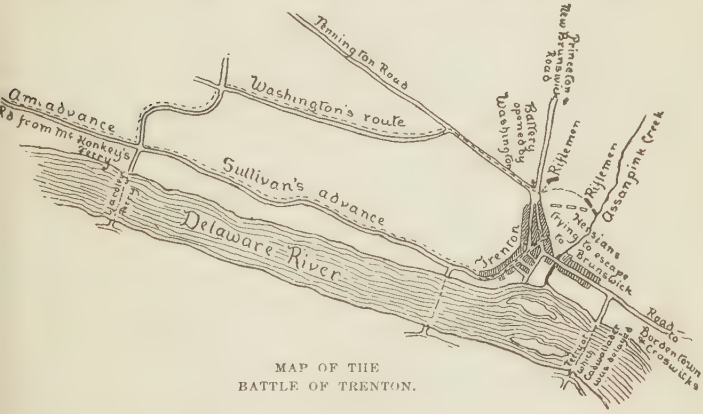
THE BLUE ROOM IN THE BEEKMAN HOUSE.
[Howe's headquarters in New York.]

river should freeze over and make an easy road to Philadelphia. General Howe made his way back to New York to enjoy the winter, and Cornwallis was about to sail for England. When Washington had crossed the

Delaware Congress had thought best to take refuge in Baltimore, and many of the people of Philadelphia had fled the town in wagons or in boats. The contest seemed to be about over. Prominent men on the American side, it is said, were discussing the probability of their being hanged for rebels. The American soldiers were so badly clothed, that men went around Philadelphia and collected old clothes for them as for an army of beggars, and Washington was grateful even for this aid. His forces were about this time increased by some thousands of new men. A body of militia had joined him from Philadelphia, and after Lee's lucky capture his division joined Washington's army. But the first of January was near at hand, and he would have only fifteen hundred regular soldiers after this time, as the term of service of most of the men ran out with the old year. He was almost in despair when he thought of it. It was apparent to Washington that some desperate effort must be made to rouse the spirits of the people, or an army could not be raised for the coming year. He was probably revolving such a plan in his mind when he stood before the little camp fire, pale and troubled, with a red nose and a sore throat. He held a council of war, at which it was decided to make an effort to capture a Hessian force of twelve hundred men which lay at Trenton. "For Heaven's sake, keep this to yourself!" he wrote to Colonel Reed. He found that his numbers were even smaller than he had thought, "but necessity, dire necessity," he said, "will—nay, must—justify any attempt."

Washington planned to cross the Delaware at McConkey's Ferry, nine miles above Trenton, himself.

Another body of men under General Cadwalader was to cross opposite the town, and General Ewing was to make his way over at Bordentown to assist in surrounding the Hessians. Cadwalader and Ewing failed to get across, however, on account of the floating ice. On Christmas eve Washington marched to the river with twenty-four hundred men, many of whom left bloody footprints on the snow, because their worn-out shoes did



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

not protect their feet. It was a stormy night, and hail and snow were falling. A regiment of Marblehead sailors manned the boats, and the men were slowly pushed across amid great blocks of floating ice. It was already three o'clock on Christmas morning before the artillery was landed, and Washington feared that he would be too late to surprise the enemy; but try he must. The men were provided with ropes to carry off captured cannon if possible, and hammers and spikes with which to spike them if not. Washington made his officers set their

watches by his, so that they might all attack the town at the same moment. He divided his men intotwo columns, which were to march into Trenton from two different roads. Some of the soldiers sent word that they could not keep their muskets dry. Washington answered that, if they could not fire, they must use the bayonet, for the town was to be taken at all hazards. The two columns struck Trenton within three minutes of each other. It was eight o'clock in the morning, but most of the Hessians were still sleeping soundly after a Christmas revel at which they had drunk pretty freely. The outposts were surprised, but retreated into Trenton, firing as they went, while the Americans rushed after them pell-mell. The sleepy Hessians and their commander, Rahl, jumped out of their beds to form in the streets of the town. But the Americans had already captured most of their cannon, and were sweeping the streets with them. The Hessians escaped into the fields and tried to retreat toward New Brunswick, but Washington, with a company of riflemen, intercepted them. They turned two guns against their pursuers, but the Americans charged them and took the cannon. Rahl fell mortally wounded while he was trying to rally his men, and the main body of the Hessians soon surrendered. Washington took nine hundred prisoners, six brass field pieces, standards, horses, and a great deal of plunder. He had only two men killed, one frozen to death, and six wounded. He dared not remain so near the enemy with so small a force. His men were making too merry a Christmas out of the spirits they found in Trenton, and would be in no condition to resist an attack, so, having first made a

visit to the dying Rahl, he immediately recrossed the Delaware.

That the people might realize how much of a victory had been won, the Hessian prisoners were marched through Philadelphia. They were sent to Virginia for safe-keeping, and everywhere that they went they were hooted at by the crowd for hiring themselves out to kill American freemen. Old women especially scolded them roundly. When Washington heard of this he caused notices to be posted in the towns through which the prisoners passed, informing the people that the Hessians had not come to America of their own free will, but were forced to do so, and should therefore be treated as friends rather than enemies. After this no more old women berated the unfortunate Germans, but old and young brought them food and treated them kindly.

The battle of Trenton caused great joy in America and revived the drooping spirits of the people. But when Congress praised Washington for his success, he modestly answered that the other officers deserved as much praise as he did.

Cornwallis thought best not to go to England.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

1777.

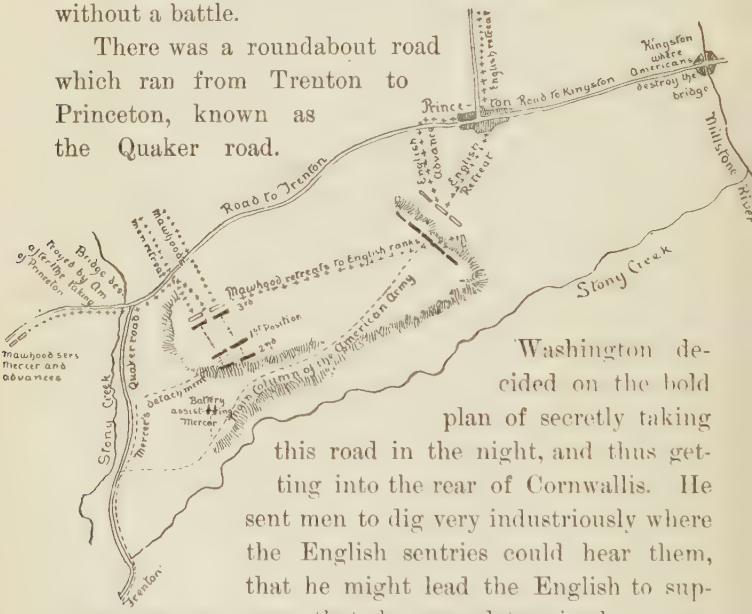
General Cadwalader, who had not succeeded in crossing the Delaware on the night of the capture of Trenton, went over two days later, for he supposed Washington was still in New Jersey. He found that he was mistaken, but as the English forces in this part of the State had retreated toward New Brunswick, he marched to a town named Crosswicks. The Americans had gained heart wonderfully since the battle of Trenton, and fifteen hundred militia soon followed Cadwalader across the Delaware. The New Jersey militia was also beginning to rise in different places. The people of this State had suffered much. They were the first Americans who knew what it was to have a victorious European army overrun their country. Washington had found it next to impossible to keep his men from plundering houses under pretense of punishing Tories. If it was hard to keep American soldiers from robbing their own people, it was impossible to prevent the English and Germans in Howe's army from plundering houses, burning property, and abusing women. The very people who had submitted so tamely a few weeks before were now ready to rise against their conquerors.

Washington was anxious to take advantage of this feeling among the Americans. With a great deal of trouble he persuaded his men whose time was up to stay with him six weeks longer, promising to pay them ten dollars bounty. He crossed the Delaware once more, meaning "to beat up the enemy's quarters" again, as he said. He took a stand in Trenton, where Cadwalader joined him by making a night march. But Cornwallis was on the alert now. He moved toward Trenton with eight thousand men, intending either to capture the Americans or drive them back over the Delaware. Washington sent out a detachment to delay the English army, which it did, disputing every foot of the road with Cornwallis. Meantime he drew up his men behind a shallow stream called the Assunpink, which runs through Trenton. As the English army neared the town, fighting with the American detachment, Washington sent out more troops to support his skirmishers, but they were all finally driven back, and the enemy entered Trenton. They tried several times to cross the Assunpink and attack the Americans, but they were driven back by the American artillery. Washington stood at the bridge over the Assunpink on his white horse commanding the men. When the English fell back the Americans cheered. Cornwallis decided to postpone the battle till the next day, when he could bring up re-enforcements from Princeton. He would "bag the fox in the morning," he said. The two armies merely kept up a cannonade until dark.

A half an hour more would have decided the day and probably have defeated the American army, for the English soldiers were greater in numbers, and were so much

better disciplined, that it was hardly possible that the raw American troops could withstand them. Washington saw that he was in a dangerous position, for behind him ran the Delaware, blocked with floating ice, and if he were beaten retreat would be impossible. Nor did he dare dishearten the country once more by falling back without a battle.

There was a roundabout road which ran from Trenton to Princeton, known as the Quaker road.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

Washington decided on the bold plan of secretly taking this road in the night, and thus getting into the rear of Cornwallis. He sent men to dig very industriously where the English sentries could hear them, that he might lead the English to suppose that he was determined to stay where he was. About midnight the Americans built up their camp fires on the bank of the creek, and marched away. Fortunately for them, the roads, which had been deep with mud, had now frozen up, and by sunrise of January 3d they were within two miles of Princeton.

Washington divided his men into two bodies; one was to march straight into Princeton, while the other was to cross over to the main road which led from Princeton to Trenton, and break up a bridge over Stony Creek, so that Cornwallis could not easily come to the rescue. Three English regiments had spent the night in Princeton. It happened that one of these regiments, commanded by Colonel Mawhood, had already marched out of Trenton on the way to join Cornwallis, while a second was about to start. Mawhood had crossed the bridge over Stony Creek when he saw the glitter of arms on the Quaker road. What he saw was General Mercer's division of the American army coming to destroy the bridge; but the English officer, supposing it to be a broken portion of the American army defeated by Cornwallis, faced about and recrossed the bridge to attack the Americans, while he sent messengers ahead to bring up the other regiments in Princeton. Mercer and Mawhood both tried to gain some high ground near at hand; but the Americans got there first, and poured a hot fire down upon the British regiment. A shot in the leg of his horse dismounted General Mercer. The English now charged with fixed bayonets, and the Americans, having no bayonets, gave way. Mercer tried to rally them, but he was run through with bayonets, and his troops fled through an orchard, chased by the English soldiers.

Meantime Washington, when he had heard the first firing, halted the other division of the army and sent forward a body of militia. Mawhood, when he came through the orchard, halted at the sight of fresh troops, and brought his artillery to bear upon them. Washington

now rode up. He sent his aid, Fitzgerald, to order up more troops, and tried to rally Mercer's retreating men and encourage the fresh men arriving on the scene. He tried several times, and several times he failed. The fine discipline of the English soldiers was too much for the Americans. Fitzgerald returned from his errand just in time to see the commander in chief, as the men fell away from him, rein up his horse between his own lines and those of the enemy and there stand immovable. At this mute appeal the Americans halted, dressed their lines, and took aim. Washington stood between the fire of friend and foe. Fitzgerald pulled his hat over his eyes that he might not see his general killed. There was a roar of musketry and a shout. Fitzgerald looked once more. The enemy was flying, and Washington was to be dimly seen amid the smoke. The young man spurred his horse forward and cried, while the tears ran down his face :

"Thank God, your excellency is safe!"

The general grasped his hand, and then said : "Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops—the day is our own."

Mawhood's regiment fled toward Trenton. Another English regiment, marching out of Princeton to the rescue, was beaten by the advance of the American army, under General St. Clair, and took to the fields, making its way back to New Brunswick. A part of the Third Regiment, which was still in Princeton, fled in the same direction, while the remaining portion took refuge in the college building. A few cannon shot soon forced these men to surrender. Picking up some shoes and blankets left in

Princeton by the English, and burning some hay, the American army marched on to Somerset Courthouse, destroying the bridge over the Millstone behind them. Here Washington halted his men, for they had had no rest for two days and a night.

NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON COLLEGE, WHERE THE BRITISH TOOK REFUGE AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

The English at Trenton, when they heard firing in their rear, took it at first for thunder, but Cornwallis soon discovered that "the fox" had escaped him. He hurried back toward Princeton. A portion of his army neared this town just in time to see the Americans finish the

destruction of the bridge across Stony Creek before leaving Princeton. The English lost about five hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners at the battle of Princeton, while the Americans lost only thirty soldiers and some brave officers. But, worst of all, Washington, with his small force, had completely out-generaled them. Far from having been bagged, he had reconquered nearly the whole of New Jersey by his skillful moves. Cornwallis, afraid of losing his stores at New Brunswick—for Washington had an eye on them—marched back there as quickly as possible. The English, who had been within nineteen miles of Philadelphia, were soon sixty miles away, posted at New Brunswick and Amboy, as near New York as possible. In England it was remarked that Washington was not "the worst general in the field."

When the joyful news of the battles of Trenton and Princeton reached Fredericksburg, where Washington's mother lived, a number of friends called on her and congratulated her on the deeds of her son. The old lady took the news very calmly. She remarked only that George seemed to have deserved well of his country, "but, my good sirs," she said, "here is too much flattery. Still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught him; he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

When Washington heard that Mercer was still alive, he sent his nephew, Major George Lewis, under a flag of truce, to attend him. This general, when he had been told with an oath to call for quarter during the British charge, answered by lunging his sword into the nearest man. Thereupon he was bayoneted and left for dead.

The English surgeon seemed to think that Mercer might recover in spite of his many wounds, but the wounded man said to Major Lewis: "Raise up my right arm, George, and this gentleman will then discover the smallest of my wounds, but the one which will prove the most fatal. Yes, sir, that is the fellow that will soon do my business." And so it proved to be.

During the battle of Princeton, Washington, it is said, pointed to the Seventeenth British Regiment, and exclaimed, with a soldier's enthusiasm: "See those noble fellows fight! Ah, gentlemen, when shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display a discipline equal to our enemies?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

SCUFFLING FOR LIBERTY.

1777.

WASHINGTON marched to winter quarters in Morristown, New Jersey, a few days after the battle of Princeton. He gave out his numbers to be twice as large as they were, so that the English might fear him, and guarded carefully against a surprise, lest they should take revenge on him for the surprises they had suffered. He kept up frequent skirmishes with the British, in order to drive them in close to the Jersey shore, where they could not get fresh provisions, and would be reduced to feeding their horses on the poor hay from the salt marshes. In these skirmishes the Americans were nearly always successful, taking prisoners and capturing baggage and horses. At one time in the month of January four hundred raw troops waded through a river up to their waists and charged the enemy. When the English sent out foraging parties they were sure to be harassed by the Americans, who gave them many a "smart brush," always killing more of the enemy than they lost themselves, because of their skill with firearms. It was said afterward by the English that they purchased every load of forage and every article of food only at the price of blood.

Washington was much loved by his men. One of his aids called him "the honestest man that ever adorned human nature." One who saw him at this time said that his features were "manly and bold, his eyes of a bluish cast and very lively, his hair a deep brown, his face rather long and marked with smallpox, his complexion sunburnt." Trumbull, who afterward became a portrait painter, was one of his aids for a short time early in the war, and he said that Washington did not give the impression of coldness, but he seemed rather to be a thoughtful man. He was very considerate of others. He once stopped to dine at a house in New Jersey where there was a wounded officer who was much disturbed by noise. While at dinner Washington was very careful to speak in an undertone, and make no unnecessary sound. When he had gone into another room, however, his aids were not so thoughtful. Washington looked uneasy when he heard them speaking in a loud voice. He presently got up and went into the room, tiptoed across it, and, taking a book from the mantelpiece, went softly back. He did not say a word, but the young men took the hint and made no more noise.

The time that Washington spent in winter quarters at Morristown was a time of great anxiety for him. His army was dwindling away, and new men were loath to leave their warm homes to join the army at this bitter season of the year. By the middle of March, while the English army, lying near him, was ten thousand strong, Washington had only four thousand men, one thousand of whom were being inoculated. He did not know how he should "be able to rub along" until the new army was

raised. He was in constant dread lest the enemy should discover his weak state, and was very careful to keep secret the demands for men which he was sending to the different States.

Warm weather came, and still the American army increased very slowly. For some time the English forces

WASHINGTON'S CAMP UTENSILS.
[At the National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

numbered more than double those of the Americans. Washington wondered very much that Howe did not try to gain some advantage over him. But the enemy lay perfectly still. By the 28th of May, when Washington had only seven thousand well men, he moved his army forward to Middlebrook, with the Raritan River in front of him, and threw up intrenchments. Howe marched out of New Brunswick on the 13th of June, and extended his line to Somerset Courthouse. Washington was uncertain whether the English general meant to try to bring him to battle or to march for the Delaware. He did not, indeed, care which he did, for he was in a very strong position at Middlebrook, and was willing to face Howe there, while he meant to attack him should he

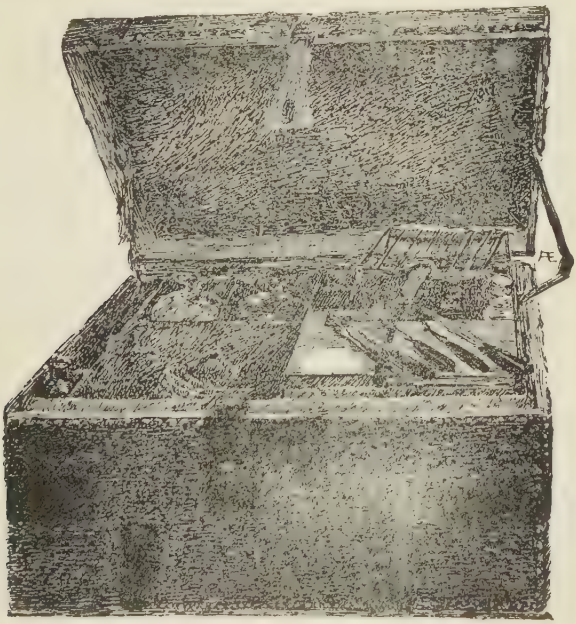
move toward the Delaware. It was the old game; each general was trying to get the advantage of position. Howe did not wish to fight the Americans behind intrenchments, and he did not care to march for the Delaware with the New Jersey militia rising in front and Washington in the rear. He suddenly retreated to Amboy, leaving his works unfinished and burning houses as he went. He threw across to Staten Island a bridge of boats which he had no doubt meant to use in crossing the Delaware. Washington immediately sent out parties of men to annoy the English, and moved forward himself to Quibbletown, hoping to get some advantage over the retreating army. Howe was very anxious to bring the American general to a battle in the open field, where his greater numbers and better arms and discipline would insure him the advantage, so he moved back the men who had crossed the floating bridge in the night. In the morning he sent one column under Cornwallis to get around the Americans and gain the high grounds behind them, while two columns should attack them in front. A light party sent to watch the movements of the enemy brought Washington word of this manœuvre, and he immediately fell back to his streng camp at Middlebrook. Howe then returned to his floating bridge, and soon moved his whole army over to Staten Island.

Washington was puzzled to know what Howe intended to do next. He first supposed that the English would go around by water to attack Philadelphia, but when he heard that General Burgoyne was advancing down the lakes from Canada, he thought the English general must, in good policy, sail up the Hudson and attack the Amer-

ican forts in the Highlands, preparatory to joining Burgoyne at Albany. There was also the possibility that he might sail north to Boston or south to Charleston. Meantime Washington dared not leave New Jersey, lest the enemy should suddenly pounce upon that State again, and so get to Philadelphia before he could march to the rescue. When the English ships moved away from the Jersey shore, however, Washington went to Morristown, leaving a small force behind him, and sending a portion of his army part of the way toward the Highlands, so that they could march on there or turn toward Philadelphia, according to the course that might be taken by the English vessels.

There was a young American officer named Graydon, who had been captured in the unlucky defense of New York. His mother afterward made her way into the English lines, and by a great deal of perseverance secured Graydon's release on parole. The young man promised the other American officers, whom he left in captivity, to inform them as to how the American cause was prospering by announcing the charms and beauty of a certain young lady in his letters, if all went well. He reached the American army at Morristown, where he presented himself to the commander in chief. Graydon thought that the army looked anything but prosperous, though Washington and his staff seemed cheerful. He said that the American uniforms, which had once been blue and buff, were fast becoming buff alone; while General Wayne, who had been used to be neatly dressed in a uniform of blue and white, now wore a dingy red coat, a rusty black cravat, and a tarnished laced hat. Wayne boasted gayly,

however, that the Americans had thrown away the shovel and the British taken it up. As young Graydon continued his journey to Philadelphia he was surprised to see no military parade, or any indication that the people intended to defend their country. "General Washing-



WASHINGTON'S CAMP-CHEST USED DURING THE REVOLUTION.
[At the National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

ton," he said, "with the little remnant of his army at Morristown seemed left to scuffle for liberty" alone. He had not the heart, however, to discourage the officers in captivity, and assured them of the charms of the imaginary lady when he wrote.

Meantime all was uncertainty. When Washington learned, through his spies, that the English were fitting up places for horses in their vessels, he thought that they must be going on a long voyage, and warned both Pennsylvania and New England to be prepared for an invasion. But when he heard that Burgoyne was threatening Ticonderoga with a large army, he felt certain that Howe must intend to attack the Highlands, and he sent General Sullivan on to Peekskill, and moved his army to the northern part of New Jersey and to Ramapo, in New York. At one time he had his headquarters in an old log house, sleeping on the only bed, while his aids slept on the floor around him, and all lived contentedly on mush and milk. While Washington was at Ramapo, a young man who had been a prisoner in the English army came to him with a letter pretending to be from Howe to Burgoyne. In the letter Howe said that he was going to attack Boston. But Washington was not fooled, and suspected that this letter was meant to send him north, so that Howe might have a chance to reach Philadelphia before he did. When the English fleet finally fell down to Sandy Hook and sailed southwesterly, Washington marched toward that city. Signal fires were lighted along the Jersey coast as the ships were seen from time to time, but when they passed the Capes of Delaware all was doubt once more, and Washington turned his army back again. It was a time of great suspense in America. The people of Boston were greatly alarmed lest Howe should be coming to attack them, and many carted their household furniture away, paying sometimes as much as a hundred dollars a load, so great was the demand for transportation.

While Washington was waiting anxiously for news of the next English move he heard of the loss of Ticonderoga. Though he knew that he should soon have Howe's powerful army to cope with, he sent re-enforcements to the north, and among them were Morgan's sharpshooters in their Indian dress. It was so long before Washington heard anything of Howe's fleet that he concluded it had gone to Charleston. Since he could not reach that city in time to oppose an English army, he decided to move northward, and either attack New York or march on to oppose Burgoyne. He had no sooner come to this decision than he heard that the English fleet was already far up Chesapeake Bay, Howe having chosen this cautious way of approaching Philadelphia. The having a fleet at his command gave him a great advantage over Washington, who had wasted the summer in uncertainty, when, could he have known Howe's destination, he would have intrenched himself in a strong camp and been ready to dispute the passage of the English army through Pennsylvania, perhaps as successfully as he had disputed it through New Jersey earlier in the campaign.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

1777.

GENERAL HOWE landed his army on the shores of the Elk River, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, on the 25th of August, 1777. He had lost many of his horses on the long voyage, and he spent some time in gathering horses from the country around. The people of Pennsylvania met the invasion with very little spirit. Many of them were Quakers and Germans, and not many of the militia rallied to Washington's aid. To encourage the people, Washington marched through Philadelphia on his way to meet Howe. The American army, with its artillery and wagons, made a line of about nine or

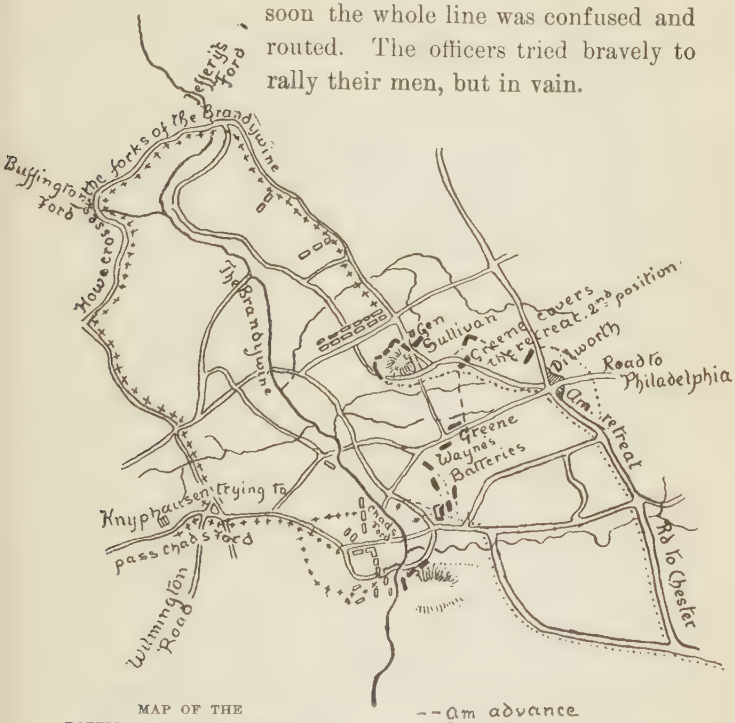
ten miles, and took two hours to march through the city at a "smart, lively step." The men wore sprigs of green in their hats to give them a uniform look, for uniform clothes they did not have. They were poorly clothed, in fact, and badly armed, some having no guns at all, and others little fowling pieces. Washington's forces amounted to about fifteen thousand men, though so many were ill for want of good clothing and proper food that there were only eleven thousand who were fit for duty. With this badly clothed and badly armed body of men Washington was calmly marching out to oppose something like eighteen thousand of the best soldiers of Europe. Though Congress supported him only in the most feeble manner, and though the people of the country failed to rise to his aid, it was expected that the American general should defend Philadelphia, and he undertook to do it, though it was contrary to his prudent policy to risk the fortunes of the whole war in a single battle.

The next day Washington was at Wilmington, and went out with horsemen to view the British lines from a distance. He sent small bodies of men to skirmish with the enemy and prevent them from getting horses and provisions. The Americans took seventy prisoners in these skirmishes in the course of a few days. Washington threw his army in the way of Howe at Redclay Creek. The British made their dispositions to get in his rear the next morning, but he moved in the night to Chad's Ford, on the Brandywine, directly in front of Howe's army. He also secured the other fords of this stream with bodies of men.

On the 11th of September, 1777, seven thousand of the

English army marched forward to attack the Americans at Chad's Ford, under the command of General Knyphausen. They attacked the American general, Maxwell, in command of a body of militia, and drove him across the river to the main army. They then cannonaded the Americans from the opposite side of the stream. The Americans crossed the river from time to time and engaged the enemy, but Knyphausen was only amusing them until Howe should have time to gain their rear. General Howe had moved up the Brandywine to a place beyond its forks, where, by crossing two streams and coming down again, he might flank the Americans. About twelve o'clock Washington heard that there was a column of the enemy, which raised a great dust, trying to get in his rear. He boldly planned to cross the Brandywine and attack Knyphausen before Howe should have had time to reach his rear; but just as he was about to carry out his scheme he got word that the movement of this column was only a feint. He then sent out scouts, which brought the news at two o'clock that Howe had crossed the forks of the Brandywine by going seventeen miles round, and was now coming in great force down upon his right. Washington immediately ordered the division of his army under General Sullivan, which lay nearest Howe's approach, to resist him. Sullivan formed hastily near a little meetinghouse, leaving a gap at first of half a mile between different bodies of his men, which he filled up so hurriedly as to throw the ranks into some confusion. The battle began about half past four. The firing was severe for some time. The right of the American line, which had fallen into disorder in forming, was

the first to give way. This gave the enemy a chance to pour a galling fire in upon the flank of the American forces. Men kept breaking away from the right, and soon the whole line was confused and routed. The officers tried bravely to rally their men, but in vain.



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

Washington pressed forward to the aid of the flying men. It was impossible to rally them, but he ordered up his reserve forces under Greene, to a place where they checked the pursuit. Meantime Knyphausen had crossed the Brandywine, fighting in earnest now. Gen-

eral Wayne, who commanded at Chad's Ford, held him in check until Sullivan was defeated on the right, when his forces fell back in good order. The road which led to the town of Chester was now choked with flying men, cannon, and baggage wagons, while the roar of the battle was still going on in the rear. Near Chester, Washington and his officers succeeded in checking the flight. Greene's men defended the rear bravely and fell slowly back, fighting as they went. One of the captains of the force which covered the retreat so well marched into Chester that night with his handkerchief tied to a ramrod in place of a flag.

Among the wounded in the battle of the Brandywine was the Marquis de Lafayette. When this young man was scarcely nineteen he had insisted upon leaving France to join the Americans, though many of his relations were opposed to his course, and he had to leave behind a young and beautiful wife. The American cause had few friends in France at this time, for news had come that Howe was carrying all before him, and that Washington was flying through New Jersey with but three thousand men, so that it was impossible for Lafayette to find a vessel bound for America in which he could embark. But taking for his motto "*Cur non?*"—that is, "Why not?"—he bought a vessel with his own money and sailed for the New World. Arrived at Philadelphia, he found that Congress was besieged by foreign officers, to whom it was impossible to give places in the army in the rank they expected without displacing worthy Americans. But the young Frenchman sent in the following note: "After my sacrifices, I have the right

to ask two favors—one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to begin by serving as a volunteer." Such generous terms could not be refused, and the young Frenchman was made a major-general. Soon after this he met Washington at a public dinner, the general having come to Philadelphia on business before the landing of General Howe. After dinner Washington took the young man aside and asked him to make headquarters his home. "I can not promise you the luxuries of a court," said he, "but as you have become an American soldier, you will doubtless accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army." Lafayette fought in the battle of the Brandywine as a volunteer, without any command. Washington, when he heard of his wound, sent this word to the surgeon, "Take care of him as though he were my son." From this time there was a warm friendship between Lafayette and Washington, who always showed a liking for promising young men.

The Americans lost about one thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners at the battle of the Brandywine, and few were taken prisoners that were not wounded. The English lost between five and six hundred. Parts of the American army fought with a great deal of courage and spirit, while others behaved badly. This would naturally happen where there were so many men new to a soldier's life. A struggle between the English and the Americans in the open field at this time could hardly have ended in any other way, for the American army was smaller, not so well disciplined, and much worse armed than the British army. Washington could hardly have hoped for success.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

1777.

THE day after the battle of the Brandywine Washington marched his army to Germantown, where he gave it two days for rest. He then crossed the Schuylkill again, where the water was nearly waist high, and boldly faced the enemy once more almost before they had left the field of the Brandywine. The advanced parties of the two armies were already skirmishing preparatory to battle when a heavy storm of rain came up and put a stop to fighting. The rain damaged the Americans very badly, because the water got into their gunlocks and wet their cartridge boxes, which were flimsily made. They had very few bayonets, and there was nothing for them to do but to retreat. They marched all one day and most of the next night, in a heavy rain storm and over roads deep with mud. Washington, finding that his ammunition was utterly ruined, was forced to cross the Schuylkill in search of a fresh supply. The army was all night crossing the river. The men were wet to the breast, the night air was cold, and they were suffering with hunger. During these trying days they were often halted three times at night, and were ordered to move off again after having built their camp fires. Sometimes the men tried to shel-

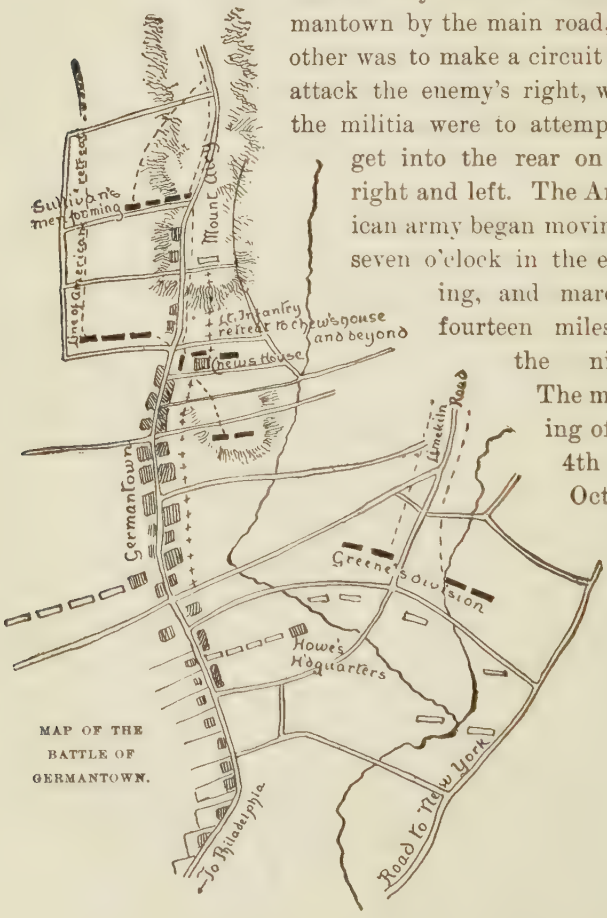
ter themselves from the rain by placing rails on a slant against a fence and sleeping under them on a few leaves.

On crossing the Schuylkill, Washington left Wayne behind him with a small force of men to annoy the enemy. But Wayne was surprised in the night, at a place called Paoli, and only made his escape after losing three hundred men.

Washington now tried to prevent Howe from crossing the Schuylkill. The English general, finding that the Americans had fortified the Swedes' Ford, on this river, marched up the stream. Washington kept pace with him on the opposite side of the river, lest Howe should cross the Schuylkill above, where it was shallow, and strike at his stores, which lay at Reading. Having drawn the American army up the river, Howe suddenly fell back in the night and crossed at Fatland and Gordon's fords, driving away the militia, who had been placed at these crossings for their defense. The English were soon far on the way to Philadelphia. They arrived at Germantown, five miles above the city, on the 25th of September, and part of the army entered Philadelphia the next day.

Washington would have made one more effort to intercept Howe before he reached Philadelphia, but a thousand of his men were barefoot, and they had all been exposed night and day to hard marches under heavy rains, had forded rivers many times, and were almost without blankets, and often entirely without food. By the 3d of October, however, he had had some re-enforcements so that his army amounted again to about eleven thousand men. Howe had divided his forces. His main body was camped directly across the road which led through Ger-

mantown, but some of his regiments were in Philadelphia, and some were detached to act against a fort on the Delaware. Washington saw his chance to make another stroke at the enemy, which, if it were successful, might ruin Howe' army, separated as it was from the fleet. He planned the attack very ably. One division of the army was to enter Germantown by the main road, another was to make a circuit and attack the enemy's right, while the militia were to attempt to get into the rear on the right and left. The American army began moving at seven o'clock in the evening, and marched fourteen miles in the night. The morning of the 4th of October



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

was very dark and foggy. Two hours after sunrise the attack began. The Americans in front drove the English advanced guard back on the infantry, and held the whole in check while General Sullivan formed his men in line of battle. They then came on, Wayne's men calling to each other to remember Paoli. They drove the English forces before them down the main street of Germantown. General Howe rode up and tried to rally his men.

"For shame, light infantry!" cried he; "I never saw you retreat before!"

But the light infantry did not heed, and fled on down the street, past a stone building known as Chew's house, until fresh troops arrived and checked the Americans. The American reserve, in which Washington was, now passed Chew's house. They were fired upon by six companies of English soldiers who had taken refuge in this strong stone building. The Americans attacked the house and tried to dislodge the enemy, but they did not succeed. Their cannon, being small, only pierced the walls without destroying them. A young French nobleman, known in America as Major Fleury, and a young American, Colonel Laurens, taking some daring fellows with them, attempted to set fire to the door of the house with some hay from the barn, which they carried there. Fleury was met at the window by an English officer with cocked pistols, who summoned him to surrender. An English soldier, who was also at the window, struck at Fleury with the butt end of his musket, but he felled the English officer instead of the French. The two young men were now forced to retire, but Fleury, like a true Frenchman, would rather

have died than appear ridiculous, and declined to run. He escaped, however, unhurt.

Meanwhile the battle went on. A soldier who was present said the sounds of musketry and cannon were like the "crackling of thorns under a pot and incessant peals of thunder." The second division of the army, under Greene, was three quarters of an hour late in attacking the enemy on the right, while the militia accomplished little or nothing. Nevertheless, the English were in disorder and were almost routed. General Nash, who led the North Carolina men, was struck by a round shot, which had first hit a signpost, then glancing, broke his thigh, and went through his horse. He was thrown heavily to the ground, but he called out to his men:

"Never mind me; I have had a devil of a tumble. Rush on, my boys, rush on to the enemy, and I'll be after you presently!"

Washington exposed himself in the thickest of the fight. General Sullivan and others begged him to retire for the sake of his country. To gratify his friends he rode back a short distance, but his anxiety for the fate of the day soon brought him to the front again, and there he stayed.

The dense fog forced the Americans to be slower in their movements than they would otherwise have been, and prevented the officers from getting any general view of what was going on. It also caused some of the troops to mistake friends for the enemy in their rear, and retreat, leaving other parts exposed. At the moment when Washington was sure of success his men began to fall back, and the best that he could do was to get them off in good

order. The Americans carried off their wounded and their cannon. They were pursued for nearly five miles by the enemy, with whom Greene's division kept up a retreating fight, and Wayne finally drove them back by planting his cannon on a hill and firing upon them. Washington retreated about twenty miles, and, after resting his men, pushed on toward Philadelphia once more, encamping at Whitemarsh.

The American loss at the battle of Germantown amounted to nearly eleven hundred men, a number having been taken prisoners in the fog and confusion. The English losses in killed and wounded amounted to over five hundred. Each army lost a general, for, though Washington sent his family physician—Doctor Craik—to attend General Nash, he died after much suffering. An officer who was wounded in the arm at the battle of Germantown tells how the surgeon cut off his shirt sleeve on the wounded arm because it was stiffened with blood. He then cut off the other shirt sleeve to use as bandages, and the wounded man was obliged to wear this sleeveless garment for three weeks for want of another. So much did the Americans lack necessaries.

Washington, who loved to do a courteous act, returned a dog to General Howe, two days after the battle of Germantown, with the following note: "General Washington's compliments to General Howe—does himself the pleasure to return him a dog which accidentally fell into his hands, and, by the inscription on the collar, appears to belong to General Howe."

Though the battle of Germantown was not a victory, it was encouraging to America. "Our people will and do

fight," said John Adams, "and although they make a clumsy hand of it, yet they do better and better." The English also saw that the Americans could make "a determined attack and an orderly retreat," and gave up the hope they had long entertained of totally routing them in the field. Thoughtful people in England observed with discouragement that with the Americans victory and defeat seemed to produce much the same results. The French minister Vergennes had been cautiously watching the behavior and spirit of the Americans before he thought fit to engage openly in the quarrel. He was struck with the fact that Washington's had been the attacking force at Germantown. "To bring an army raised within a year to this, promises everything," said he.

CHAPTER XXXV.

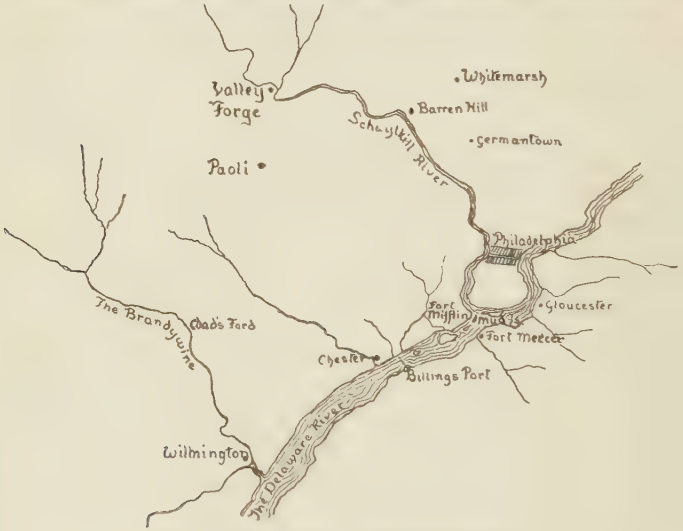
DEFENDING THE DELAWARE.

1777.

THE Americans had sunk *chevaux de frise*, made of heavy beams crossed and headed with iron points, at two places on the Delaware, and they had built forts near these obstructions to prevent the enemy's ships from passing them. General Howe was hemmed in between the American army, which lay at Whitemarsh, and the forts on the Delaware. His ships could not reach him, and Washington guarded the city with bodies of men to prevent Americans who wished to get English gold from carrying provisions into Philadelphia. General Howe must reduce the forts on the Delaware or give up the city because of starvation. Washington did all that he could to re-enforce and aid these forts, though he was very much hampered himself by the want of men and necessaries, and by the jealousy and bad management of Congress at this time.

While the struggle for the Delaware was going on, Washington heard of the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. When the country had been deeply discouraged by the loss of Ticonderoga, Washington had written to General Schuyler that he thought that Burgoyne's success would be his ruin. He said that if the English

general would only act in detachments, the Americans, could they once succeed in cutting off one of these smaller bodies of men, would gain heart. It happened as Washington had foreseen. Burgoyne did act in detachments; a portion of his army was defeated at Bennington,



MAP OF THE VICINITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

the people took courage, and soon rose in such numbers as to surround him as he attempted to push on toward Albany, while his supplies had to be brought from Lake George. There were two battles, and Burgoyne finally surrendered his whole army of between five and six thousand men. Washington rejoiced heartily at this lucky event, though he could not help wishing that the militia in the Middle States might have shown the spirit they had in the North, and come to his aid in trying to inter-

cept the much larger army of General Howe, but he added quickly that he did not mean to complain. He wrote to General Gates, who commanded the Northern army, begging him to hurry forward re-enforcements so that he might drive General Howe from Philadelphia. But Gates, who was an officer of foreign experience, like Lee, began to imagine himself a greater man than Washington, and was very slow in doing this, so that the re-enforcements only arrived after it was too late for them to be of any use.

General Howe first sent a body of men to attack Billingsport, a fortification intended to protect the *chevaux de frise* lowest down the river. On the approach of the English, the American militia who manned this work spiked their cannon, set fire to their barracks, and decamped. Howe now bent all his force to the reduction of the two forts which commanded the upper obstructions—Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, on the shore of New Jersey, and Fort Mifflin, which stood on Mud Island, near the Pennsylvania side. Washington placed some of his best men and most determined officers in these works. The English succeeded, after a great deal of labor, in making a narrow passage for their ships through the lower obstructions at Billingsport. They then sailed up to Fort Mifflin and attacked it from the front and from Province Island. Fort Mifflin, which stood on Mud Island, was poorly built, mostly of palisades which could not resist cannon, and was defended by five hundred men, when it should have had fifteen hundred. But the garrison made up in courage for their lack of numbers. Once they sallied forth and attacked the English batteries

on Province Island, capturing the two officers and sixty men who manned them. They also opened the beach in such a way that the water overflowed this island.

Meantime Howe sent a body of Hessians, under Count Donop, across the Delaware to storm Fort Mercer. This work had a garrison of six hundred men, commanded by Colonel Christopher Greene. Before storming the fort, Count Donop sent an officer to demand, in the name of the King of England, that his rebel subjects should throw down their arms or receive no quarter when the fort should be taken. The Americans, angered by this message, answered that there should be no quarter on either side. Fort Mercer was defended by two rows of works and by an abatis made of trees pointed outward. The Americans annoyed the Hessians from their outer works until the latter approached them, and then retired to their redoubt. The Hessians rushed over the first embankment, swung their caps in the air, crying "Victoria!" and charged the redoubt. They were met by a murderous discharge of firearms and grapeshot. The ditches were nearly filled with the killed and wounded. The Hessians, however, pressed on and mounted the breastworks, but the Americans within clubbed them with the butts of their guns. The Hessians fell back, but the brave German officers rallied their men and pushed them forward to cut away the abatis, only to fall themselves among the branches of the trees of which it was made. In three quarters of an hour the fight was over, and the Hessians retired for the last time. It was now dark, and the Frenchman, Major Fleury, who was in Fort Mercer, issued out with some men to repair a part of the works.

He heard a voice from among the dead exclaim, "Whoever you are, take me away from here." It was the voice of Count Donop, who was mortally wounded. The young Frenchman caused him to be carried to a house and cared for. The Hessian officer said, when he was dying:

"This is ending early a noble career, but I die the victim of my ambition and the avarice of my sovereign." The German prince in whose service Donop was an officer had hired his troops to the English Government for money.

The English lost over four hundred men in the attack on Fort Mercer. Meantime General Howe had gone slowly and surely to work to take the defenses of the Delaware. Batteries grew up on all sides, threatening Mud Island. The men in the fort did not waste time, but threw up works inside their wooden walls, barricaded with barrels of earth, and dug "wolf-holes" without the fort. The day after the attempt on Fort Mercer, a number of English ships sailed up to the *chevaux de frise*, which was five hundred yards from Fort Mifflin, and opened fire on this post, and the English land batteries hoisted the bloody flag, to warn the garrison that there was to be no quarter. The cannon of the fort and the little American fleet of galleys joined in the battle. The Americans sent four great fire ships out to try to burn the British fleet. Part of the English army was drawn up on Province Island, the men ready to throw themselves into boats and storm the fort. A soldier who was present said that there never was a more solemn spectacle, and declared that the fort, which was the prize of the day, seemed to be "involved with fire."

The battle lasted from nine in the morning till noon. The men in the fort used red-hot balls, and one of these now chanced to fall on the Augusta, an English ship of sixty-four guns, and set her stern on fire. She was soon in a blaze, and before her crew could all be taken off she blew up "with a thundering noise." A moment later, the Merlin ran ashore near the Augusta, took fire, and also blew up. The other British ships now retired below Hog Island, but the land batteries continued their firing till night, still flying the bloody flag.

The English next built stronger batteries, and cut down a large Indiaman for a floating battery. These batteries and the English men-of-war played incessantly upon the devoted fort. The American cannon answered with a good deal of effect. Every night the garrison was relieved and fresh men sent in, and the damage done the works in the daytime was repaired as nearly as possible. Presently, however, the earthworks were almost leveled to the ground, the barracks were destroyed, and the men, who waded in water knee deep in the daytime, must lie down in the mud to rest, for it rained a great deal. Washington wished the fort to be defended as long as possible; but by the 15th of November the English ship Vigilant got into the inner channel, behind Hog Island, at high tide. She carried twenty twenty-four pounders.

There was not a single gun on this side of Fort Mifflin, but Major Thayer, who was now in command of the post, his superior officer, Colonel Smith, having been wounded, ordered a thirty-two pounder to be carried to the spot. The Americans succeeded in striking the Vigi-

lant with fourteen shots from this gun before she opened fire. But when she had once anchored, and her guns began to play, resistance was at an end. Three or four broadsides from the Vigilant destroyed parapets, gun carriages, and even the guns themselves. Hand grenades were thrown into the American works, and men in the shrouds picked off those who tried to mount the platform inside the fort to return the fire. By this time the works were pretty nearly beaten down, the cannon were dismounted, and the enemy was planning to storm the fort. The Americans retired in the night to Fort Mercer, across the river, burning what was left of the platform and barracks in the fort before they retired. When the English marched in half an hour later, they found that many of the cannon of the abandoned fort were stained with blood. The defense of Fort Mifflin gave Americans a reputation for courage. General Howe at length sent Cornwallis across the river to reduce Fort Mercer, the only defense left on the Delaware. Washington sent Greene to oppose Cornwallis, but the garrison of the fort had already retired before the approaching English army.

The brave defense of the Delaware gave the Americans much hope, while John Adams rejoiced that the glory of it was not due to Washington, though, indeed, he was the directing spirit of the whole affair. "Now," wrote Adams, "we can allow that a certain citizen is wise, virtuous, and good without thinking him a savior." This serves to show how much the commander in chief was already admired by the people, while there were those in Congress who had put Washington in power but were now jealous of his popularity.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALMOST A BATTLE.

1777.

THERE lived in Philadelphia a Quaker woman named Lydia Darrah. Some of the English officers chose a room in her house as a place in which to meet for private business. One evening the adjutant general took pains to tell Mrs. Darrah that he and the other English officers would be there until late, and that he wished her and her family to go to bed early. He promised to call her up to let them out, and to put out the fire and the candles. Lydia sent all her family to bed early, but she was possessed by curiosity to know why the officer was so eager to get her out of the way. She accordingly listened at the keyhole of the room where the English officers were assembled, and heard an order read for the British army to march out of Philadelphia in the night, two days later, and surprise Washington at Whitemarsh. Lydia Darrah then went to bed. When the adjutant general came and knocked at her door, she took care not to answer him until he had knocked three times. She then got up and let him out. The good Quaker woman was very much troubled by her secret, but she did not tell it even to her husband. The next day, however, she announced that she was out of flour, and was going to the

mill at Frankfort to get some. Her husband advised her to take a servant with her, but she refused to do this. She went to General Howe and asked for a pass, so that she might go out of the city and get some flour for her family. She got her pass, and, taking a bag with her, she went to Frankfort. She left her bag at the mill to be filled and hurried on toward the American lines. She soon met an American officer, who with a party of light-horse was out looking for information. He asked the Quaker woman where she was going. She said that she was looking for her son, who was in the American army, and asked the officer to dismount and walk with her. He got off his horse and ordered his men to keep in sight. Lydia Darrah first made him promise never to let any one know that she had told him anything, for the good woman imagined that her life was at stake. She then told what she had overheard the night before. The officer took her to a house near by, told a woman to give her something to eat, and hurried on to Washington's head-quarters.

When Washington learned that the English army was coming to attack him, he recalled General Greene, who was in New Jersey with a part of the army, and prepared for battle. On the night of the 4th of December the English army marched out and took possession of a row of hills opposite the Whitemarsh hills where the American army was encamped. Washington was in a very strong position on the hilltops, where he had thrown up intrenchments, planted abatis, and was protected by woods. He had his heavy baggage all ready to be moved off in case he was forced to retire, and he rode up and

down his lines encouraging the men and officers to do their best. Although his forces were much reduced by want of clothing and by sickness, he wished for a battle and thought that he could defeat the enemy. The English manœuvred for four days trying to find a weak spot in the American position. At night the hills around Whitemarsh shone with the camp fires of two armies. There was some skirmishing, in which the English lost over eighty men, while the Americans lost only twenty-seven. Suddenly the enemy filed off for Philadelphia. General Howe must have been very certain that he could not conquer Washington at Whitemarsh, for he had boasted before he marched out that he would drive the American army over the mountains.

Lydia Darrah, in Philadelphia, saw the English army return, but dared not ask what had happened. The next night the adjutant general came to her house and asked her to come and see him in his room. The good woman followed him, very much frightened. He asked whether any of her family had been up the last night he was there. She answered that they had all gone to bed at eight o'clock.

"I know you were asleep," said he, "for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me. I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near Whitemarsh we found all their cannon mounted and the troops prepared to receive us; and we have marched back like a parcel of fools."

Before Washington had learned that Howe was com-

ing out to attack him, some of his officers and some members of Congress wished him to attack the English army in Philadelphia. As his army was no larger than Howe's, and as the English general was behind very strong works, and protected on three sides by the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, in which the English fleet lay at anchor, the wiser men among the American officers thought that the army ought not to be risked in so doubtful an attempt. There were, however, many people who could not know Washington's difficulties, and who did not understand why he should not be so successful as Gates had been. "Next to being strong it is best to be thought so," said Washington, and he exaggerated his numbers and carefully concealed all his difficulties from friends as well as foes as much as possible.

America was suffering much from the war at this time, and Congress was becoming more and more helpless because it had not the power to tax people, while the paper money, which had been made in large quantities, had become almost worthless for the reason that there was too much of it and it was not redeemed in gold. One English army had been captured in 1777, while another had spent the entire campaign in taking one city. As Franklin said, Philadelphia had taken Howe, instead of Howe's taking Philadelphia. But though the affairs of America were really in a more hopeful state, her sufferings were greater. Just now Washington was racking his brain to try to provide shoes for his men, who had worn our their foot gear in the hard marches of the campaign and were wretchedly barefoot. While he was in Whitemarsh he offered a reward for the best substitute

for shoes made out of rawhide. It is not known whether any such substitute was ever found.

It was perhaps during the trying days, in which every effort was being made for the defense of Philadelphia, that Washington once ordered an officer to cross a river and reconnoiter, that he might have the latest information of the enemy's position and forces. The man was gone some time while the anxious general awaited his return impatiently. When he appeared he announced that the night was dark, the river full of floating ice, and he had been unable to get across. Washington picked up a lead inkstand, threw it at the man's head, and shouted, "Be off, and send me a man!" The officer immediately went out, crossed the river, and got the information.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VALLEY FORGE.

1777–1778.

It had become very cold, and bleak hilltops were not a comfortable resting place. It was necessary to get the men covered in some way from the weather, for they not only lacked shoes, but stockings, blankets, and even breeches were wanting. Washington chose Valley Forge as winter quarters for most of his army, because it was only twenty-one miles from Philadelphia, and he might watch the enemy there from his winter camp. The valley was protected on one side by the Schuylkill River, on the other by hills, and it was covered with woods. The men marched to their winter camp on the 19th of December, leaving bloody tracks behind them on the snow. Experienced frontiersman that he was, Washington planned to winter his men in log huts. These cabins were to be made according to his directions, the chinks filled with mud, and the fireplaces made of wood thickly daubed with clay. The general offered a reward of twelve dollars to the party of men in each regiment that should build a good hut in the shortest time. He made his soldiers a speech, in which he told them that he would share their hardships, and he slept in his marquee or tent until they had cut down the trees and made a

town of log cabins. Washington then made his headquarters in the house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher. The house was built of stone, but it was very small, and the general had only one room for his use. In a wide window sill in this room he contrived a secret trap door, under which he kept his papers.

The winter at Valley Forge was the hardest time of the whole war for Washington and his men. The commissary department which supplied the army with food was managed so badly that a number of times during the winter the men were on the point of starving. Washington said, too, that the sick were naked and the well were naked. Many soldiers had to be quartered in the farm-houses about for want of shoes. Men borrowed each other's clothes when they went on duty, and it was a joke in the army that the officers had but one dress suit, which they wore alternately when they were invited to dine at headquarters. Horses were so scarce that the American soldiers made small light wagons and drew their own wood and provisions, when they had any. There was a scarcity of straw, and the

VIEW OF VALLEY FORGE HEADQUARTERS, WITH THE CAMP GROUND IN THE DISTANCE.

poor fellows had to sleep on the damp earth in their huts, while those who had no blankets sat by the fire all night. Sometimes Washington's men were so near starvation that he was forced to send officers through the country to force the farmers to sell their produce to the army whether they wished or not. Congress had given him a right to do this, but Washington did not like to exercise this right, for he thought it unjust, and feared that it would make the people feel that the army was oppressing them. Toward the end of the winter he succeeded in getting droves of fat beeves from the New England States, and the men no longer suffered hunger.

Early in February of 1778 Mrs. Washington arrived at Valley Forge. She is said to have come in a rough farm sleigh, which she had hired from an innkeeper at the forks of the Brandywine, where the snow had proved so deep that she was forced to leave her coach behind.* The general had sent one of his aids to meet her. It was about a year and a half since Washington and his wife had met, for the general had been in too doubtful a situation the winter before, in New Jersey, to send for his wife. She thought that her husband looked "much worn with fatigue and anxiety." "I never knew him to be so anxious as now," said she. She thought the little room at Isaac Potts's house very small, but Washington

* Lossing represents Mrs. Washington as having arrived thus at Whitemarsh and ridden behind Washington on his horse to Valley Forge; but Washington's letters show that she did not join him until the date given above. It seems quite probable that she arrived in the sleigh, as Lossing states, but not at the early date he gives.

made himself and his family more comfortable by building a log cabin adjoining the house for a dining-room.

Lady Washington, as the plump little woman in kerchief and homespun was fondly called in the army, soon set about making herself useful. Every day she invited the other officers' wives to help her knit stockings, patch clothes, and make shirts for the men. Whenever the

WASHINGTON'S OFFICE AT VALLEY FORGE.

weather was pleasant she set out, accompanied by a stout girl of sixteen to carry her basket, and visited the log cabins, looking for the most needy men. "I never in my life knew a woman so busy," the girl said many years after.

While Washington's army was in winter quarters at Valley Forge, Baron Steuben, an officer who had been aid-de-camp to Frederick the Great, was appointed to

the office of inspector general. He found the army he had undertaken to drill in a deplorable state. "The arms," said he, "were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many of them from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches were quite as bad as the arms. A great many of the men had tin boxes instead of pouches, others had cow horns, and muskets, carbines, fowling pieces, and rifles were to be seen in the same company. The description of the dress is most easily given. The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats had them of every color and make. I saw officers at a grand parade at Valley Forge mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown made of an old blanket or woolen bed cover." The baron went heartily to work to discipline this motley crew. Often he lost all patience and swore at the men both in French and German. A young Captain Walker, who understood French, offered his services to Steuben to translate his commands for him. The baron received him as though he had been "an angel from heaven." When he had exhausted his own tongues he would call for Walker, saying, "I can curse dem no more." The good baron had brought a French cook with him from Paris, in order that he might be sure of comfort in camp. When he reached Valley Forge the Americans assigned a wagoner to him for his use. Beef and bread were furnished by the commissaries, and the French cook looked about him for cooking utensils, but could find none. He asked the wagoner what was to be done.

"We cook our meat," said the American, "by hanging

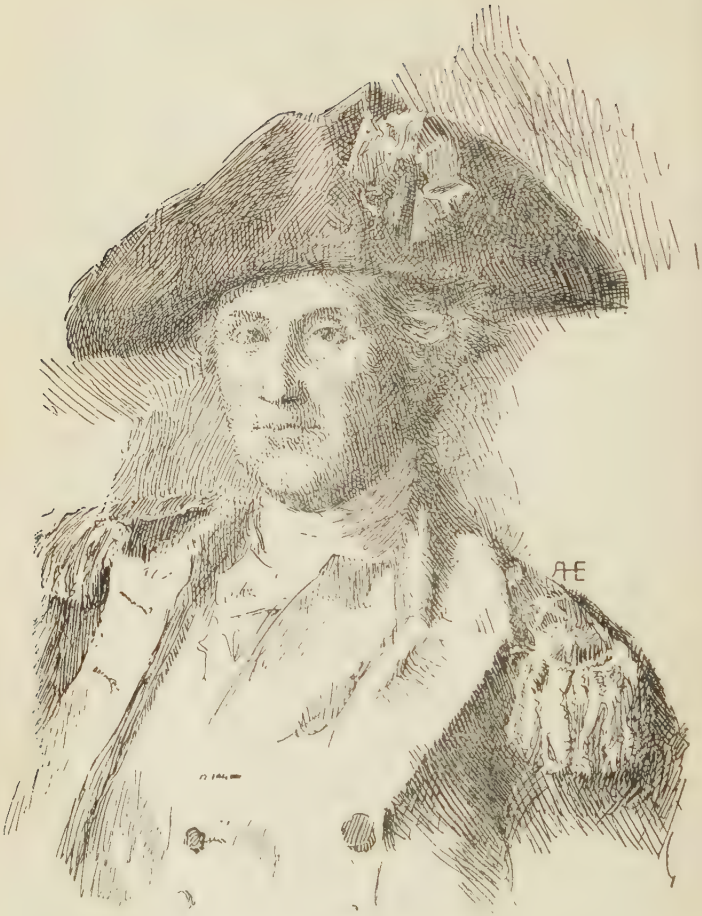
it up by a string and turning it before a good fire till it is roasted."

The Paris cook was evidently unhappy. He gave many shrugs and heavy sighs, and now and then used an oath. At last he went to Steuben and wished to be dismissed.

"Under happier circumstances, *mon général*," said he, "it would be my ambition to serve you, but here I have no chance of showing my talents, and I think myself obliged in honor to save you expense, since your wagoner is just as able to turn the string as I am."

Though life was hard at Valley Forge, it was not without its pleasures. Gentlemen even in bed-blanket coats could find amusements. It is said that Washington once stood leaning on a fence watching a game of fives which was played by some of his officers. The players stopped when they saw who was observing them, and, though Washington begged them to go on, telling them that he had been used to play at the game himself, their respect for him was too great. Seeing that he had spoiled the fun, he moved away.

The whole of Washington's forces were not stationed at Valley Forge. Smaller bodies of men were placed where they could prevent the country people from furnishing fresh provisions to the English in Philadelphia in exchange for much-coveted gold. But the government of Pennsylvania was not pleased that the American army had gone into winter quarters instead of besieging Howe. Members of the Pennsylvania Legislature seemed to think, said Washington, that his soldiers were "stocks and stones." "It was much easier," said he, "to write



WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

[From a painting made during the winter there, by C. W. Peale.]

remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow without clothes and blankets." To add to his other troubles, there was a cabal formed against Washington about this time by some officers who were jealous of him, and who had some secret plans for putting General Gates in his place. Gates was very popular just now, because he had been lucky enough to have been put in command of the northern army just at the moment of success, after Schuyler had done all the hard work. He was a vain man, and easily imagined himself greater than his chief. One of Gates's aids, when he had been drinking too freely of wine one day, told how General Conway, who belonged to this cabal, had written Gates, saying, "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general and bad counselors would have ruined it." Lord Sterling sent this sentence in a letter to Washington, and Washington sent it to Conway without another word. To be discovered in this way worried the members of the cabal, and they spent a good deal of time first in denying the sentence and then in excusing themselves. Some of the members of Congress, who were also discontented with Washington, were influenced by these men to appoint a board of war, with Gates and Mifflin on it. They then made a plan to get the Marquis de Lafayette away from Washington by appointing him to command a winter expedition to Canada. Washington advised Lafayette to accept the appointment, but the young nobleman took care to show Gates and his party that he was devoted to the commander in chief by giving his name as a toast at a dinner given by these

schemers. Lafayette went to Albany and found no army to command. Conway, who was an Irishman in the American service, resigned, and was surprised when his resignation was accepted. He afterward quarreled with another officer, fought a duel, was wounded, and, thinking himself about to die, wrote a letter to Washington in which he expressed sorrow for having given him pain. "You are, in my eyes," said he, "the great and good man." Conway recovered and went to France. Gates, after making himself in every way disagreeable to Washington, took the command of the southern army at a later period, and was totally defeated, showed cowardice, and ruined his reputation. Thus this plot against Washington ended, though not until it must have given him much pain and anxiety. But he was very patient. He said freemen had a right to censure a man in his station, and he did what he could to keep the matter from becoming public, lest the enemy should be encouraged by the knowledge that there were quarrels among the American leaders.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

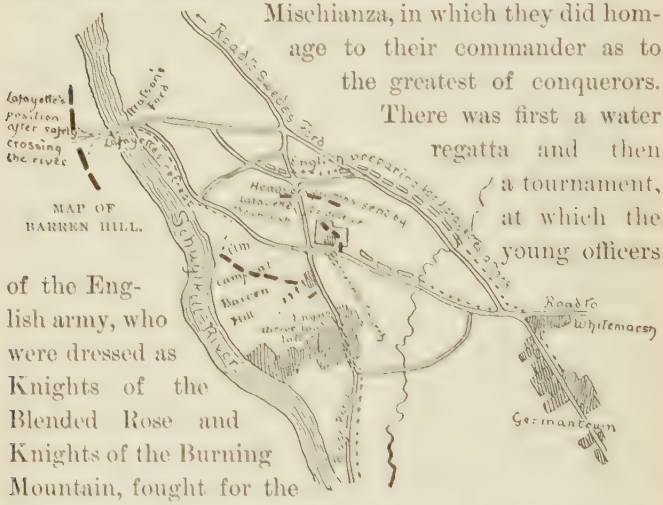
HOWE LAYS A TRAP FOR LAFAYETTE.

1778.

The English Government, finding that France was likely to take part with the United States, passed some laws which gave the Americans about what they had claimed at the beginning of the war. But the American people were in a very different temper by this time. Washington said that "nothing short of independence" could "possibly do." Soon after this France publicly acknowledged American independence, and this was equivalent to a declaration of war between France and England. There was great rejoicing among the patient soldiers at Valley Forge when Washington announced this event, on the 6th of May, 1778. Thirteen cannon were fired, and there was a running fire of musketry along the whole line of the American army, and the shout of "Long live the King of France!" After these ceremonies the men huzzaed for the friendly European powers and for their own States. A banquet was set out of doors; Washington and his officers dined in public and toasts were given in honor of the occasion, and heartily cheered. At five o'clock Washington retired amid clappings and cheerings. The general turned around with his retinue several times and huzzaed. The men tossed

their hats in the air and shouted until he was half a mile away. Never had there been so joyful a day in the American army.

In England, it was decided that the English army must give up Philadelphia, which had cost them such a struggle, for the reason that a French fleet might easily shut the British up in this town. General Howe had asked to be recalled. Before he left his officers gave a grand entertainment in his honor, which they called the Mischianza, in which they did homage to their commander as to the greatest of conquerors. There was first a water regatta and then a tournament, at which the young officers of the English army, who were dressed as Knights of the Blended Rose and Knights of the Burning Mountain, fought for the favors in the turbans of Philadelphia belles who were dressed as Turkish princesses. There was a ball in a room decorated with blue, gold, and pink, and adorned with eighty-five mirrors borrowed from the people of the city. Last of all, there was a gaming table, fireworks, and a banquet, set with four hundred and thirty covers and twelve hundred dishes.



MAP OF BARREN HILL.

While the English army was reveling, Washington sent Lafayette, with twenty-five hundred men, across the Schuylkill to take possession of Barren Hill and watch the enemy, for he suspected that they were about to evacuate Philadelphia. The following day Howe heard of Lafayette's position. He immediately laid a plan to trap the young Frenchman, and he was so sure of succeeding, that, before leaving Philadelphia, he invited some ladies to dine with the young marquis the next evening. The English army marched out in three divisions, one of which was to gain Lafayette's rear, according to Howe's favorite stratagem. The marquis was fairly caught, for the militia who were to guard the roads behind him failed to warn him. Across the river Washington and his officers fired alarm guns to warn Lafayette. Matson's Ford was the only road left open for retreat, and one column of the English army was nearer that than the Americans. Lafayette, however, sent parties of men out through the woods. These kept up a show of opposition, while the marquis quickly withdrew his troops across the ford. In one place a body of Indians who were with him lay in ambush. A party of English dragoons fell upon them unawares. Both dragoons and Indians were equally terrified at each other's appearance, and they flew in opposite directions as fast as possible, the red men swimming the Schuylkill for safety. At length the three columns of the English army closed in from different sides upon Barren Hill, expecting to take Lafayette. But they found themselves facing one another. General Howe was late to supper that night, and he did not bring Lafayette with him for the amusement of the ladies.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

1778.

A MAN named George Roberts galloped into camp at Valley Forge, on the 18th of June, 1778, with the news that the enemy had left Philadelphia. He said that he had been to the place where the English had destroyed the bridge across the Schuylkill, and that the townspeople had shouted to him that the English were gone. They had, indeed, crossed the Delaware, and were hurrying through New Jersey toward New York, dragging with them a baggage train twelve miles long, in which was much plunder. Washington had been expecting this for some time, and had part of his forces advanced toward the Delaware. He immediately set out in pursuit of the enemy. He was escorted—as a young girl records in her diary—by fifty of the life guard with drawn swords.

General Lee was now with the American army, and was second in command. There had been some danger when he was first captured that he would be executed as a deserter from the English army, and he was ordered to England for trial; but Washington immediately set aside some Hessian officers who were his prisoners, and let the English understand that they should be treated exactly as General Lee was. The difficulty about Lee's treatment

caused a long delay in the exchange of prisoners between the two armies. The Americans had finally captured an English general in a daring adventure at Newport, and Lee was exchanged for him. The American army was drawn up in honor of Lee's return, and Washington, with a suite of the highest officers, had ridden out to meet him, the commander in chief dismounting and welcoming him like a brother. But Lee soon afterward ungraciously remarked that "Washington was not fit to command a sergeant's guard." No one, however, knew that Lee was actually a traitor to the American cause, and had laid plans for the British to capture Philadelphia while he was their prisoner. The English officers, in fact, after some experience with Lee, seem to have concluded that he was "the worst present" they could make to their enemies. He now began to hamper Washington by insisting that the Americans could not hope to gain a victory over the English, and that, for his part, he would build a bridge of gold to aid them in reaching New York. Far from doing this, however, Washington sent bodies of militia ahead of the enemy to break bridges and fill up wells, for the weather was very hot and water was a necessity. He pushed on as rapidly as he could toward the retreating army, and sent a detachment ahead to annoy the enemy if possible. Lee had the right to command this body of men, but he refused to do so, and Lafayette was sent in his stead. Lee then claimed his right, and Washington, to avoid difficulty with this troublesome "Boiling Water," as the Indians called him, sent Lee to join Lafayette with re-enforcements, so that the command would fall to him as the superior officer. Lafayette yielded gracefully to the older

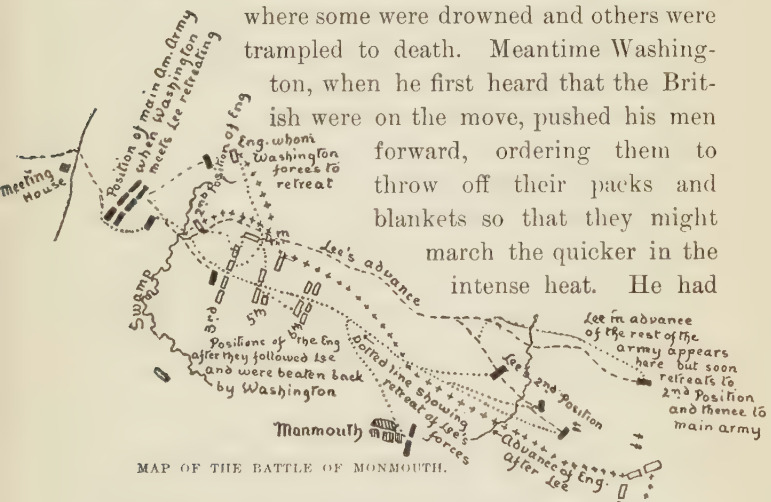
man the command of a body of men which now amounted to six thousand.

When Sir Henry Clinton, who was now the commanding general in the English army, found that the Americans were near, he sent his baggage ahead to protect it from the pursuers, and placed his best troops in the rear, where the fighting was likely to be. The advance of the Americans under Lee and Lafayette overtook him in the county of Monmouth, as he was pushing forward to get to Sandy Hook. The English general encamped for the night of the 27th of June on some high ground near Monmouth Courthouse, where he was well protected by woods and a marsh.

Washington was eager to strike a blow at the enemy before they should reach the heights about Middletown, where it would be impossible to assail them with any hope of success. He accordingly ordered Lee to attack the English as soon as they should begin to march. The Americans lay on their arms all night. About five o'clock on the morning of the 28th of June, 1778, news came that the enemy was moving. It was a very still, hot Sunday morning. Lee's orders were to surround the rear body of the English army and so capture them. He wasted much time, however, in reconnoitering, and gave Clinton a chance to draw up his best forces in order of battle. He gave contradictory orders, and seemed half-hearted from the first. Lafayette begged to be allowed to try to gain the rear of a division of the enemy now moving forward to the attack.

"Sir," said Lee, "you do not know British soldiers; we can not stand against them."

Lafayette answered that British soldiers had been beaten before and could be beaten again, and sent a messenger to Washington to tell him that he was needed at the front. When a portion of his troops mistook orders and began to retire, Lee ordered a retreat. Pursued by the enemy, the Americans were demoralized, they hardly knew why. They pressed across a marsh in their rear, where some were drowned and others were trampled to death. Meantime Washington, when he first heard that the British were on the move, pushed his men forward, ordering them to throw off their packs and blankets so that they might march the quicker in the intense heat. He had


Meeting House
Position of main Am. Army when Washington meets Lee retreating
Position of Eng.
Eng. whom Washington forces to retreat
Lee's advance
Swamp
Position of the Eng after they followed Lee and were beaten back by Washington
Dotted line showing retreat of Lee's forces
Monmouth
Lee's 2nd Position
Lee in advance of the rest of the army appears here but soon retreats to 2nd Position and thence to main army
Advance of Eng. after Lee
Position of English when Lee appears

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

only heard a few cannon shots at the front, and did not suppose that Lee would retreat without giving battle. He and his officers were presently met by a little fifer boy, who said:

"They are all coming this way, your honor."

"Who are coming, my little man?" asked General Knox.

"Why, our boys, your honor—our boys, and the British right after them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Washington, and he instantly put spurs to his horse. He soon met the retreating men. He then fell into one of his towering passions—very rare, but all the more terrible.

"What is the meaning of all this, sir?" he demanded of Lee.

Lee hesitated.

"I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion!" cried Washington.

"Our troops can not stand the charge of the British grenadiers," answered Lee.

"By God, sir, they can, and they shall!" answered the commanding general. There were a few more angry words, and Washington called Lee a "poltroon" with a very forcible oath, and rode on to rally the men. He formed a portion of them in the face of the enemy, and then, turning to Lee, said:

"Will you retain the command on this height, or not? If you will, I will return to the main body and have it formed on the next height."

"It is indifferent to me where I command," answered Lee.

"I expect you will take the proper means for checking the enemy," said Washington.

"Your orders shall be obeyed," replied Lee, "and I shall not be the first to leave the field."

Washington hurried back to the main army and drew up his men on the high grounds near the marsh. The soldiers under Lee fought bravely until they were charged by cavalry and by infantry at the point of the bayonet. They then fell back, and Lee brought them off in good

order. Washington ordered them to form in the rear, while fresh men should take up the battle. There was some hard fighting now. When the English attacked the Americans in front they were warmly received. They tried to turn the American left flank, and failed; they then fell upon their right, and were driven back. The Americans gained much this day from careful drilling of Baron Steuben at Valley Forge. They wheeled into line while they were hard pressed by the enemy as coolly as though they were on parade. Washington was in the thickest of the fight. As Hamilton said, he did not hug himself at a distance, and his courage made his officers love him more dearly than ever. The white charger which he rode during the first part of the day died from the heat. He then mounted a chestnut Arabian horse, which his man Billy led up. He galloped along the lines, shouting:

"Stand fast, my boys, and receive your enemy; the Southern troops are advancing to support you!"

Toward sunset the English fell back behind a ravine, where they were protected by woods and marshes. Washington pushed on, bent upon attacking them once more, but their position was hard to reach, and it was night before the Americans could get to where they could renew the fight. Washington ordered the men to sleep on their arms, that they might be ready for battle the next day. He and Lafayette lay down on the same mantle, and talked long of the bad behavior of Lee. During the night an officer approached Washington cautiously. He had something to say, but he did not wish to disturb the general's rest.

"Advance, sir," said the commander in chief, "and deliver your errand. I lie here to think, and not to sleep."

During the night the English army silently marched away. By morning they were well on their way to high grounds, where it would be useless to attack them, and Washington was forced to give up his hope of renewing the battle. The Americans lost over two hundred in killed and wounded at the battle of Monmouth, while the English lost more than four hundred. There were also a number of men on both sides who died of the heat. In addition to this, the English general, Clinton, lost over eight hundred men by desertion as he retreated through New Jersey. Many of the deserters were Germans, who had either married or engaged themselves to German girls in Philadelphia during the winter, and went back to their sweethearts.

It is said that, before the battle of Monmouth a number of Washington's officers talked of drawing up a paper, begging him not to expose himself in battle. Dr. Craik, his old family physician, who had been with him in his young days in the French war, told them that such a paper "would not weigh a feather" with the general. He told how the old Indian, on his journey down the Ohio, had predicted that Washington could not be shot. During the battle, when the commander in chief was reconnoitering with some of his officers, a round shot struck the ground near him, and threw the earth all over him and his horse.

"Dat wash very near!" remarked Baron Steuben; and Craik nodded to the other officers, to show that he believed in the Indian's prediction.

At another time, during the battle of Monmouth, Washington's body servant, Billy, who carried the general's field glass, got together a number of other valets as a suite, and, riding to a hill where there was a large sycamore, began to reconnoiter with the glass as he had seen his master and staff do.

"See those fellows collecting on yonder height," said Washington to the officers who stood near him. "The enemy will fire on them to a certainty."

And so it happened. Some English gunner soon sent a cannon ball crashing through the tree under which he saw, as he thought, a body of American officers. The darkies scampered, and Washington laughed.

During the day a sturdy young Irish woman with a freckled face was busy carrying water to her husband, who was an artilleryman. The fellow was shot, and the piece was ordered to be withdrawn, since there was no one to serve it. But Molly dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and filled the place of her dead husband while the battle lasted.

The next morning General Greene presented the young woman, covered with dirt and blood, to Washington. She was rewarded with a sergeant's commission and put on the list of half-pay officers. After this, Captain Molly, as she was called, sometimes acted as a servant at headquarters, dressed in an artilleryman's coat and cocked hat. One day, when she was washing clothes, Washington said to her:

"Well, Captain Molly, are you not almost tired of this quiet way of life, and longing to be once more in the field of battle?"

"Troth, your excellency, and ye may say that," answered Molly, "for I care not how soon I have another slap at them redcoats, bad luck to them!"

"But what is to become of your petticoats in such an event, Captain Molly?"

"Oh, long life to your excellency, and never do ye mind them at all, at all. Sure, it's only in the artillery your honor's excellency knows that I would sarve, and divil a fear but the smoke of the cannon would hide my petticoats."

Lee was much vexed with Washington's angry words on the day of the battle, and he wrote some very disrespectful letters to him. Washington caused him to be tried by court-martial, and he was suspended from his command for a year. Before the year was up he was dismissed from the army for writing an impertinent letter to Congress. Sir Henry Clinton afterward sent word to the English General Philips, who was a prisoner in Virginia, that he fought on velvet at Monmouth, alluding, no doubt, to his suspicion of Lee's treason, which probably prevented the day from being very disastrous to him. Eighty years had passed before it was discovered—when the private papers of General Howe were made public—that Lee had actually aided in planning the unlucky campaign against Philadelphia, even advising the sailing up the Chesapeake. Before this Lee had always been regarded as an eccentric, hasty, ill-tempered man, who was slovenly in his dress, fonder of dogs than of men, and apt to indulge in criticism of his superior officers. To-day it is uncertain whether Lee's motives were wholly treasonable or only perverse at the battle of Monmouth, but his

behavior as a prisoner among the English leaves him open to the worst suspicions.

General Scott, an American officer, much given to swearing, was once reproved by a friend, who undertook to hold up Washington as an example, asking him if he ever heard that general swear. "Yes, once," answered Scott; "it was at the battle of Monmouth, and on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes, sir, he swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees. Charming! delightful! Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since."

Such an outburst of honest indignation as Washington's on the field of Monmouth, however, had little in common with vulgar profanity in ordinary conversation.

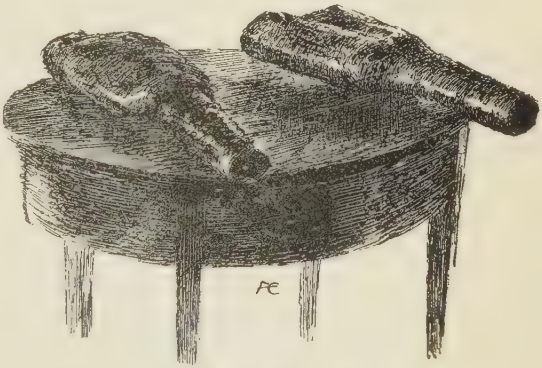
CHAPTER XL.

DEFENSIVE WAR.

1778–1779.

THE English had been forced to abandon their dearly bought possession of Philadelphia because of the probability that the French would send a fleet to the Delaware and shut them up in that city. They were none too soon, for not long after the battle of Monmouth the Count d'Estaing, with a French fleet, arrived at the Capes of Delaware. Adverse winds only had prevented him from reaching America in time to have entrapped the English army. Washington said that, had the French been a little sooner, he might have captured Sir Harry, as he called Clinton, the English general. Finding the enemy gone, the French admiral sailed on to Sandy Hook. The pilots whom he engaged to carry him into New York harbor told him that the water on the bar was too shallow for some of his ships. Though he offered a reward of fifty thousand crowns to the one who should carry him safely in, none of them wished to undertake it. Washington and the French admiral were obliged to give up laying siege to New York, which they had planned, and the fleet now sailed against Newport, where there was an army of six thousand English troops. Washington sent a force of men under General Sullivan to aid the

French in capturing the British at Newport. Soon after their arrival an English fleet was seen outside of the harbor. Count d'Estaing sailed out to give the enemy battle, but a storm scattered both fleets, damaging the ships, and the French put into Boston for repairs, to the great disgust of General Sullivan and other American officers. Washington himself was sadly disappointed, for, had the English army at Newport been captured, the war might have been brought to an end. However, he hid his regret, and tried to heal the disputes which arose between the Americans and French on this point. He warned his own officers that the French were apt to take fire when other men were scarcely warmed, and by using his influence avoided trouble between men of the two nations at a time when America sorely needed the help of France.



WASHINGTON'S PISTOL HOLSTERS, OF HEAVY PATENT LEATHER.
[From Washington's room at Mount Vernon.]

Washington now took his position in the Highlands of the Hudson, guarding this important river, and hoping to strike some blow at the enemy when there should be a chance. After two years of struggle and hard fighting the two armies found themselves, in the fall of 1778, in about the same position that they had left in

1776, except that, as Washington said, it was now the English who were using the spade and pickaxe. There was a rumor, however, that the enemy meant to attack the French in Boston, and Washington moved to the east side of the Hudson, and placed his army where it could march quickly to the aid of Boston. He was kept on the watch in this way for four months. Meantime the English took the opportunity to send out foraging parties into New Jersey, and they captured a company of American dragoons, putting many of them to death at the point of the bayonet. This was all that the British accomplished in the campaign of 1778, after the retreat from Philadelphia, except that late in the year Sir Henry Clinton planned an expedition up the Hudson toward the forts in the Highlands with great secrecy, never so much as letting a mouse get within his lines, as Washington said. The main body of the Americans were on the march to winter quarters in New Jersey when news reached them that the English were moving up the river. Although he had left the Highlands in command of a good officer, Washington was anxious, and hurried back with a number of regiments. He reached the neighborhood of King's Ferry only to find that "Sir Harry" had, as he afterward said, burned two small log houses at this place, "destroyed nine barrels of spoiled herring, and set sail for New York" once more. The Americans returned, through cold and storm, to winter quarters, where the men got into huts as quickly as possible. Washington had hit upon the plan of dividing up his army for the winter, and quartering them in different places about New York, from the sound to the Delaware, so that they

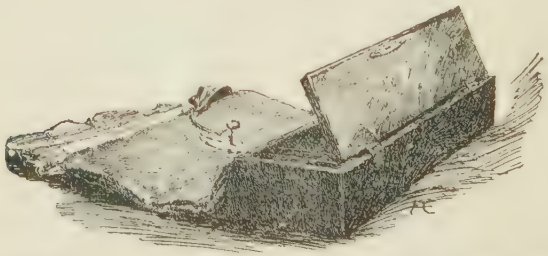
might be the more easily supplied with food, and yet protect the country as much as possible from the enemy. He made a plan for alarming the different posts in case of an attack. An eighteen pound cannon, known as the "Old Sow," was placed on Bottle Hill, in New Jersey, which overlooked a great extent of country, and here sentinels watched night and day. In case of an alarm, the "Old Sow" was to be fired every half hour. Immediately beacon fires were to be lighted on every hill, and so the news would spread from hilltop to hilltop.

Washington spent about five weeks in Philadelphia during the winter, consulting with Congress about the next year's operations. He proposed three plans for the following summer. The first was, to try to expel the enemy from New York; the second, to march against the English fort at Niagara, which was the center of Indian wars; and the third was, to remain entirely on the defensive, except for some operation against the Indians. Paper money had become so worthless, the Government was so poor, and the country so much harassed by the war, that it was decided to adopt the last plan, and raise only a small army for the next year, thus giving the people rest, and leaving more men free to work on their farms and raise grain, that there need be no dangerous scarcity.

The Indians had long tormented the frontier, encouraged by the English, who held the forts in their midst, which had once belonged to the French. There were the usual massacres, burnings, and destruction. It had been impossible for Washington to aid the poor frontier people before, but he turned his attention in the summer of 1779 to their cruel enemies. He sent General Sullivan

with an army of four thousand men into the country of the Six Nations, first giving him the most careful directions about Indian fighting, and warning him against a surprise. Sullivan marched into the heart of the Indian country, had one battle with the enemy, in which he put them to rout, and then destroyed their towns and cornfields, even chopping down the peach and apple orchards which stood about their cabins.

The English Government meantime had decided to keep up a predatory war, in which seacoast towns should be destroyed, and the people distressed into submission. Sir Henry Clinton accordingly sent some ships and men to Virginia, where they sacked a town, destroyed a stock of provisions, burned a village and some country houses, and seized a good deal of tobacco. After the return of this inglorious expedition, a number of vessels, containing an army of six thousand men, sailed up the Hudson and attacked some unfinished works of the Americans at Stony Point and Verplanck's Point. They captured these works, and would have moved against the other forts on the Hudson, but, learning that Washington was ready for him, Sir Harry thought best to sail back again.



WASHINGTON'S PORTFOLIO ON WHICH HE WROTE HIS DESPATCHES DURING THE REVOLUTION.
[In the National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER XLI.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

1779.

Sir Henry Clinton did not choose to attack Washington in his strong camp in the Highlands. By way of keeping up a predatory warfare, and hoping to draw the American general into the level country, where he could fight him to better advantage, he sent Governor Tryon with a body of men and ships to attack the coast of Connecticut. Tryon landed at New Haven, plundered the people, and burned the stores on the wharves; he then sailed to Fairfield and Norwalk, sacked these towns, and burned them to the ground. Washington, however, did not move down to defend Connecticut, as Clinton had hoped, but struck a blow in another quarter, which caused the English general to hastily recall his forces under Tryon and give up the destruction of New London, which he had planned next.

Washington, indeed, was mortified that he was obliged to lie inactive during the summer of 1779, and felt that he must do something to keep the people in heart, for it would have been unwise even to let his friends know why he stayed in the Highlands, and how small his army was. Stony Point is a rocky hill standing out in the Hudson, and cut off from the mainland by water and a

marsh, over which there ran a causeway. The English had finished the works begun by the Americans at this place, and had placed some vessels in the river near by to protect Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, which lay opposite. Washington thought that with a small body of men and a perfect surprise the fort might be captured. Should this succeed, it would be a great encouragement to the Americans, and if the attempt failed the loss would be small. He planned the attack with a great deal of care, and chose General Anthony Wayne, who was nicknamed "Mad Anthony" in the army, to command the assault. Washington had a long consultation with this officer, in which Wayne is reported to have said, in his enthusiasm:

"General, if you will only plan it, I will storm hell."

It was agreed that Wayne was to keep his intentions a secret even from his officers and men until almost the moment of attack, and that he was to guard every road carefully, and see that no one came or went from Stony Point, so that by no possibility should the enemy hear of his intentions. He was to take a few artillerymen with him to serve the guns in case the fort should be captured; but so eager was Washington to hide his designs even from friends, that when he ordered these men down to join Wayne he caused them to bring two cannon with them, that they might not suspect on what sort of errand they were bound. Washington carefully picked the men for the attempt on Stony Point from all the States. He chose midnight as the best time for a surprise, for he said that, as two o'clock was the usual time for such adventures, a good officer was more on his guard late in the

night. Finally, that no possible alarm might be given, all the dogs in the neighborhood of Stony Point were killed as the Americans approached.

The men had no idea whither they were bound. They were marched fourteen miles through a very rough country, on the 15th of July, 1779. By eight o'clock at night they were within a mile and a half of Stony Point, and here they rested for over three hours. By half past eleven they were on the march again. When they neared the fort the order to halt was passed along the line in a low tone. Each man then fixed a white paper in his hat, so that he might be known to his friends in the darkness. The men were divided into two columns, which were to attack the fort from different points. Ahead of either column marched a forlorn hope of twenty men provided with axes, with which they were to cut away the abatis which was halfway up the hill. The advanced men in each division carried their muskets unloaded, that, being unable to fire, they would be compelled to depend upon the bayonet. The watchword of the night was to be "The fort's our own!" The men passed the marsh, and silently moved

MAP OF
THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

up the hill from two points. The blows of the axemen upon the abatis were the first sounds which reached the garrison of the fort. At twenty minutes past twelve the word was given to advance. The Americans rushed up the hill in the face of a hot fire of musketry and grape-shot from the fort. On they went, and over the works, driving the English back at the point of the bayonet, and never discharging a gun. The young French officer Colonel Fleury was the first man to enter the fort. He pulled down the English colors, and cried:

"The fort's our own!"

The watchword was soon answered from all sides. Wayne had been struck on the head with a musket ball while still outside the fort. He fell, but, rising on one knee, cried:

"March on! Carry me into the fort, for, should the wound be mortal, I will die at the head of my column."

His aids helped him into the fort, and his injury proved not to be a serious one. Stony Point was quickly in the hands of the Americans. Some six hundred men were captured, and a number of cannon and stores. The guns of Stony Point were directed against Verplanck's Point, for Washington had hoped to take this post also. But the officer who was to attack it from the other side of the river, once Stony Point was secure, did not receive his message in time, and before the attempt could be made the English had moved up to protect it. Washington thought best not to keep Stony Point, since his army was small, and it would take more men than he could spare to defend it against an enemy who had shipping. Accordingly he destroyed the works and abandoned

it. Though the English afterward occupied the point again for a short time and rebuilt the works, the storming of Stony Point was very much admired in America and in Europe, and did much to encourage faint-hearted people, as Washington had hoped.

About a month after the storming of Stony Point, Major Henry Lee, known to fame as "Light-Horse Harry Lee," with something over three hundred Americans, surprised the English fort at Paulus Hook, where Jersey City now stands, and took one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners. The exploits of the English during the campaign of 1779 were confined to the burning of some defenseless Connecticut towns. "How a conduct of this kind," said Washington, "is to effect the conquest of America, the wisdom of a North, a Germaine, or a Sandwich best can tell." North, Germaine, and Sandwich were English ministers. Washington pronounced their policy of warfare on unprotected towns too deep and refined for ordinary mortals to understand.

CHAPTER XLII.

WINTER QUARTERS.

1779–1780.

In the latter part of November, 1779, Washington was troubled in getting the stock of clothing divided among the men before going into winter quarters. There was not enough of it, and there was so much difference in color and quality that it was hard to make it answer. He quartered his men in various places around New York, as he had done the winter before, and made Morristown his headquarters. Mrs. Washington spent the winter, as usual, with her husband. She said that she heard the first and the last cannon of the season, while Washington wrote to a friend that his wife always "marched home when the campaign was about to open." Their quarters were very uncomfortable, often "a squeezed-up room or two," as he said. At one place there were but two frame houses in the settlement, and neither of them had an upper story. Washington chose one of these houses, and engaged a couple of young soldiers, who were carpenters, to fit up a room in the attic for Mrs. Washington, whom one of the men afterward described as "a portly, agreeable-looking woman of forty-five." She said to these carpenter-soldiers:

"Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort

here, and should like you to fit me up a buffet on one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes on the other."

Every morning, about eleven o'clock, she carried some refreshments upstairs for her mechanics. They worked very earnestly, nailing smooth boards over the worm-eaten planks of the attic, doing what they could to improve the rough and knotty floor, building shelves, putting up pegs, and making a buffet. On the fourth day they finished their work, and one of them said to Mrs. Washington, when she came upstairs:

"Madam, we have done the best we could. I hope we have suited you."

"I am astonished," answered the lady with a smile. "Your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort."

Mrs. Washington bore all sorts of discomforts cheerfully. At Newburg, she and the general were quartered in a Dutch farmhouse. The largest room in this house was used for a dining-room, but it had only one window and seven doors, while the fireplace was large enough to roast a bullock in. The sitting-room was very small, and when Washington had to entertain a French officer, he was obliged to put him on a camp bed in this same sitting-room, to the astonishment of the Frenchman. In camp Washington ate from tin plates. He once described his table, after inviting some ladies to dine with him.

"Since our arrival at this happy spot," said he, "we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder) of bacon to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the

foot, and a dish of beans or greens (almost imperceptible) decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure (which I presume will be the case to-morrow), we have two beefsteak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies, and it's a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them." During these active years of his life Washington has been described as having been a very hearty eater, and hunger is said to have put him in a sort of rage.

Once Washington's headquarters were at the house of a Mrs. Berry, in New Jersey. Mrs. Washington arrived one day at this house in her coach, escorted by ten dragoons. Mrs. Berry, looking out of her window, saw a plain little woman, dressed in brown homespun, wearing a hood, and a large white handkerchief folded across her bosom, alight from the carriage. Though she was followed by a colored maid, Mrs. Berry thought that she must be an upper servant, until she saw the general meet her, greet her affectionately, and begin to inquire after his pet horses.

During the winter in Morristown the headquarters were at the house of Mrs. Ford, the widow of a Revo-

lutionary officer. Here Washington had a family of eighteen, including his servants, and they and Mrs. Ford's servants were all obliged to crowd together into one small kitchen. The general wished to build another kitchen, but could not get the necessary boards. Sometimes there were alarms that the enemy was coming. The soldiers of Washington's life guard then hurried into the house, barricaded the doors, took out the windows, and stood at them with their muskets cocked. Meanwhile Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Ford were forced to go to bed to keep warm. When the alarm was over, the general always went to the ladies' beds, drew back the curtains, and told them that all was safe. It is told of Washington, that one night on the Hudson, when the enemy marched to attack him, and the wives of a number of the generals were present, it was proposed to remove the ladies; but Washington refused.

"The presence of our wives," said he, "will the better encourage us to a brave defense."

A great hurry followed, the commands of officers, the marching of troops, and the dragging of cannon, while the house filled with soldiers and the windows were taken out. But the English, finding, perhaps, that they had not surprised the Americans, retired.

Soon after Mrs. Washington arrived in winter quarters at Morristown some of the ladies of the town went to call upon her, richly dressed. They were surprised to find that she wore brown homespun, and were a little ashamed of their own extravagance at a time when the country was in so much distress. They thought her "wise, kind-hearted, and winning in all her ways." Mrs.

Washington was a very busy woman. She told one lady that at Mount Vernon, where there was an army of slaves to clothe, she kept sixteen spinning wheels going, and had a great deal of cloth woven in her house. She showed her two dresses of cotton and silk woven by her servants.

RUINS OF SLAVES' QUARTERS, MOUNT VERNON.
[Spinning-house, etc., in the distance.]

The silk stripes were made from the ravelings of brown silk stockings, and old, crimson damask chair covers. Her coachman, footman, and maid were dressed throughout in homemade goods, except that the coachman's cuffs were made of scarlet cloth imported before the war.

The year before, while Mrs. Washington was at winter quarters in Middlebrook, she was amused by a review of the army in which some Indians from western Penn-

sylvania took part. It was wise to flatter these people in some way, so Washington rode along the lines, a noble figure, followed by his Indian guests, looking much like cutthroats, as Mrs. Washington said, half-naked as they were, or covered with ragged shawls which fluttered in the wind, while their bodies were decorated with feathers and strings of bear's claws, and they were mounted on miserable old horses with no saddles and bridles made of rope, carrying their guns in all sorts of positions. Mrs. Washington declared that it was the funniest review she had ever seen. Sometimes she was present when the general, on the occasion of some great event, pardoned men who had been imprisoned for various offenses. Once it was in honor of the alliance with France, and fifty thinly clad fellows, with pale but happy faces, came to headquarters to express their thanks. Mrs. Washington's eyes filled with tears, and she gave them some money and said kind words to them. Their spokesman kissed her hand and said, "God bless Lady Washington!"

Sometimes there were balls in honor of some event, and it was not uncommon for the ballroom to be decorated with representations of Washington's various successes. At these assemblies, as they were called, the general and his wife danced the minuet.

The last years of the war were very trying to Washington. He said that he had not desponded in what America had called her gloomy days, but now that the people had lost their ardor and were inclined to depend upon France to fight the war for them, at a time when their money was so worthless as to make it almost impossible to feed or keep an army, and Congress was daily becoming

weaker and more helpless, he had the keenest anxieties. "We can no longer drudge on in the old way," said he. Cries of distress came to him from all parts of the country, while he was powerless to help. When the Continental money no longer passed, he wrote, "We stand upon the brink of a precipice from which the smallest help casts us headlong." During the winter in Morristown, which was the coldest within man's memory, the men lived, as Washington said, on "every kind of horse food except hay." When it became necessary to force the people to sell provisions whether they would or no, he directed that it should be done with as much tenderness as possible, and then he dreaded lest it should "sour the tempers" of the people. "It would be well for the troops," said he, "if they could, like the bear, suck their paws for sustenance during the rigors of the winter." Once he declared that either the men must "disband or cater for themselves." So hard a life did the Revolutionary soldier lead, that Morgan, when asked which nationality made the best soldiers, answered that men were all much alike, none of them fighting more than was necessary, but that he preferred the German, because, said he, "he starves well." The American officers also suffered much, for paper money had become so worthless that their pay amounted to almost nothing. An officer's expenses meantime were very great, for, as Washington said, "a rat in the shape of a horse" cost two hundred pounds, or a thousand dollars, a saddle two hundred dollars, and a pair of boots a hundred dollars. Some of the officers applied for the coarse clothing furnished so scantily to the men, and, as Washington said, it was only "pa-

triotism and a love of honor" which kept these men in the service.

There was never enough clothing. Washington wrote at one time that a great many men were destitute of shirts and breeches, and a fourth or fifth without shoes. They were "feelingly reminded" of the want of clothing, he said, in cold weather. Again it was, "We have no shirts." Another time he wrote to Lafayette, "Your infantry is formed, two thousand fine men, but the greater part of them naked." In a review of the troops held in the spring of 1780, a regiment of men cut up the few shirts among them to make collars for the whole. Soon after this the ladies of Philadelphia raised a fund to aid the soldiers, and Washington advised them to put it into shirts, which were always lacking. They accordingly made two thousand and five shirts, at the house of Mrs. Bache, the daughter of Franklin. Each lady put her name on the garments she had made, and they were sent to the army in the winter of 1780–'81. But in spite of the fact that, owing to short enlistments, the troops were like a pedestal of ice," forever melting under him, though there was sometimes not money enough in the hands of the quartermaster general to pay for an express, and though the army, owing to state jealousies, was, as he said, sometimes one and sometimes thirteen armies, while it was often neither or both, Washington kept up heart. He said that the possession of American towns while there was an army in the field would do the enemy little good, and that he had got so inured to difficulties by this time that he was able to take them more calmly than he had been used to do.

Many of the States, in order to bring paper money back to credit, had made laws that it should be taken in payment for debts. The money did not gain in value, but such laws gave many men a chance for dishonest speculation. "Virtue and patriotism are almost kicked out," said Washington, and he despised those men who tried to make fortunes out of the general ruin. While the general was at Morristown, Lafayette once noticed that he treated a certain man very coldly when he came to headquarters. He thought that perhaps this was because Washington was busy at the time, but when the man came a second time the commander in chief only nodded to him. Lafayette afterward asked the general why this was. Washington explained that the man had taken advantage of the law making Continental currency legal tender to pay his debts in it at a time when forty dollars were worth about one.

"I tried to speak to him," said Washington, "but that Continental money stuck in my throat, and the words would not come out."

During the bitter cold of the winter at Morristown Washington planned a descent on Staten Island. Lord Stirling and a body of men crossed on the ice, which had frozen over between New Jersey and this island, but they found the enemy prepared, and were obliged to retreat. In the late spring of 1780 General Knyphausen retaliated by entering New Jersey, and trying to strike a blow at Morristown; but cannon were fired, signal fires were lighted, and the New Jersey militia rose and fought from behind fences. Washington, too, was prepared for him, and Knyphausen finally retired, after having burned two

villages. Mrs. Caldwell, the wife of a favorite minister, was killed, either by a chance shot or the gun of some wanton soldier, during this expedition, and her death added much to the bitter hatred which the Jersey people had come to feel for their invaders.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TREASON OF ARNOLD AND THE FATE OF ANDRÉ. THE USE OF SPIES.

1780.

After leaving Boston, where he had put in for repairs, the French admiral, Count d'Estaing, had sailed to the West Indies to fight the English there. He returned to Georgia in 1779, and made an unsuccessful attack on the British in Savannah. But Sir Henry Clinton was so much alarmed by the presence of a French fleet on the coast of North America that he evacuated Newport and Stony Point, and drew all his forces in the north into New York, where he fortified industriously. During the winter of 1779–'80 Lafayette went to France to ask for more aid. He not only asked for troops, but he begged for arms and clothing.

"It is fortunate for the king," said the Prime Minister of France, "that Lafayette does not take it into his head to strip Versailles of its furniture to send to his dear Americans, as his Majesty would be unable to refuse it."

In July, 1780, part of a new French fleet arrived at Newport, consisting of ten men-of-war, two bombs, and five thousand soldiers. There was a second division to follow, and then Washington and the Count de Rocham-

beau, the commander of the French forces, hoped to be strong enough to lay seige to New York from the land and from the water. Soon after the arrival of the French fleet, Sir Henry Clinton put six thousand soldiers on ships and crossed the sound, bent on attacking them. But Washington, whose headquarters were at Tappan, in the Highlands, immediately moved down to strike at New York in his absence, and Clinton hurried back again. The English, however, who had much the larger fleet, blockaded the French in Newport. Unluckily, the second division of the French fleet never arrived, for it also was blockaded by another English fleet in the harbor of Brest, in France.

In the fall of 1780 Washington made a journey to Hartford, where he met the French General Rochambeau and consulted with him about future operations. But nothing could be done. The blockade of the French fleets in Newport and in France spoiled all plans. Washington had been through immense difficulties to raise men and clothe them for the campaign, which he had hoped would be his last, and all that now remained was to wait for re-enforcements from a third French fleet, which was in the West Indies, in which case he might yet carry out his projects. While he was absent from his army a treacherous plot was being laid, which promised ruin to all his hopes and to the cause of America.

Washington had always thought it important to keep possession of the Hudson, which separated the New England from the other States, and which, were it once taken, would cut the Union in two. Since it was impossible to guard the Hudson at New York, he had chosen the High-

lands, where the country was rough and the river was narrow, as a place of defense. He made West Point his principal fort, and had had thousands of men doing fatigue duty there the summer before in order to make it a very strong place. At this point an immense iron chain was stretched across the river. West Point was so important, indeed, that it was called the Gibraltar of America.

General Benedict Arnold had shown great courage in several battles, had been twice wounded, and was very popular. He was, however, a dishonest man. When he was in Canada he had been charged with robbing the merchants in Montreal for the purpose of selling the goods for his own profit. After the evacuation of Philadelphia by the English he had been put in command of that city, and was guilty of dishonest practices there. He led a gay and extravagant life in Philadelphia, living in the handsome Penn house, which he furnished richly, and driving in a coach and four. He married, as his second wife, Miss Shippen, a beautiful girl of eighteen, who had been a favorite with the British officers the year before, and had figured as a Turkish princess in the Mischianza. His debts soon became very great. He made large claims on the Government for his expenses in Canada, but these were very much cut down before they were paid. He was imbittered because he had once been overlooked in the promotion of officers. He was also tried by court-martial for dishonest practices, but was acquitted of all except some small charges, such as that of using public wagons for his own purposes, and was only sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander in chief. Washington softened his reprimand by praising Arnold's

courage; but, soured by disgrace and embarrassed by debt, Arnold secretly opened a correspondence with the enemy by writing to a friend of his wife's—Major John André, of the English army. The letters were in a disguised handwriting, signed with assumed names, and the schemes of the writers were hidden under such expressions as "good speculations," "ready money," and the "price of tobacco," as though they were the writings of merchants discussing their business. In order that his treason might fetch a larger price, and that he might be honored as ending the war, Arnold wished to turn over some important post to the enemy. It had long been Clinton's desire to possess the forts on the Hudson, but he dared not attack places so strong. The capture of these posts at a time of so much discouragement in America might have put an end to the war in a way disastrous to the hopes of Americans.

Arnold asked Washington to give him the command of West Point and the Highlands. The commanding general tried to persuade him to go into more active service, but Arnold said that his wounds were still too bad; and Washington, who thought him a brave and trustworthy officer, intrusted him with this most important post.

Arnold chose the time when Washington had gone to meet the Count de Rochambeau to complete the plans for his treason. It was necessary that there should be some military operations, so that the traitor should not appear to have given up his post without a fight. A large body of English soldiers were put on ships in New York harbor to be ready for action, and Major André was sent up the Hudson, in the sloop of war Vulture, to within fifteen

miles of West Point, to consult with the American general. In case of success, André, as well as Arnold, was to have a large reward in money, and to be made a British general. Sir Henry Clinton had warned André not to go within the American lines, and not to carry any papers, lest he might be caught as a spy. A flag of truce was sent ashore from the Vulture, that Arnold might know where his accomplice was; and the American general sent a man named Joshua Smith to the English vessel in the night, in a boat with muffled oars, to bring André away. Arnold met him in the bushes on shore. They consulted together for some time, and Arnold finally persuaded André to mount an extra horse which he had brought with him and accompany him to the house of Smith, which was inside the American lines. Here the English adjutant general and the American general agreed upon the plan for the capture of the strong forts and valuable stores on the Hudson, and probably on the price of the treason. The plan was for Arnold to draw most of his men out into the gorges of the Highlands, in defense of West Point, leaving the fort nearly unprotected, so that the English might enter, capture the works, and so cut off the men from a retreat. They must either be captured or be cut to pieces. With so large a part of his army sacrificed, and completely divided from the French as he would have been, it was expected that Washington, with the remainder of his men, must succumb. Certainly the people, in their state of discouragement, would hardly have gained heart after so severe a blow.

While the consultation was going on an American officer had brought a gun to bear on the Vulture, so that

MAP OF THE TAKING OF ANDRÉ.

she was forced to fall down the river; and as it was impossible to get any one to run the risk of taking André out to her, it was necessary for him to return to New York

by land. Up to this time he had worn his officer's uniform, hidden under a long coat, but he now removed it and put on some clothes belonging to Smith. Taking with him some papers, among which were a plan of West Point, an account of Washington's plans for the campaign, and a pass written by Arnold, he assumed the name of John Anderson, and, accompanied by Smith, crossed the river and took a roundabout course through the American lines. After some alarms he got through in safety, and Smith left him. When he was near Tarrytown he was stopped by some roving militiamen, who were playing cards in the bushes and watching the road in the hope of waylaying some one whom they might plunder, after the fashion of many men on both sides of the dispute in those lawless days. André took them to be cowboys, as Tories of this sort were called, and said:

"Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party?"

"Which party?" asked one of them.

"The lower party," answered André.

The men said that they did.

"I am a British officer on particular business," André then said, "and I hope you will not detain me a minute."

But the men thought they would. They took their prisoner into the bushes and undressed him. They were looking for money, but they found papers in their prisoner's stockings. They then concluded that he was a spy, and though he offered them his watch and a large sum of money, which, however, he did not have with him, they would not let him go. They took him to North Castle and delivered him up to Colonel Jameson, an American officer, claiming his watch, horse, saddle, and bridle as

plunder. Jameson, though the papers found on the prisoner were in Arnold's handwriting, did not once think of suspecting his general, but was about to send André to him. Another officer, Major Tallmadge, however, with much trouble persuaded Jameson not to do this, but the latter persisted in sending a letter to Arnold, announcing the capture of a man named John Anderson, so giving the traitor warning that he was about to be discovered. He sent the papers found on André to Washington by an express messenger, who was to meet the commanding general on his way back from Hartford.

But Washington did not return by the road that he had gone, and so missed the messenger. He had spent the night at Fishkill, and came down the river road, as the Albany road was called, early on the morning of September 26, 1780. He had sent his baggage ahead to Arnold's headquarters, with the message that he would be there to breakfast. He presently, however, turned up a road which led to the river opposite West Point.

"General, you are going in a wrong direction," said Lafayette, who was with him; "you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting breakfast for us."

"Ah," exclaimed Washington, in banter, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, and will be there in a short time."

The young officers, however, remained with Washington, excepting two aids, who rode on to let Mrs. Arnold know that Washington was not coming. They found

breakfast waiting, but on their arrival Arnold and his wife and aids sat down to eat. While they were at breakfast a messenger arrived with the letter from Colonel Jameson, which told Arnold of the capture of André and the ruin of his well-laid plot. He showed some excitement, but presently told the young men calmly enough that his presence was required at West Point, and that they might tell Washington, on his arrival, that he had gone across the river. He then went to Mrs. Arnold's room and sent for her. He broke the evil news to her suddenly, and left her in a fainting fit. He hurried to the door, mounted a horse belonging to one of his aids, which happened to stand there ready saddled, and rode to the river bank. He jumped into a boat, and ordered the six men who manned it to pull out into midstream. He then told them that he was going down the river with a flag of truce, and promised them two gallons of rum for their long pull. When they passed Verplanck's Point he held up a white handkerchief as a flag of truce, and was finally landed on board the English ship, where, instead of getting their rum, the boatmen were made prisoners by their own general.

Washington arrived at Arnold's house soon after he had left. Hearing that Mrs. Arnold was ill, and that the general had gone over to West Point, he ate a hasty breakfast and prepared to follow him. When he was crossing the river he said to his officers:

"Well, gentlemen, I am glad, on the whole, that General Arnold has gone before us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains." But all was silent.

"What!" he exclaimed presently, "do they not intend to salute us?"

A solitary officer, who met the boat at the shore, said that Arnold had not been there.

"This is extraordinary," said Washington. "However, our visit must not be in vain. Since we have come, we must look around a little and see in what state things are with you."

The express messenger which had been sent to meet Washington with the papers found on André, finding that he had not gone by the lower road, had returned and arrived at Arnold's headquarters during the general's absence. Alexander Hamilton, one of Washington's aids who had not gone to West Point with him, opened the package. When the commander returned, at the end of about two hours, Hamilton laid the papers before him without a word. The discovery of this plot must have been a great blow to Washington, but he merely said:

"Whom can we trust now?" and those who were in the house observed that, while he was considering the papers he chewed to pieces a switch which he had brought in with him. He sent in pursuit of Arnold, but it was too late. He expressed orders in all directions, putting his forces in readiness for an attack. It was long before the plot was completely unraveled, and before Washington could be sure that there were not other officers concerned in it, and his anxiety must have been very great.

Mrs. Arnold, who was the mother of a little baby, was distracted with grief. Washington after a while sent her to her friends in Philadelphia, and she afterward joined her husband in New York. André was brought

to Arnold's house, though Washington himself never saw him. He was soon sent on to Tappan, the headquarters of the army, for safe keeping. He and Major Tallmadge, who guarded him on his journey, were the best of friends and talked freely together. André described how he was to have aided in the sham attack on West Point, and how he would have been made a brigadier-general as a reward. He asked Tallmadge what he thought his fate would now be. The young American officer tried to avoid answering, but André would not be put off.

"I had a much-loved classmate in Yale College," Tallmadge finally said, "by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return. Do you remember the sequel of this story?"

"Yes," said André; "he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?"

Tallmadge answered that he did, and André seemed much troubled for a time. He was a very engaging and accomplished young man, and those who were with him became attached to him. Washington appointed a board of officers to decide whether he should be regarded as a spy. When he was called before this board, André frankly admitted that he had not come into the American lines under the protection of a flag of truce, that he had worn a disguise, and had gone under a false name. The officers decided that these things, with the fact that he carried

information in his stockings, were enough to class him as a spy. They recommended that he should be hanged, such being the law of war regarding spies. Washington thought it right that an example should be made of André for the warning of the English, and of all conspirators among the Americans. He was still painfully uncertain how many of his own officers might have been engaged in Arnold's plot. He caused it to be intimated to Sir Henry Clinton, however, that André's life could be saved by his exchange for Arnold; but Clinton, though he wished to save his young favorite, could not in honor give Arnold up. Washington also laid a plot for capturing Arnold, and an American sergeant deserted to the enemy for this purpose, but the plan failed.

André wrote a letter to Washington, begging that he might be shot rather than hanged, since shooting was an honorable soldier's death. But Washington thought that even this request could not be granted, for André had been engaged in a dishonorable transaction. He avoided answering the young man in order not to give him unnecessary pain. Arnold meantime sent a letter to Washington, threatening that if André were hanged he would retaliate on any Americans that came in his power and "spill a torrent of blood." Such a letter, of course, had only the effect of making the American commander more fixed in his stern purpose.

André was executed on the 2d of October, in the presence of the American army, excepting that Washington and his suite were absent. The young man was perfectly calm on the morning of his death. When his servant came into the room in tears, he said: "Leave me till you

can show yourself more manly." He shaved and dressed himself, and ate the breakfast which was sent to him, as usual, from Washington's table. He then said to the officers of the guard, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you."

He walked quietly to the spot of execution, but when he saw the gallows he showed some emotion. "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode," he said. His last words were, "I pray you to bear me witness that I met my fate like a brave man." Captain Hale, the young American whose case many compared to that of André, had said at the gallows, "I only lament that I have but one life to lose for my country."

Arnold was burned in effigy all over the United States. The next spring he led an English expedition by sea against Virginia, burned Richmond, and collected a lot of plunder. A storm having injured the English fleet which blockaded the French in Newport and driven them off, some French vessels were sent to capture Arnold in Virginia; but the latter general succeeded in drawing his ships too far up the Elizabeth River for the French ships to reach them, and the French returned without success, to the regret of Washington. "The world," he said, "is disappointed at not seeing Arnold in gibbets."

Among Washington's other anxieties after the escape of Arnold to the English was the fear that some of his spies should have been known to this general, and so be in danger. During the Revolutionary War he made use of every means to gain information of the enemy's strength and movements. It was so easy for men to enter the British lines under pretense of being Tories or de-

serters that he was usually pretty well informed of English doings. When he lay before Boston, soon after he had taken command of the American army, Washington was one night stopped at his own door by a boy of sixteen, who stood on guard and who insisted that the general's coach should not pass until the countersign had been given. The fellow, whose name was Bancroft, was ordered to come to headquarters next morning, at which he was much frightened.

"Are you the sentinel who stood at my door at nine o'clock last night?" asked Washington.

"Yes, sir, and I tried to do my duty."

"I wish all the army understood it as well as you do," said the general. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try."

"Are you willing to have your name struck from the pay roll of the army, and engage in secret service at the hazard of your life, for which I promise you forty dollars a month?"

The boy was willing, and Washington gave him a letter in a blank envelope, which he told him to take to Roxbury Heights, and, lifting up a certain flat stone, to put a round stone which lay near it beneath it, and, taking a letter from a hollow under this stone, deposit the one he carried in its place. He was to be very careful not to let any one take him. Bancroft went to Roxbury Heights for some time, fetching and carrying letters. One night he thought he saw two persons watching him in the bushes, and he went close to them and peered in. Washington told him that he must never do that again, lest some one should jump out and capture him. The next

night three men rushed out of the bushes and chased Bancroft. He had to run very hard, and was almost caught before he reached the American lines and gave the countersign. Washington did not send him there again, but presently told him to take a letter to a certain house down on Cambridge Neck.

"Enter the front door," said he, "and when you enter the room, if there be more than one person present, sit down and make yourself a stranger; when all have gone out of the room but one, then get up and walk across the room repeatedly. After you have passed and repassed, he will take a letter out of his pocket and present it to you, and, as he is doing this, you must take this letter out of your pocket and give it to him. I charge you not to speak a word to him on peril of your life. It is important you observe this."

The boy went to the house, and found but one man sitting in the corner of the room. He immediately began walking up and down the room, eying the man, who, the third time he passed him, put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter and gave it to his visitor, who gave him one in exchange, and left without a word. One night, however, the man whispered to Bancroft:

"Tell General Washington that the British are coming out on the Neck to-morrow morning at two o'clock."

When the boy brought this news Washington started, and, after reading the letter, took his hat and cane and went out, locking the door after him and leaving Bancroft still in the room. When the commander returned, after an hour, he dismissed his messenger, telling him to stay about the camp and he would continue his pay.

It was necessary for Washington to keep up his knowledge of the enemy's movements, but he was very careful not to get his spies into trouble, lest they should share the fate of Nathan Hale. His plan usually was to get some man living in or near New York to send him information through a chain of friends who could be trusted. Usually the man wrote on the blank leaves of a book or an almanac with a stain which was invisible until a certain chemical was applied to it. Sometimes he wrote a letter to a friend "a little in the Tory style," as Washington said, "with some mixture of family matters," while between the lines and on the remaining blank places he wrote his information in the invisible stain. If the letter were captured by the enemy there was nothing about it to excite suspicion. Rivington, a printer who published a paper in New York that supported the English cause with bitterness, is said to have been one of Washington's spies. He bound up information in the covers of books, and sold them to men who sent them to the American general. At the close of the war people were surprised that the Tory printer did not leave New York. When Washington made a visit to his shop, he took the general into a back room to show him some agricultural books, he said, but the door did not latch well, and the American officers in the outer shop heard the clink of gold passing between the American commander and the Tory printer. Gold, indeed, had to be always forthcoming during the war to pay spies, though it could not be had for any other purpose.

Soon after the capture of André, Washington, having heard that another American general was guilty of trea-

son, secretly directed a sergeant who was sent with a higher officer and a guard under a flag of truce into the British lines to desert, go into New York, and find out whether the rumor was true, after which he was to re-desert and join the army again. His superior officer was surprised to find him missing soon afterward, for he knew nothing of Washington's secret plan. The man came back with the news that the suspicions against the American general were unfounded.

Sometimes Washington made use of spies to send false information to the enemy. Once he wrote an ill-spelled letter in an ignorant style, which he caused to be copied in another hand than his, and sent into the English lines to convey an impression that he was in great force, when this was far from being the case. Some sentences in this letter read: "The militia all ready to come out when signals is fired, which is pleaced in all places in Jersey. They seem very angry with the British, and curse them for keeping on the war. Many of them brag that the wold take revenge if they could but get a good opportunity and Gen. Wash. to back them. I can't say there's much discontent among the sodgers, tho' their Money is so bad. They get plenty of provisions, and have got better cloes now than ever they had. They are very well off only for hatts. They give them a good deal of rum and whiskey, and this I suppose helps with the lies their officers are always telling them to keep up there spirits."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CHANGE OF PLANS.

1781.

THE year 1781 began with a mutiny in the American army. The men of the Pennsylvania regiments, who lay in winter quarters at Morristown, were dissatisfied, many of them having enlisted for three years or "during the war," and they held that this clause was meant to relieve them if the war should be over within three years, and not to detain them after the three years were up, as their officers asserted. On New Year's day, when they had drunk too much rum, they suddenly mutinied. When General Wayne, who was their commander, cocked his pistols at them, they placed their bayonets at his breast, saying:

"We love and respect you, but you are a dead man if you fire." They declared, however, that they were not going to the enemy, and that if the English were to come out they would fight under their general's orders. They killed two of their captains who tried to suppress the mutiny, and marched off toward Philadelphia, thirteen hundred strong, with all their arms and six cannons. General Wayne followed them and caused them to be supplied with provisions, so that they need not rob the people of the country. The English general, Sir Henry Clinton, as soon as he heard of this revolt, sent messen-

gers to the mutineers, offering to make up the back pay due them in the American army, and not to expect military service of them if they would join him. But the men said that they did not wish to "turn Arnolds," and delivered up to Wayne Clinton's messengers, who were afterward hanged as spies. A committee of Congress finally met the revolted soldiers, agreed to dismiss those whose three years were up, make up the pay of the others, and furnish them with the clothing they so much needed. They accepted these offers, and most of the Pennsylvania line was soon after discharged. Washington thought at first of going into New Jersey to try to quell the mutiny, but the men at his post were suffering for want of flour and clothing, and he dared not leave them lest they also should rise, and Clinton should take advantage of their disorder and sail up the river. But he quietly prepared to nip the next revolt in the bud, choosing a thousand trusty fellows for this purpose and holding them ready to march with four days' provisions. A mutiny soon broke out in the New Jersey troops at Pompton. Washington immediately sent a body of six hundred of the picked men to the spot. The mutineers were taken by surprise and compelled to parade without their arms, while two of their ringleaders were shot. Many of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey men were Germans. Washington said that the remainder of the troops, who were natives of America, would, he thought, "continue to struggle on" without more trouble.

The difficulties of the commander in chief grew greater every year. The country was exhausted, and since France had become their ally the people were look-

ing forward to peace without more exertion. Washington felt that so long as the enemy kept cautiously to the seacoast he could do nothing without the aid of a powerful fleet, and he said that the only reason America had not suffered more from the lack of a fleet was that the measures of the English generals had been feeble and unwise. "We have got to the end of our tether," said Washington, and he declared that it was unreasonable to suppose that because a man had rolled a snowball till it was as large as a horse, that he might do so until it was as large as a house. "However," said he, "we must not despair, the game is yet in our hands," but he felt that the end was a long time in coming, and he panted for retirement, for home, and for a country life.

WASHINGTON'S UNIFORM.
[National Museum, Washington.]

For some years Washington's favorite plan had been to attack and surround New York, and thus end the war with one grand blow. He had this plan very much at heart. "We are now launching," said he, "into a wide and boundless field. A glorious object is in view, and God send we may attain it!" But the army never launched. There was always some great obstacle. At one time there was not enough flour to sup-

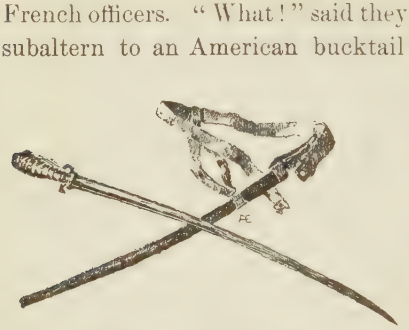
port the men through a siege; and though Washington had feared that the summer of 1780 would see the last efforts of dying liberty unless something were done to save the cause, the French refused to make an attempt on New York unless the French fleet were superior to the English, and Sir Henry Clinton should send away large enough detachments to weaken his forces in this city.

During several years there had been a war going on in the South. Clinton sent out bodies of men and squadrons of ships to the southward, hoping, since he could do nothing in the North with Washington on the watch, he might gain these States, and so turn the war in favor of Great Britain. Washington, too, sent from time to time portions of his small forces to protect the South, until he declared that if he sent any more men he should have to go himself, for want of an army to command. The English took the town of Savannah in 1778, and in 1780 they captured the city of Charleston, after a siege in which General Lincoln and a small American army resisted the enemy to the last moment. General Gates was put in command of the Southern army by Congress, and was totally defeated at the battle of Camden, in South Carolina, in 1780. Although no Southern army worth mentioning was left, the people were still unsubdued. Bands of militia, under Sumter and Marion, stole about through the country, living often on roast potatoes, and plaguing the enemy whenever occasion offered. Washington was now asked to send a general to the South. He chose General Greene, who had entered the army "one of the rawest of mortals," but had long been thought by Washington a very able officer. Greene had

been quartermaster general, but he had resigned this position. "No one ever heard of a quartermaster general in history," he said. He willingly went South to take command of the mere remains of an army. The English were soon afterward beaten at the battle of the Cowpens, in South Carolina, where a body of English troops under Tarleton fought an American detachment under Morgan. Greene led Cornwallis a chase across North Carolina for two hundred miles, and then, when he had succeeded in joining other bodies of men to his little army, he fought the English general at Guilford Courthouse. The Americans were forced to retire from the field at the close of a day of hard fighting, but the army of Cornwallis had been so badly cut up, and was in so much peril, that he was obliged to retreat to the seacoast, leaving the wounded behind. Cornwallis now thought to attempt the conquest of Virginia, and he joined the English troops already in this State. He was opposed by Lafayette, who had been sent to Virginia by Washington with a small body of men. The English general said, "The boy can not escape me," but the boy did, and Cornwallis, who had proved himself the most active and able of the British generals, now fortified himself at Yorktown, by the command of Sir Henry Clinton, that he might be able to receive any squadrons of the English fleet when they should come to the Chesapeake, and act from this point against different parts of the State, by means of Virginia's numerous water ways.

There is said to have been at first some jealousy between the French and the Americans at Newport. The

French were proud and showy, the Americans shabby, half paid, and poorly fed. The French soldiers are reported to have vowed that they would act only under French officers. "What!" said they, "a marshal of France subaltern to an American bucktail?" But it had been agreed in France that Rochambeau was to act under Washington, and the two commanders took great care to be very courteous to each other. When Washington went to Newport to consult with Rochambeau, the French troops were drawn up in lines to do him honor, and at a ball given by Rochambeau, at which Washington opened the first dance, called "A Successful Campaign," with a belle of the town, the French officers took the fiddles away from the musicians and played themselves while the great American danced. Those people in the town who were too poor to own candles had candles given to them by the town council, so that every house should be illuminated in honor of the American general. On his return Washington was greeted at Providence by crowds of children carrying torches, and they thronged around him so closely that he could not move on. He pressed the hand of Count Dumas, a French officer who accompanied him, and said:



WASHINGTON'S SWORD, CARRIED DURING THE REVOLUTION.
[Preserved in the State Department.]

"We may be beaten by the English — it is the

chance of war—but behold an army that they can never conquer!"

The French troops finally left Newport, where they had long been shut up "like an oyster in his shell," as a young Frenchman said, and joined Washington on the Hudson at Dobb's Ferry. The Frenchmen decorated their tents and amused themselves with making little gardens about them. The American and French officers sometimes gave banquets to one another, at which the tables were set in barns.

At last the plan was to attack New York, if all went well. Washington knew that the Count de Grasse, who with a large French fleet was engaged in fighting the English in the West Indies, was to bring more French forces to America in 1781, and to stop a short time on the coast of the United States to aid in anything the American commander might choose to undertake. Washington sent him a letter asking him to come to Sandy Hook and help in the capture of New York. The two armies lay for six weeks in the summer of 1781 at Dobb's Ferry, making ready for an attack. During this time Washington and Rochambeau, with engineers and a troop of dragoons, reconnoitered New York from the Hudson to the sound. As they moved calmly along making their observations they were cannonaded from the distant English works or from ships of war. Once they were on an island, on the coast of Long Island Sound, which was connected by a causeway with the mainland. While the engineers were making their observations and two small vessels in the sound were cannonading them, Washington and Rochambeau lay down in the shade of a hedge and fell asleep.

When they awoke they found that the tide had risen and covered the causeway with water. Two small boats were brought, and the generals got into them, taking their saddles and bridles with them. When they had crossed, two dragoons took back the boats and brought off the rest of the party, a few at a time, swimming a horse over behind each boat and driving the rest of the horses into the water after them with the whip, so that they would be forced to follow. The French general admired American devices in such an emergency.

Washington once moved his forces to within a few miles of Kingsbridge, which is the uppermost point of New York island; but the English were very strongly fortified, and had fresh re-enforcements, while American recruits came in very slowly. It would not do to attempt New York until the French could be sure of a superior fleet. Washington felt that success either great or small, but success in some form, was necessary to save the country, and he dared not risk a possible failure. At last, by the middle of August, came a letter from the Count de Grasse saying that he could spend but a few weeks in the United States, and that he would come to Chesapeake Bay. This spoiled Washington's plans, for New York could not be reduced in so short a time. But he had had another project in his mind for some time, and had secretly had an eye on Cornwallis, fortifying himself at Yorktown. It is related that Washington was at the house of Van Brugh Livingston when he received the French admiral's letter. For a moment a cloud of disappointment passed over his face; then he turned to Peters, the Secretary of War:

"What can you do for me?" he asked.

"With money, everything," answered Peters; "without it, nothing."

Washington looked anxiously toward Robert Morris, who was Secretary of the Treasury.

"Let me know the sum you desire," said Morris. It was finally arranged that Rochambeau was to loan Morris twenty thousand gold dollars, which he agreed to repay by the first of October. Some of this money was afterward used to give the men a month's pay in gold, on their going South, lest the long-enduring soldiers should revolt on account of the hard march.

As soon as Washington had changed his plans, he sent Lafayette word to place himself where he could prevent the escape of Cornwallis into North Carolina. Meanwhile it was of the utmost importance that Sir Henry Clinton should not suspect his designs, lest he should intercept the American army or send aid to Cornwallis. In order to deceive the English, Washington caused ovens to be built for baking bread in New Jersey, forage to be laid in, and the roads to be repaired toward Staten Island, so that the enemy might imagine that he was moving into New Jersey to attack New York from this point. To deceive Sir Henry Clinton further, he wrote a letter and sent it where it would be likely to be intercepted. He said in this letter that he feared Cornwallis would fortify Yorktown. He also wrote another letter, which contained a plan for attacking New York, and engaged a young Baptist preacher to carry it through Ramapo Clove.

"There are cowboys there. I shall be taken if I go there," objected the messenger.

"Your duty, young man, is not to talk but to obey," said the general, with a stamp of the foot. The messenger was taken, as Washington wished, and the letter was printed in Rivington's Gazette in New York. The French and American armies crossed the Hudson and marched into New Jersey, still threatening New York, while the men themselves had no idea where they were going. There were many bets in the army among officers and men as to where they were bound, so well did Washington guard his secret.

CHAPTER XLV.

YORKTOWN.

1781.

From the time that he started southward Washington was, as he said, "almost all impatience and anxiety." Success hung on movements from distant quarters, which might go wrong. The fleet from the West Indies must arrive in safety, and the other French men-of-war from Newport and ten transport ships loaded with the heavy ordnance necessary for the siege must escape the English fleets which were on the watch for them. Cornwallis, meantime, must not escape, and Sir Henry Clinton must not be given time to relieve him. All depended on concert, secrecy, and haste. Washington traveled post, and stopped at Mount Vernon on his way south. It was the first time that he had seen his home in six years. He was joined at Mount Vernon by the French officers, the Count de Rochambeau and the Marquis de Chastellux, and they all hurried on to Williamsburg, where Lafayette was stationed.

The 28th of August found the Count de Grasse with his fleet at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and the French and American armies at the head of the bay, waiting to be carried down by water. The Count de Grasse immediately blocked up the mouth of the York River, and sent

ships up the James River to prevent Cornwallis from escaping across this stream southward, and to carry three thousand West Indian soldiers whom he had brought with him to where they could join Lafayette. The English Admiral Graves, with a fleet of nineteen vessels of war, now sailed to Chesapeake Bay to attempt the rescue of Cornwallis. He found the Count de Grasse with a fleet of twenty-four sail riding within the capes, somewhat short of hands, for many of the seamen were busy carrying the West Indians up the James River. The French admiral slipped his anchors and sailed out to meet the English fleet. But he avoided a severe battle, for his object was only to keep the English out of the Chesapeake. There was some fighting and much manœuvring for five days, and finally the English admiral was obliged to sail to New York for repairs. While the two hostile fleets had been facing each other, now this way and now that, the Count de Barras, who commanded the French fleet from Newport, which guarded the valuable ordnance ships, having sailed a long way round by the Bermuda Islands to avoid the enemy, slipped safely into Chesapeake Bay.

The Americans, meantime, politely sent the French soldiers down the bay in such ships and small craft as they could command, and marched themselves to Annapolis, where they in turn were taken up on French vessels and carried to the scene of action. Washington went on board the Ville de Paris, lying within the chops of the capes, to visit the Count de Grasse and agree on plans for the siege. The French admiral, after the manner of his people, flew to meet the American commander, hugging

and kissing him on each cheek, and calling him "my dear little general." Both the Count de Grasse and Washington were very tall men, and the American officers who were present were much amused, but controlled their smiles, excepting jolly, fat General Knox, who laughed aloud.

The 28th of September, 1781, found the combined armies all before Yorktown. Washington slept under a mulberry tree, with its root for a pillow, on the first night. There were now about sixteen thousand of the French and Americans encamped in a semicircle about the little town, where the army of Cornwallis, numbering about seven thousand men, lay behind freshly made earthworks. The English general had also fortified Gloucester Point, which was opposite to Yorktown, so that he might command the river. French seamen and American militia invested this point, so that Cornwallis was wholly surrounded.

Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, when he discovered that Washington had completely fooled him and gone southward, sent Arnold into his own native State of Connecticut, where he plundered and burned the flourishing town of New London, ruining many families in a few hours. But if the English general had hoped that this blow would cause Washington to return, he was deceived. Cornwallis had sent word to Clinton that he must either come to the relief of Yorktown or expect to hear the worst; and Clinton began fitting up a large fleet for this purpose as quickly as possible.

The second night after the arrival of the besiegers Cornwallis abandoned his outside works and drew his

forces all into the town. The Americans and French immediately took possession of the abandoned works, while the English kept up a steady cannonade. On the night of the 6th of October a large body of Americans, carrying fascines, spades, and pickaxes on their shoulders, marched silently to within six hundred yards of Yorktown, followed by horses drawing cannon, and wagons loaded with sandbags for quickly making defenses. These men during the night threw up an intrenchment nearly two miles in length, and morning found them well covered from the enemy's furious cannonade, which began with the daylight. The work went steadily on, and in three days cannon were mounted and batteries were ready to open on the town. Washington put the match to the first gun. This was immediately followed by a tremendous discharge of cannon and mortars. Earl Cornwallis had received his first salutation, as the Americans said. Two nights later the second parallel, as such trenches are called, was opened at three hundred yards from the enemy's lines. During this time the cannonade was very fierce on both sides. A red-hot shot set fire to several of the English ships which lay near Yorktown. The vessels burned in the night, the flames leaping high above their mastheads, while all around was the roar and flash of cannon and of shells flying back and forth from the besieged town like blazing comets with fiery tails. The English were forced to warp their vessels over to Gloucester Point. The surgeons were kept busy. Every now and then a man's leg or arm must be amputated or his wounds dressed; the injuries were mainly from the bursting of shells.

There were two redoubts held by the English outside

MAP OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

their main works which commanded the new parallel. On the night of the 14th of October Washington prepared to take these by assault. One was to be stormed by

Lafayette's Americans, led by Colonel Alexander Hamilton, and the other was assigned to the French, commanded by the Baron de Viominel. The men of the two nations were ambitious each to show the greatest courage. At eight o'clock at night rockets were fired as a signal, so that the attacks might be made at the same moment upon the two redoubts. The Americans rushed forward, tore away part of the abatis with their own hands, and clambered over the rest without waiting for the sappers to remove it in the usual manner. Hamilton, at the head of his men, climbed on the shoulder of one of his soldiers, who kneeled for the purpose, and mounted the enemy's works first of them all. The men rushed after him, and captured the redoubt at the point of the bayonet. The American surgeon was sent for almost before the balls from the guns of the English garrison in the redoubt had ceased whistling about his ears. As he entered the newly captured works he noticed that a sergeant and eight other Americans lay dead in the ditch, and he found thirty wounded men within the little fort. As soon as the redoubt had been taken, Lafayette sent an aid through the terrible fire of the whole British line to the Baron de Viominel with the message, "I am in my redoubt; where are you?"

The French officer was still waiting for his sappers to clear away the abatis in due form, but he said, "Tell the marquis I am not in mine, but will be in five minutes." And he was, though he lost many more men in killed and wounded than the Americans in consequence of the delay at the abatis. While the assault was going on the English kept up a very severe fire of cannon and mus-

ketry along the whole line. Washington, with some of his officers and aids, dismounted and stood at an exposed spot waiting anxiously for the result. One of his aids, Colonel Cobb, said to him:

"Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step a little back?"

"Colonel Cobb," answered Washington, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to step back."

When the last redoubt was taken, he said: "The work is done, and well done.—Billy, hand me my horse."

Cornwallis held out bravely. He hoped that aid would come to him from Sir Henry Clinton. Washington, too, feared that something would happen to favor the English general. At one time De Grasse was on the point of leaving him to go in search of the English fleet, which he heard was approaching, and Washington had all he could do to persuade him to stay quietly in the Chesapeake. He dreaded lest the French admiral should not remain long enough to complete the capture of Cornwallis, and he pushed the siege as rapidly as possible. The fire was so severe that nearly all of the enemy's cannon were silenced. The English made a brave sortie on the 16th of October, and entered an American and a French battery, where they had barely time to thrust the points of their bayonets into the touchholes of some of the cannon and break them off before they were driven out. The bayonet points were soon removed.

Cornwallis had his headquarters in the finest house in Yorktown, belonging to ex-Secretary Nelson, the father of Governor Nelson. Here he stayed until the building was almost a wreck. The steward of Cornwallis was finally

killed by a cannon ball while carrying a soup tureen. The English general then moved to a house belonging to Governor Nelson, who led the Virginia militia in the siege. Lafayette, having just finished a battery, asked Nelson the best spot to fire upon.

"There," said the governor, pointing to his own house. "It is mine, and, now that the secretary's is knocked down, is the best in the town, and there you will be almost certain to find Lord Cornwallis and the British headquarters. Fire upon it, my dear marquis, and never spare a particle of my property so long as it affords a shelter to the enemies of my country."

Two cannon were accordingly aimed at the building, and the very first shot is said to have gone through the house and killed two British officers. Cornwallis was now forced to move to a cave in the bank of the river, where two rooms were made for him, lined with boards and covered with baize. Sickness raged in Yorktown. Hundreds of the negroes who had been taken away from their masters by the English army died of camp fever and smallpox, and many of their bodies were left lying in the streets. The horses of the British legion, for which there was no food, were shot and thrown into the York River, where they filled the air with evil odors. On the night of October 16th Cornwallis made a desperate effort to escape. He tried to carry his army across the York River to Gloucester Point, where he meant to sally out, cut his way through the French and militia, and attempt a forced march to New York; but a storm came on while the men were crossing, drove the boats down stream, and he was compelled to give up the rash project.

About one hundred pieces of heavy ordnance were now thundering from the works of the besiegers. The whole peninsula seemed to tremble with the cannonade. The defenses at Yorktown were almost beaten down, the English cannon were all silenced; the besieged men could only throw shells, and their stock of shells was almost exhausted. The Americans were so near that they

THE MAIN STREET OF YORKTOWN.

could distinctly see the havoc wrought by their own cannon. Sometimes mangled bodies were thrown into the air by the bursting of a shell. There was nothing left for Cornwallis but to surrender. On the morning of the 17th of October, only eight days after Washington had put the match to the first gun fired by the Americans, an English drummer boy mounted the parapet and beat a parley. Hostilities ceased while terms were being agreed upon.

Washington refused the English general's first demands. When Cornwallis asked him what terms he would allow him, he answered that they should be the same that the English had allowed the American General Lincoln when he had surrendered Charleston to the English. Cornwallis delayed matters, and Washington, fearing that Sir Henry Clinton and a powerful fleet might come to the rescue, dreaded lest something should yet happen to cheat him of his victory. On the morning of the 19th of October, 1781, he caused the rough draft of the articles of surrender to be copied, and sent them to Cornwallis with the message that he expected them to be signed by eleven o'clock, and the English army to march out of Yorktown at two o'clock that very afternoon. Cornwallis could only submit.

By two o'clock the victorious armies were drawn up in two parallel lines of more than a mile in length, the French on one side and the Americans on the other. The Americans looked as soldierly as possible, but their shabby and ill-matched clothes did not compare well with the fine French uniforms. Washington charged his men not to insult their fallen enemy by huzzaing or shouting. "Posterity," said he, "will huzza for us." Before leaving Yorktown Cornwallis caused each of his men to be given a suit of new regimentals. At two o'clock the English army marched out of their works, their colors cased and their drums beating The World turned upside Down. The victorious men looked eagerly for Lord Cornwallis, but General O'Hara led the English army instead. He apologized for the absence of his commander, saying that he was ill. Cornwallis, in-

deed, who was the only one of the English generals that had shown great spirit and ability, was very bitterly disappointed. His brave men shared in his feelings, and they had a sullen look and shuffled along in an irregular manner. They could not bear to turn their eyes toward the right, where their shabby American conquerors stood, but looked toward the left, where the French were gay in their fine uniforms. Lafayette, who was among the Americans, at the head of his "darling light infantry," whose nakedness he had covered at his own expense with shirts and linen overalls, wishing them to see his fine fellows, ordered the band to "strike up Yankee Doodle, and this brought the eyes to the right. They did look at us," he said, "but they were not very well pleased."

The English marched to an open field, where they laid down their arms in the presence of General Lincoln, as his men had laid theirs down at Charleston only the year before. The English soldiers threw down their guns as though they meant to break them, but a word from General Lincoln put a stop to this. There was, indeed, much bitter feeling between the Americans and the English. The English and French officers showed great friendliness after the surrender, but the Americans and English had as little to do with each other as possible. Many American planters assembled at the surrender of Yorktown to claim property taken away from them by the army of Cornwallis. The English colonel, Tarleton, who had made himself very much hated in the South, was one day riding a fine horse on his way to dine with some French officers. He was stopped by a planter, who claimed the horse he was on. Tarleton hesitated, but

General O'Hara, who was present, said, "You had better give him the horse, Tarleton." The proud young officer was forced to dismount and appear at the French quarters on a miserable animal.

Five days after the taking of Yorktown Sir Henry Clinton reached the Chesapeake with a large English fleet, hoping to relieve Cornwallis, but when he found that he was too late he returned to New York. Washington had fairly outgeneraled Clinton. The skill and quickness with which he had planned the siege of Yorktown and brought it to a successful end were the admiration of men in America and in Europe. Henceforth no one doubted that he was a great general. He would have liked very much to follow this grand success by the capture of Charleston, but the Count de Grasse declined to remain any longer on the coast of the United States. The fall of Yorktown, however, soon caused the English to abandon all that they had conquered in the South, and draw their forces together in and about New York island. After seven years of hard fighting they possessed only this one spot in the whole of the United States.

There was great rejoicing all over America when the news of the victory was spread abroad. At Philadelphia an express rider reached the city about three o'clock on the morning of the 22d of October with the intelligence, and an old German watchman went about the town shouting, "Basht dree o'clock, and Cornwallis isht daken!" There was a public celebration two days later, when an aid of Washington's arrived with more certain news. The windows of the houses of Tories who refused to illuminate were smashed, and their furniture broken, until

their neighbors saved further destruction by running in and placing candles at the windows, upon which the mob moved away appeased.

Among the anecdotes told of the siege of Yorktown, there are some which show that Washington, as usual, was perfectly fearless. A chaplain who was standing by his side once had his hat covered with sand by a ball which struck the ground near them. "See here, general," said he, taking off his hat in an agitated manner.

"Mr. Evans," answered Washington coolly, "you had better carry that home and show it to your wife and children."

Another time, when a musket ball struck a cannon near him and glanced at his feet, Knox grasped his arm and said:

"My dear general, we can not spare you yet."

"It is a spent ball; no harm is done," answered Washington calmly.

A more amusing story is told of Baron Steuben, who, to avoid a shell about to explode, threw himself into the trench. In the confusion of the moment, General Wayne, who was a brigadier under Steuben, fell on top of him. "Ah," said the baron, looking up, "I always knew you were brave, general, but I did not know you were so perfect in every point of duty. You cover your general's retreat in the best manner possible."

After the surrender of Yorktown a grand dinner was given at headquarters to the officers of the three armies. Washington gave "The British army" for a toast, and made a speech, in which he complimented Cornwallis and his men. Cornwallis replied in a handsome manner, say-

ing that the war was really at an end—which was true. Before the Count de Grasse sailed away from the Chesapeake Washington presented him with two handsome horses. The one which he rode himself at the surrender of Yorktown he never mounted again. He was a chestnut, with white face and legs, and was named Nelson. He lived for many years at Mount Vernon.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE END OF THE WAR AND AFTER.

1781–1789.

WASHINGTON'S stepson, John Parke Custis, then a young man of twenty-eight, served as one of his aids at the battle of Yorktown, and was taken with the camp fever, which raged so badly in the beleaguered town. Though he was already ill, he insisted on being supported to the field to see the surrender of Cornwallis. But he grew rapidly worse, and was removed to the home of his mother's sister, Mrs. Bassett, at Eltham. His wife and mother were sent for, and they traveled to Eltham in a carriage, with a nurse and the two youngest children of the sick man. Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS.
[From a painting owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

also rode all night to reach Eltham, and was there in time to see Mr. Custis die. He shed tears over his stepson's death, and told his young widow that he would adopt the two youngest of her four children as his own. These children were Eleanor Parke Custis, who was two years old, and George Washington Parke Custis, a baby of six months.

ELEANOR PARKE CUSTIS.
[From a pastel owned by Gen. G. W. C. Lee.]

After the funeral of his stepson, Washington went to Fredericksburg with a brilliant suite of officers, among whom were many Frenchmen. When he had arrived at the town he went alone to his mother's house to make her a visit. The old lady was busy about some household work. There was a ball given in the evening, to which Washington's mother was invited. She remarked that "her dancing days were pretty well over," but agreed to go. The French officers were surprised to see Washington enter the ballroom with an old lady, plainly dressed, upon his arm. They also wondered that Mrs. Washington took her son's great success so calmly.

The general danced the minuet at this ball for the last time in his life, it is said, for, though he afterward walked through dances at balls given in his honor, he did not take the step. Early in the evening Washington's mother remarked that it was time for old folks to be in bed, and left the room on her son's arm.

Though the siege of Yorktown was the last great action of the war, it was by no means certain for some time that it would be followed by peace. Washington urged Congress to keep up the army, lest the prospect of peace should fail, and also because America would be more certain of getting fair terms were she known to be well prepared for war. He would still have liked very much to expel the enemy from New York, but his army remained small, poorly fed, ill clad, and unpaid. When the Count de Grasse was defeated in the West Indies during the winter Washington feared the English would take heart once more, but they remained quietly in New York, having withdrawn all their forces from the south. Washington encamped in the Highlands again, and nothing occurred except a few skirmishes. In the fall of 1782 the French army sailed away from America. There was so much prospect

MRS. WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

of peace in the winter of 1782–'83 that Washington would have made a visit to Mount Vernon, but he dared not leave, for "the temper of the army" was, as he said, "very much soured." At one time the men had "long been without anything which their own thriftiness could not

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH IN 1782–'83.

procure them," and again he declared that the States did not seem to think it necessary to give the army "anything but hard knocks." The officers were particularly discontented. A colonel's pay was at one time worth about four dollars a month in gold, and the officers could not get even the depreciated money due them, and were forced to draw rations to live on, like common soldiers,

and to spend their own private fortunes to get decent clothes. The country was well able to pay its army, but Congress was too weak to enforce any law by which means could be raised for this purpose, and the States were too jealous of one another to contribute what was due from each of them. At one time the officers got one of their number to propose, in a letter to the commanding general, that he should make himself king, and so give to America the advantages of a strong government. Washington promptly refused, saying that nothing which had happened during the war had given him more pain than this proposal, which, he said, was "big with the greatest mischiefs" which could befall his country.

When the officers of the army applied to Congress to have their accounts settled, their entreaties were disregarded. They finally grew discontented and rebellious, and a paper was circulated among them which appealed to their wounded feelings in a very dangerous way, and appointed a meeting of the officers of the army on the following day. Washington immediately took the matter in hand, changed the meeting to a later day, and talked with each officer alone. When the day for the meeting came he attended it himself. He apologized for being there, and said that he had written an address to his brother officers which he would like to read to them. He read a little, then stopped and took out his spectacles, asking the officers to excuse him while he did this, telling them "that he had grown gray in their service, and now found himself growing blind." There were tears in almost every eye, and when Washington finished reading the paper, in which he urged them to patience for the sake of their own

honor, and left the room, the officers passed resolutions of affection for him and of faith in the justice of Congress. This incident shows Washington's great tact in managing men.

The first certain news of peace was sent to America in the spring of 1783 by Lafayette, who had returned to France. It came in a French vessel called the Triumph. The army was disbanded gradually, for it was thought dangerous to let loose suddenly a large body of unpaid soldiers. Some new levies, indeed, mutinied, marched into Philadelphia with fixed bayonets, surrounded the Statehouse, and kept the members of Congress prisoners for three hours, after which Congress fled to Trenton. Washington immediately sent faithful men on to put a stop to such proceedings.

It was the 25th of November, 1783, before the English turned their backs upon New York. As they left the posts about the city the remnant of Washington's army marched in and took possession. The Americans were close on the heels of their old enemies, as the latter moved slowly toward the water, and officers of both armies chatted together in a friendly manner when they halted. Having seen the English all embark, the American troops headed for the Battery. The cannon had been toppled off the walls of the fort by the British in the haste of leaving, and they had unreefed the halyards of the tall flagpole and greased it so that the American flag might not be hoisted. After some time, however, a young soldier managed to climb the slippery pole, reef the halyards, and run up the Stars and Stripes amid the shouts of the crowd.

Washington looked worn but happy. Now and then he would mention some officer who was dead, and wish that he had lived to "see the glorious end" of the strug-

MOUNT VERNON, LOOKING TOWARD THE RIVER.

gle. On the 4th of December he bade his officers good-by in Fraunces's Tavern. Filling a glass, after the ceremonious fashion of the time, he said:

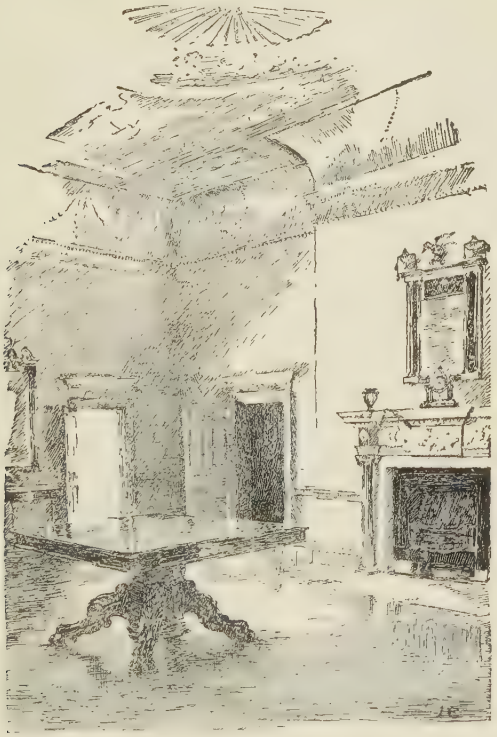
"With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable. I can not come to each of you and take my leave, but shall be obliged to you, if each of you will come to me and take me by the hand."

General Knox, who stood nearest, was the first to take

his commander's hand. The tears ran down Washington's face as he grasped the hand of his old comrade in arms in silence and kissed him, and he bade one and another of them farewell in the same hearty fashion as they crowded about him. He then left the room, passing through the light infantry which was drawn up outside of the tavern, and walked to the river, followed by his officers, who looked dejected and mournful. Washington got into a boat, and, waving his hat to his old friends, moved away for the Jersey shore. He journeyed to Annapolis, where Congress was then sitting, and, resigning his commission, "got translated into a private citizen," as he said, and returned to Mount Vernon. He and Mrs. Washington reached home the day before Christmas. The old valet, Bishop, now over eighty, stood in the door of his cottage to salute them, dressed in the scarlet regimentals he had worn at Braddock's defeat. Washington entered his own doors, as he said, nine years older than when he had left them. The Mount Vernon servants made a great racket in honor of Christmas eve and of their master's home-coming.

It was some time before Washington could overcome the habit of thinking, when he first waked in the morning, of the business of the day and realize that he was relieved of his heavy burdens. He came home, as he said, with empty pockets, for he had taken nothing from Congress except his expenses, and his estates had not been profitable during his absence. He began a planter's life again with fresh interest. He left off growing tobacco in a great measure, for tobacco exhausted the soil, and he began planting his fields to crops by rotation, trying thus

to find a better way of farming than the one to which he had been brought up. He was very much interested, too, in introducing mules into the South. The King of Spain sent him two asses for breeding purposes, and he had soon



BANQUET HALL, ADDED TO MOUNT VERNON BY WASHINGTON.

raised a great many mules, of which he was so proud that he thought of using them in place of carriage horses.

Washington took much interest in his kennels. La-

fayette sent him some hounds from France. Mrs. Washington was not very fond of these great animals, especially when one of them was found to have made away with the ham which had been boiled for dinner. Wash-

POHICK CHURCH, NEAR MOUNT VERNON, PLANNED BY WASHINGTON.

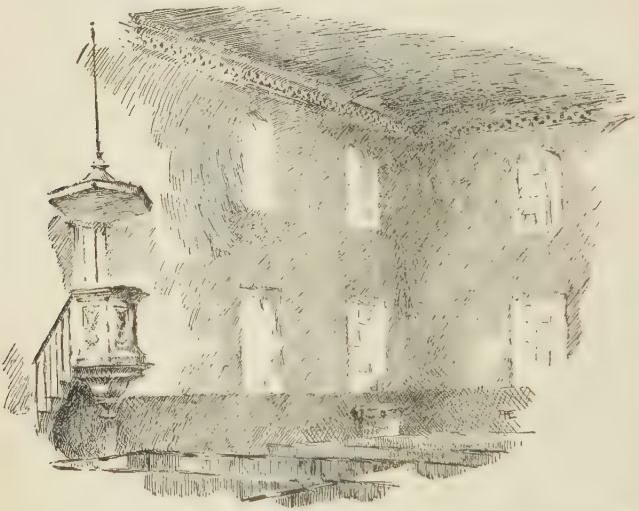
ington rode a horse named Blueskin when he went hunting, and it was his pride that when his hounds were in full cry they stood so close together that they could have been covered with a blanket. But he was growing old, and in 1785 he went on his last hunt. After this he gave away his dogs and turned his kennel into a deer park.

Washington felt, as did others of the great Virginians

of his day, that slavery was wrong, and he resolved to buy no more negroes. His mind was wonderfully active and practical. Before leaving the army he had visited Lake George and the northern part of New York State and planned a water way between the Great Lakes and the Hudson—a plan which was afterward realized in the Erie and Champlain Canals. He also made a journey to the Ohio River after he had left the army, and projected the improving and opening of water ways between Virginia and the Ohio. Two companies were formed at his suggestion for this purpose, called the Potomac and James River Companies, and the State of Virginia presented him with a number of shares in each company. But Washington was always unwilling to accept anything which might be regarded in the light of a reward for his patriotism, and agreed to keep these shares only on condition that he should be allowed to use them for a charitable purpose. He reminded the Virginia Legislature that at entering on command at the beginning of the war he had taken, as he said, "a firm resolution to shut my hand against every pecuniary recompense." He interested himself also in a boat made by Rumsey, one of the early experimenters in steam navigation.

Washington's house was now, as he said, "like a well-resorted tavern." Every traveler coming from North or South must make the great man a visit, while many distinguished Americans and foreigners came from afar to see him. He was flooded with letters from all over the country. Often they were from men who had been in the army and wished him to certify to some fact, and he was forced to go over his numerous papers in order to an-

swer them. He said that he liked to write to friends, but that it was not so easy to write letters which required "researches, consideration, recollection, and the d—l knows what to prevent error." After a time he got a secretary, who was to answer his letters and teach Mrs. Washington's grandchildren, Nelly and Washington, as they were called. The little boy was now a beautiful



INTERIOR OF POHICK CHURCH AS IT APPEARED IN WASHINGTON'S TIME.

child, and he might sometimes be seen standing beside his adopted father, grasping with his little hand one of Washington's immense fingers.

The great general was asked to sit many times for his portrait. "At first," said he, "I was as impatient at the request and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly,

but with less flouncing. Now no dray horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair." Yet he never enjoyed sitting for his portrait, and the painter Stuart tells how his face expressed discontent. The artist, to divert him, began to talk about horses, whereupon the general's face became animated with interest.

During the years in which Washington was at home, quietly leading the life of a farmer, to the admiration of men in Europe, who wondered that a great conqueror should not seek to aggrandize himself, the affairs of the country were going very badly. Congress was becoming more and more feeble, now that the States were not frightened by the war into some sort of respect for it. Washington watched everything from his home, calmly but anxiously. He wrote to his old friend George Fairfax, in England, that the States, "like young heirs" come a little early into a large inheritance, "would probably riot for a while," but he thought that this would "work its own cure, as there's virtue at the bottom." He said that "democratic States must feel before they can see," and the American people had to feel for some time the need of a strong government before they would consent to have one. When Washington was at last made one of the delegates to a convention for forming a constitution, he went unwillingly, not wishing to be drawn away from a private life. The convention met in Philadelphia in the spring of 1787, and sat for four months. Washington was chosen president of this body. He might be seen in those days walking alone to the Statehouse, dressed in a plain blue coat and cocked hat, and with his hair powdered. He seemed to be "pressed down with thought." Franklin,

who was now a very old and very stout man, had to be brought every day to the hall of Congress in a Sedan chair by "a posse of men." When, after the long four months of debate, the Constitution was finally signed, Franklin said to those about him, pointing to a sun painted behind the chair in which Washington sat as president of the convention: "I have often and often, in the course of the session and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; at length I have the happiness to know it is a rising, and not a setting, sun."

The Constitution was not to be in force until nine of the thirteen States should accept it. There was a very strong party opposed to it, and it was nearly a year before nine of the States accepted it, and about three years before the last of the thirteen—Rhode Island—finally joined the other States under this new government. Washington knew that he was likely to be elected President, and his friends tried to persuade him to accept the office, but he said that he felt "a sort of gloom" whenever he thought that he would have to decide about it. He was unanimously elected in 1789, John Adams being chosen as Vice-President. Washington had many misgivings. He said that his "feelings on moving to the chair of government" would be like "those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution."

Before leaving Virginia the new President-elect went to see his mother, who was now very old, and suffering from a cancer of the breast. He had long given her

MARY WASHINGTON'S HOUSE AT FREDERICKSBURG, AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

[View from the garden, looking toward the old dining-room.]

money toward her support, but sometimes the old lady seems to have been troublesome, and to have made unreasonable demands upon him or talked in a complaining way to others. Before the war ended it was proposed that the Legislature of Virginia should give her a pension. Washington was pained, lest it should be said that he did not provide for his mother. He wrote to his brother, John Augustine, asking him to hint delicately to their mother that she should not complain too much about the hardness of the times, and so seem to be in need. At another time he wrote to her advising her to live with one of her children, but saying that he could not take her to live with him, since there were always visitors in the house, and that she must either be changing her dress continually, which would not be pleasant to her, or appear in *deshabille*, which would not be pleasant to him, or keep her room, which would be unpleasant for both of them. Evidently Mary Washington's habits were very simple. When Lafayette visited America after the war, he went with one of her grandsons to visit Washington's mother. The boy pointed to an old woman in homespun, wearing a broad straw hat and gathering up refuse in her garden.

"There, sir, is my grandmother," said he.

"Ah, marquis," said Mrs. Washington, "you see an old woman; but come in, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress."

When Lafayette talked to her about her son's greatness, she merely said, "I am not much surprised at what George has done; he was always a good boy."

There is no doubt that Washington loved his mother.

When he went to see her before becoming President, he told her that the people had chosen him for this high office, and that he would come to see her again as soon as possible. But she said, "You will see me no more," and told him that she was sure she would not live long. Washington, it is said, laid his head upon her shoulder and wept while she clasped him in her arms for the last time.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT.

1789–1797.

With many misgivings, Washington started on horseback for New York, where he was to be inaugurated. But everywhere as he traveled he was met by crowds of people, who did him honor in the most extravagant manner. At Philadelphia, as he passed under an arch, a young man, aided by some machinery, let a civic crown of laurel down upon his head. At Trenton, the bridge over the Assanpink was decorated with a triumphal arch supported by thirteen pillars, and bearing the inscription, "The Defender Of The Mothers Will Be The Protector Of The Daughters." Here Washington was met by a party of matrons, leading their daughters, dressed in white. The young girls strewed flowers and sang an ode to Washington. He crossed from Elizabethtown Point, in New Jersey, to New York in a fine barge rowed by thirteen sea captains, attended by a great display of boats and vocal and instrumental music, ships were decorated, cannon roared, and the crowds which covered the New York docks shouted in his honor. These things made Washington sad, for he thought how all this might be changed if the people became displeased with his acts as President.

Washington took the oath of office on the 30th day of April, 1789, in the open gallery in the front of Federal Hall, which stood at the head of Broad Street. He was dressed in a suit of dark-brown cloth and wore white silk stockings, all of American manufacture. In the gallery

FEDERAL HALL.

[From a water-color drawing made in 1798 by Robinson. New York Historical Society.]

with him were Vice-President Adams, Generals Knox, St. Clair, Steuben, and other officers, Governor Clinton, of New York, and Richard Henry Lee. Otis, who was Secretary of the Senate, held a Bible on a crimson cushion, and Chancellor Livingston read the oath of office. Washington then said "I swear," bowed to kiss the Bible, raised his head, and with closed eyes added, "So help me God."

"It is done," said Livingston. "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" and the crowd took up the shout. The first to shake hands with Washington was Lee, the "Dickey" of his boyhood friendship. The newly made President then gave an inaugural speech before the Houses of Congress, and went on foot to St. Paul's Church, where prayers were read by the bishop.

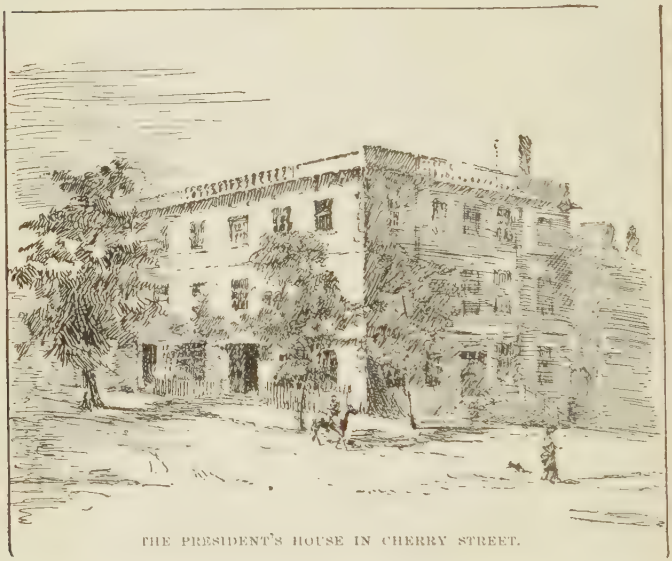
Mrs. Washington made the journey to New York in the latter part of May, with her two grandchildren, Nellie and Washington. She, too, was dressed in clothes of American manufacture, and was received everywhere with great honors. The President first rented a house at No. 3 Cherry Street, but as this was not large enough, and the high headdresses of the ladies of the day were apt to graze the chandeliers, the plumes of one belle even catching fire, he moved to a larger house on Broadway, for which he paid twenty-five hundred dollars rent. This seems little enough now, but it was thought a very extravagant rent in those days.

As the presidency was a new office and there were no customs, everything had to be settled as to the proper forms. Washington liked a certain amount of dignified ceremonial. There was much discussion as to how the President should be addressed. One day when this was being talked of at a dinner which he gave at his house, Washington said to one of his guests:

"Well, General Muhlenberg, what do you think of the title of High Mightiness?"

"Why, general," answered Muhlenberg, "if we were always sure that the office would be held by men as large

as yourself, or my friend Wynkoop," alluding to another tall man present, "it would be appropriate enough; but if, by chance, a President as small as my opposite neighbor should be elected, it would become ridiculous."



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN CHERRY STREET.

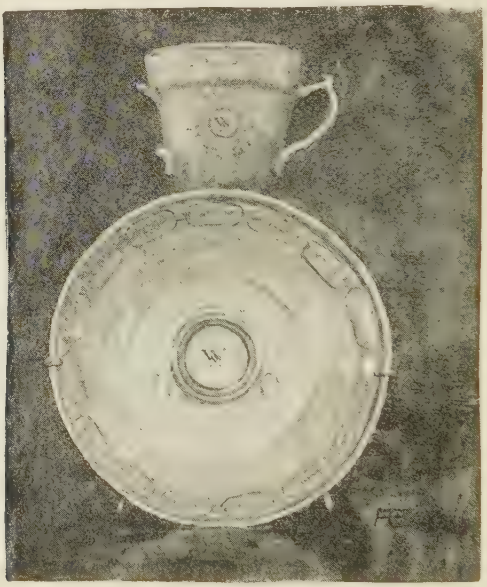
Every one laughed except Washington, who did not enjoy the joke.

As he found it impossible to receive calls at those hours of the day when he should be attending to business, Washington appointed certain days for levees. Jefferson tells how, at his first levee, Colonel Humphreys, who was a sort of master of ceremonies, when the company had assembled, preceded Washington from the anteroom, and, when the door of the inner room had been

thrown open, announced in a loud voice, "The President of the United States." Washington was so disconcerted by this ceremony that he afterward said to Humphreys, "You have taken me in once, but you shall never take me in a second time." At his levees Washington wore a suit of black velvet, black silk stockings, and silver shoe and knee buckles. His hair was powdered and tied behind in a black bag; he wore yellow gloves, and a dress sword in a white leathern scabbard, while he held in his hand his cocked hat edged with black feathers. When the guests had assembled the President entered, and walked round the room greeting each one in turn, without, however, shaking hands. At Mrs. Washington's receptions, when he considered himself only a private gentleman, he dressed in a brown cloth suit with bright buttons, wore no sword, and moved among the guests, talking freely.

There were people who criticised Washington's ceremonies. They thought his levees were too much like those of a king, and were shocked because people were required to stand on these occasions. The fact was that the room in which they were held would not have contained a third part of the chairs necessary to seat the guests. There was a caricature printed of Washington's entry into New York which represented him as riding on an ass, led by Humphreys, who was singing hosannas in his praise. But foreigners who visited his house thought the manner of his life very simple. One noticed that he dined on a boiled leg of mutton, eating only of one dish, and that after dessert a single glass of wine was served to each guest, after which Washington rose and led the way to the drawing-room. Another visitor said

that everything about the house had an air of simplicity. Mrs. Washington's receptions broke up before nine o'clock. "The general," said this lady, "always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." It must not be



CUP AND SAUCER.

[From a set presented to Mrs. Washington by Van Braam or Lafayette. National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

forgotten, however, that the hours kept in that day were earlier than those of later times. The plays at the theater began at six and were over before nine.

Washington made the tavern keeper Fraunces, or Black Sam, as he was often called, his steward. Although he entertained a great deal, seldom sitting down

to the table without guests, and spent a part of his own private fortune, as well as his salary of twenty-five thousand a year, while he was President, he still made an effort to enforce economy in his house, and kept a very careful account of his expenses, so that he could, as he said, tell at least what he lost and how he lost it. He had a hard time with Fraunces, who had his own notions as to how a President of the United States should live. The steward once bought a fine shad at the Vly Market. It was served the next morning at breakfast, and Washington asked what kind of a fish it was.

"A shad," answered Fraunces.

"It is very early in the season for shad," said the President. "How much did you pay for it?"

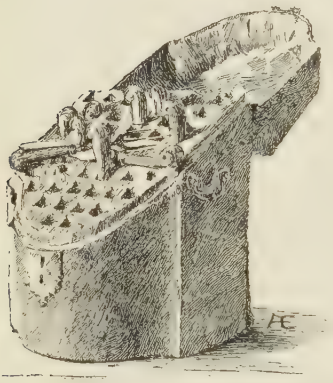
"Two dollars," replied the steward.

"Two dollars!" exclaimed Washington. "I can never encourage such extravagance at my table. Take it away; I will not touch it."

Fraunces carried the shad out, and afterward made a good meal of it in his own room. It is said that Washington usually had a scene with his steward once a week, when accounts were settled Fraunces would leave the room with tears in his eyes, saying: "Well, he may discharge me, he may kill me, if he will, but while he is President of the United States, and I have the honor to be his steward, his establishment shall be supplied with the very best the country can afford."

Washington chose his Cabinet with great care. He made John Jay, a very pure and high-minded man, Chief Justice. General Henry Knox, who had begun life a bookseller in Boston, and who had become an important

major general in charge of the Revolutionary artillery, was already Secretary of War, and Washington kept him in this office. For the Treasury Department he chose Alexander Hamilton, a young man of much ability and force.



CASE OF SILVER-HANDLED KNIVES AND FORKS BELONGING TO WASHINGTON.
[National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

He was a native of the West Indies, sent to New York for his education. Washington first saw Hamilton at the passage of the Raritan in the flight through New Jersey, in 1776. He noticed the courage of a young artillery officer who was directing a battery against the enemy's advanced columns, which were pressing the Americans hard. Washington inquired the name of this young man. It proved to be Hamilton, and he made him one of his aids. For Secretary of State Washington chose Thomas Jefferson, a man who possessed a mind of the very first order. Edmund Randolph was made Attorney-General.

The President had been but a few months in office when he was seized with a serious illness known as anthrax. A tumor was removed, and for some time he was so dangerously ill that a chain was stretched across the street to keep wagons from passing his house. During this time his mother died, at the age of eighty-two. Washington was twice very ill during the early years of

his presidency, and he thought that confinement to business was bad for the health of one who had passed most of his days in the saddle. In order to get exercise and change, and to bind the States together by friendly feelings for their Government, he was accustomed to make journeys through the country when Congress was not in session, and he sometimes spent his summers at Mount Vernon. On his tours he was loaded with honors which were often so extravagant as to be a little ridiculous. Hymns were sung in his praise in which he was called "Columbia's Savior." It was common for him to be greeted with shouts of "Long live George Washington!" or "God bless your reign!" Buttons were worn bearing his initials and the motto, "Long live the President!" On his Southern tour, he was at one time conveyed in a richly decorated boat, rowed by sea captains dressed in light-blue silk jackets, black satin breeches, white silk stockings, and hats bound with bands of black ribbon on which were the words "Long live the President" in golden letters. Ladies wore sashes with his portrait and the same motto painted on them. At a ball which Washington attended the women all carried fans, imported from Paris, decorated with his portrait. He seems to have wearied of all this worship. On his journeys to and from Mount Vernon he tried to avoid being known. He sent a courier ahead to engage rooms, charged to let no one but the landlord know of his coming. Usually, however, the news leaked out, a trumpet was sounded, crowds gathered, and the village cannon was fired. An old artillery officer, who was several times cheated of his cannonade by Washington's traveling in secret, said: "He shall not serve

me so again. I'll warrant that my matches will be found lighted next time." On his New England tour he was introduced to Mr. Cleaveland, the minister of the town, who stood before the great man with his head uncovered.

"Put on your hat, parson, and I will shake hands with you," said Washington.

"I can not wear my hat in your presence, general," answered the minister, "when I think of what you have done for this country."

"You did as much as I did," answered the President.

"No, no," exclaimed the parson.

"Yes," said Washington, "you did what you could, and I've done no more."

When Washington was on a tour in 1790, a tavern on Long Island was thrown into a great commotion by the news of the President's approach, and a grand supper was prepared for him. What was the astonishment of the negro servants in the kitchen when the great man ordered mush and milk for his repast.

WATER-MARK FROM PAPER USED BY WASHINGTON DURING HIS PRESIDENCY.
[Kindness of Dr. Toner.]

Once Washington sent a present to some country girls whom he saw on his travels, with this pretty letter to their father: "Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being,

moreover, much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz: and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornaments she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even of its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me; but that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who, I dare say, is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to 'The President of the United States, New York.' I wish you and your family well, and am your humble servant."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE EARLY EVENTS OF WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION.

1789–1793.

One of the first actions of the new Government was to provide for the payment of the great public debt of about eighty millions, caused by the Revolutionary War. Every one agreed that the foreign debt, which was mostly due to France, should be paid as soon as possible; but Hamilton planned not only to pay at full value all the paper certificates issued by Congress during the war, which had now come to be worth only about fifteen cents on a dollar, because it was never expected that the Government would pay their full value, but he also proposed the bold plan of undertaking the State debts. He said that, as all these debts were the price the country had paid for her freedom, it was only just that they should be paid by her Government. He also wished, though he did not say it, to make the Central Government strong by this measure, and to reduce the power of the separate State governments, which he dreaded. There was a great deal of opposition in Congress to the latter part of Hamilton's plan. At the same time there was a bitter wrangle about where the permanent capital should be placed. Virginia, which had a small debt, was opposed to the Central Government's assuming State debts, and she was anxious to

have the new city placed on the Potomac. It was finally agreed that the Virginia members should vote for assumption, while the Northern members should vote to locate the capital on the Potomac. Thus the city of Washington came to be situated in the South, and Hamilton carried his brilliant measure which was to put the Government on an honorable footing. Washington was given charge of the affairs of the new city, and took much inter-

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

est in the planning and founding of the metropolis that was to bear his name, but which he always modestly called "the Federal City."

While the new Capitol was building, it was agreed that the Government was to be removed for ten years to Philadelphia. As Robert Morris had been interested in procuring the removal of the Government to Phila-

delphia, New Yorkers enjoyed a caricature of the day which represented Morris as walking off with the Federal Hall on his shoulders, the members of Congress leaning from the windows, some encouraging and some cursing him, while the devil from the roof of Paulus Hook ferry house beckoned to Morris, saying, "This way, Bobby."

The Revolutionary War had excited the passions of the Western and Southern Indians, who were jealous of the steady growth of the United States westward. The new settlements in Kentucky were so tormented with Indian massacres that Kentucky came to be known once more as "the dark and bloody ground." The name Kentucky is said to signify this, and to have been given to that land because of the desperate encounters of Indians of various tribes with one another in their struggles for its possession. The Indians were encouraged in their warfare on the Americans by the commanders of the English posts which lay along the northern frontier of the Ohio country. In 1790, Washington sent General Harmer into the heart of this Indian region with a force of fifteen hundred men to punish the Indians. Harmer, however, far from chastising the savages, was himself severely defeated. The next year Washington sent another expedition into the Indian country, under the command of General St. Clair. In the fall of 1791, St. Clair was surprised and utterly defeated by the Indians under the chief Little Turtle. The wounded and exhausted men who could not follow the retreat were butchered in the most horrible manner. Washington was dining when he received the dispatches announcing St. Clair's defeat. He appeared to be perfectly calm, at-

tended Mrs. Washington's reception, and showed no signs of excitement until every one had left except his secretary, Lear, when he began to walk up and down the room, and suddenly burst into one of his rare fits of terrible anger.

"It is all over!" he exclaimed. "St. Clair's defeated —routed; the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete—too shocking to think off—and a surprise into the bargain!"

He strode up and down again. "Here on this very spot I took leave of him. I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' said I, 'from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—beware of a surprise! I repeat it, *beware of a surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that my last solemn warning thrown into his ears, and yet he suffered that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I had guarded him against. O God! O God! he's worse than a murderer. How can he answer it to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him, the curse of widows and orphans, the curse of Heaven!"

Washington went on pacing up and down the room. After a time he sat down, and said more quietly to Lear: "This must not go beyond this room."

There was a long silence. The first strong passion was subsiding, and the cooler thoughts which usually governed his actions were beginning to come to him. At last he said:

"General St. Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the dispatches, saw the whole disaster, but not

the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure, I will hear him without prejudice. He shall have full justice."

And so he did. When the ruined general arrived he hobbled up to Washington on his gouty feet, seized his hand, and sobbed aloud. He was never reproached by the President. But though St. Clair was acquitted of blame by Congress, the popular prejudice against him was so great that Washington replaced him by another general. To aid himself in deciding on a man for this important position, he wrote his opinion of the qualities of the various officers on paper, noting any faults which might stand in the way of their success, and carefully weighing one against the other. Under the name of Wayne, he wrote: "More active and enterprising than judicious and cautious; no economist, it is feared; open to flattery; vain; easily imposed upon and liable to be drawn into scrapes; too indulgent (the effect, perhaps, of some of the causes just mentioned) to his officers and men. Whether sober or a little addicted to the bottle I know not." But after careful thought Washington chose Wayne to lead a new expedition into the Indian country, and his choice proved to be a good one.

The country soon came to be divided into two parties. The Federalists were those men who believed in making the Central Government of the country as strong as possible, and who were inclined to lean toward English methods of governing. Hamilton was the leader of this party. He was a very able man, but he had little faith in the ability of the people to govern themselves. He admired the British Constitution, and his enemies suspected

him of a leaning toward royalty. Men who were of an opposite way of thinking began to form themselves into a new party known as the Republican party, which is not the same as the Republican party of our day. They believed in government by the people, in the rights of the States, and were jealous of the power of the Central Government. They sympathized with France in her great Revolution, and hated and suspected Great Britain. Jefferson became the natural leader of this party. This great man believed in a very liberal form of government. He had lived in France long enough to see all the evils of an aristocracy, and dreaded lest any such institutions should oppress our land. Both parties had right on their side, and did a good work—the one in making the Government strong and powerful, and the other in preventing it from becoming oppressive. But it is hard for men in their own day to see good in both of two political parties. Washington, though he naturally was a stronghold to the Federal party, wished to belong to no such divisions. They were the harder for him to bear because the two great leaders of the parties were in his own Cabinet. Jefferson believed that Hamilton had a dangerous tendency toward monarchy. He encouraged a paper, edited by a clerk in his department named Freneau, which criticised the Government, and especially Hamilton, without attacking Washington. He told the President that he wished to resign, but Washington persuaded him affectionately to remain.

The time had arrived for the President to decide whether he should accept the office for a second term. Both Hamilton and Jefferson urged him to do so, and thus carry the country through what, as it seemed to them,

would be a period of danger. Washington said to Jefferson that he feared that people would say that, "having tasted the sweets of office, he could not do without them." He said that his hearing was failing, and "perhaps his other faculties might fall off and he not be sensible of it." He was annoyed by the attacks made upon the Government by Freneau's paper. He said that he considered them as attacking him, for he declared that he "must be a fool indeed to swallow the little sugarplums thrown out to him."

Although Washington was tired of office and wished to retire once more to his home, it seemed so important for him to remain at the head of the Government for another four years that he did not refuse to be a candidate for President once more. He was re-elected in 1792, and began his second administration in March, 1793.

CHAPTER XLIX.

WASHINGTON'S SECOND TERM.

1793–1797.

WASHINGTON was inaugurated the second time, on the 4th of March, 1793, with very little display. He was dressed in mourning on account of the death of one of his nephews, a young man who had managed his affairs for some time. The foreign difficulties now became very great. France was in the midst of her great revolution. Americans sympathized strongly with the French struggle for liberty. In Boston, an ox roasted whole, with the French and American flags hanging from its gilded horns, was drawn around the streets by sixteen horses, after which the people feasted on it in honor of the French cause. But the murder of the French king, the fall of Lafayette, and the shocking excesses which were practiced in France, began to make some men doubtful. England, meanwhile, was sulky in her treatment of the United States. For some time she sent no minister to this country; she held her posts on the frontier, encouraging the Indians to war, while she searched American ships for British subjects. Soon after the beginning of Washington's second term news came that France had declared war against England. There was great danger that America would be involved in the struggle. There

were many Americans who still hated England with the greatest bitterness, and thought that we owed so much to France that we were bound to aid her against the old enemy. Washington was at Mount Vernon when the tidings of this new war arrived. He knew that though the country was fast becoming prosperous once more, it was in no state to engage in a war. He was determined to prevent the United States from being drawn into European struggles. He hurried to Philadelphia, consulted his Cabinet, and issued a proclamation of neutrality. Thus Washington set an example of sound policy, a policy that has always been followed by the United States in cases of foreign wars.

A new French minister, known as Citizen Genet, arrived about this time in the United States. He was a violent man, and determined to draw America into a war with England. He landed at Charleston and immediately fitted out privateers manned with American seamen, and sent them to cruise against English ships. Genet was received everywhere with great applause by the Americans. The people were madly in favor of French liberty, and Washington's neutral course was very unpopular. There was a caricature printed about this time, called the funeral of Washington, in which the President was represented as a king placed upon a guillotine. In one of his Cabinet meetings Washington broke forth into one of his fits of passionate anger when this outrageous attack was mentioned. He said that he had repented but once having let slip the chance for resigning his office, and "that was every moment since."

"I had rather be in my grave," said he, "than in my

present situation; I had rather be on my farm than to be made emperor of the world; and yet they are charging me with wanting to be a king!"

But though his proud nature was keenly wounded by the injustice of party attacks, Washington never for a moment thought of acting in any other way than that

PORTRAIT OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

[From a painting by Gilbert Stuart, made in 1796, called the "Athenæum portrait."]

which seemed to him right, no matter how unpopular his actions might be. He tried to put a stop to the sending of privateers against English ships by the troublesome French minister, lest the proceedings of that ambassador should draw the country into war with England. But

while he was absent at Mount Vernon Citizen Genet fitted up at Philadelphia the Little Susan, an English vessel recently captured, renamed her the Little Democrat, and let her go to sea as a privateer, though he had been forbidden to do this by the authorities. He started democratic societies in the United States in imitation of the French Jacobin clubs, and finally insulted the Government by threatening to appeal to the American people, with whom he was so popular. The Government quietly asked France to recall him, and when it became known how he had threatened Washington and his Cabinet he lost his popularity. He was presently recalled, and a wiser man put in his place.

Meanwhile both Hamilton and Jefferson resigned. Hamilton was to remain until the end of the session of Congress. Jefferson, who was really leader of the party opposed to much that the Government did, was in a very uncomfortable position, and wished to leave at the end of the month. Washington, who was determined not to be alienated from a great man like Jefferson merely because he did not agree with him, called on him at his house. He said that he wished that he himself had left office at the close of his last term, since he was to be deserted by those he counted on. He would, he feared, have great difficulty in finding a Secretary of State who would know enough about foreign affairs. Jefferson proposed Chancellor Livingston, but Washington objected that he and Hamilton were both from New York, and as it could not be known for some time that Hamilton had resigned, "a newspaper conflagration" would follow if Livingston were chosen. Other men proposed were accused of doubtful

speculations or were unequal to the office. Jefferson's account of this talk between himself and the President shows how great were Washington's anxieties and how pure were his motives. Jefferson consented to remain in office a few months longer, and Edmund Randolph, the former Attorney-General, was finally put in his place.

Great Britain seemed to be doing what she could to arouse American anger. American ships bearing corn to French ports were stopped and carried to England, while American vessels in the West Indies were seized by the English governors of these islands. There was a great war fever in the United States, and it seemed impossible that even Washington's steady hand could keep the country neutral. But England presently modified her policy and ceased to interfere with American ships in the West Indies. It was now proposed to send Hamilton on a mission to England, to make a treaty with that country; but the Republican party was opposed to the sending of Hamilton on such a mission. Monroe, one of the leaders of this party, asked to have an interview with Washington on this subject. Washington haughtily refused to see Monroe, and then, acting on a generous second thought as he so frequently did, he appointed Monroe minister to France. He often chose for high office men who were opposed to him in politics. He sent John Jay to England to try to settle the disputes with that country.

In order to raise money with which to pay off the debt, a law had been passed putting a tax on spirits made in the country. This was called "drinking down the national debt." But the farmers who lived across the Alleghanies, and made their corn into whisky because it

could not be carried in any other form across the mountains, disliked this tax very much. These people rose in an insurrection in 1794, and assembled on the field of Braddock's defeat. After trying in various ways to bring them to terms, Washington raised a small army. He inspected the men himself, and meant at one time to march at their head, but finding all well arranged, he returned to Philadelphia. The army crossed the Alleghanies, to find the people subdued by the rumor of its approach. About the same time came the news of Wayne's victory over the Indians. This officer had been advancing slowly and gradually into the Indian country, building forts as he went. He fought the Indians in 1794, on the Maumee River, almost under the very walls of a fort still held by the English, defeated them, and destroyed their cabins and cornfields.

The next important event was the arrival, in 1795, of the Jay treaty with England. It was not a very favorable treaty for the United States, but it promised that the frontier posts should be given up, and by its acceptance a war with England would be avoided. The Senate voted that the treaty should be ratified. But when it came to be known how few advantages the treaty granted to the United States there was a great clamor against it. Meetings were held at which it was denounced; it was burned before the house of the British minister, the English flag was trailed, and Jay's effigy was carried about and then burned. But Washington was not to be frightened in this way. After much thought, he believed it best that the treaty should be signed, and this was done. About the same time some French dispatches which were cap-

tured by an English vessel were sent to America. In them were some things which seemed to show that Randolph, the Secretary of State, had offered to sell his influence to the French minister. The President showed these papers to Randolph, and the Secretary immediately resigned. Washington was obliged, now that his course was unpopular, to make up his Cabinet of second-rate men. Randolph revenged himself by attacking the President.

SWORD PRESENTED TO WASHINGTON.
[Albany State Library.]

Washington had the habit of making speeches on the opening of Congress, instead of sending messages as Presidents do now. He had the Virginia love of fine horses and equipages. He drove to Congress in a cream-colored coach, which was decorated with cupids holding festoons of flowers, and was drawn by six bay horses. He was preceded by two gentlemen bearing wands, who kept back the crowd when the President alighted. A little boy who was in the crowd on such an occasion afterward told how Washington was dressed. His powdered hair had been gathered into a black silk bag ornamented with a large rosette of black ribbon, and he wore a black velvet suit, diamond knee-buckles, square silver shoe-buckles, black silk stockings, japanned shoes, a ruffled shirt, a

cocked hat, and his dress sword. The boy glided into the hall of Congress almost under the skirts of Washington's coat, but he would as soon have thought of touching an electric battery as touching the great man. He climbed upon one of the two cast-iron stoves which stood near the door. Once there, his eyes were fastened upon the Spanish ambassador, who wore a splendid diplomatic dress, decorated with orders, and carried under his arm an immense hat edged with white ostrich feathers. Washington was a hesitating speaker, and his voice had been left weak by lung trouble in his youth. A man who once heard him speak in public said that it gave him pain that one so great in other things should not be also great in this regard.

Washington bought solid and handsome articles to furnish his house and his table, and he liked such dress as he thought suitable to the occasion, but if he was fond of display it was in horses. His adopted son, little Washington Custis, remembered how the President's white chargers, when he was about to use them, were covered over night with a paste made of whiting, wrapped in cloths, and given clean straw to sleep on. In the morning they were rubbed till they shone like satin, their hoofs were blacked and polished, their mouths washed, their teeth picked, and they were trapped in leopard-skin housings. Washington was one of the best horsemen of his day, and he was a superb figure when he rode abroad on one of his fine animals.

One day when President Washington was holding a levee an old Irish soldier of the Revolution came to the door and wished to see his former commander. German

John, the servant who stood at the President's door, objected, but the old fellow calmly took a seat in the hall, and there he sat while senators, judges, ambassadors, and other great men came and went. When the levee was over the President was told that there was an obstinate Irishman in the hall who refused to leave until he had seen him. Washington stepped into the hall.

"Long life to your honor's excellence!" exclaimed the Irish soldier. "Your honor will not remember me, though many's the day I have marched under your orders, and many's the hard knock I have had too. I belonged to Wayne's brigade—Mad Anthony, the British called him, and by the power, he was always mad enough for them! I was wounded in the battle of Germantown. Hurrah for America! And it does my heart good to see your honor; and how is the dear lady, and all the little ones?"

Washington smiled, said that he was well, and Mrs. Washington was well, but that unfortunately they had no children. He then slipped a piece of money into the veteran's hand.

"There, now, you old Hessian fellow," said the Irishman to German John as he left the house, "you see his honor's excellency hasn't forgotten an ould soldier!"

While Washington was President his old friend Lafayette was thrown into an Austrian prison. The Marchioness de Lafayette wrote touching letters to the President, begging him to use his influence to get her husband released. He did all in his power; he instructed his foreign ministers to use their influence, and he himself wrote to the Emperor of Germany. Meanwhile he sent two thousand guilders to Holland for the use of Madame

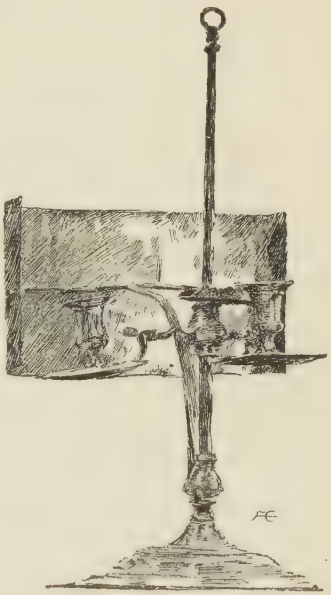
Lafayette, writing to her that he owed Lafayette that amount. When the latter's son, George Washington Lafayette, took refuge in the United States, Washington caused him to be entertained in the homes of his friends. He feared, at first, to take him to his own home, lest it might cause trouble between this country and France, for there the young man would have to meet the minister of the French Government, which was persecuting his father. He finally threw aside all scruples, however, and took the boy and his tutor to his own house, until he returned to his parents on the release of Lafayette.

DRAWING FROM A MINIATURE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS.

[Painted for George Lafayette, and returned after his death to Mary Custis Lee.]

Mrs. Washington enjoyed public life as little as did her husband. She spoke of the time she spent away from home as the President's wife as her "lost days." She described herself in one of her letters as a sort of "state prisoner." "There are," said she, "certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from, and as I can not do as I like I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal." She said that when she was younger, she would no doubt have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of her age, "but I have long since," said she, "placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness on the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon."

Washington declined to accept a third term. He was thoroughly weary of public life. The Federalist party chose John Adams for their candidate, and the Republicans Thomas Jefferson. As the man with the second number of votes in those days became Vice-President, and Adams was elected, Jefferson, who was of an opposite party, came into office as Vice-President. As soon as Washington was out of the strife the party papers ceased their bitter attacks upon him, and during his last months in office all tried to show the grateful love which the country really felt for him. At the inauguration of Adams Washington made a farewell address. While he was speaking Adams covered his face with both his hands and the tears were seen to wet his coat sleeves. The audience wept, and tears ran down Washington's face as he sat down. When the retiring President went out there was such a rush to see him that dignified men are said to have escaped from the crowd only by sliding down the pillars of the hall.



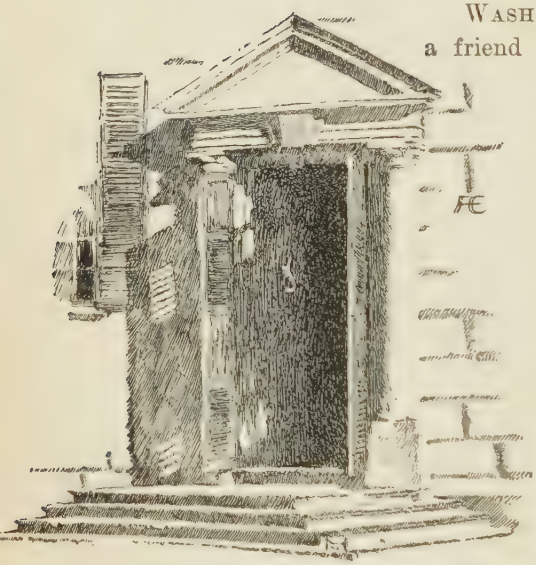
CANDLESTICK USED BY WASHINGTON WHEN HE WROTE HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[National Museum, Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER L.

AT HOME.

1797–1799.



DOORWAY TO MOUNT VERNON ON THE SIDE FARTHEST FROM THE RIVER.

WASHINGTON wrote to a friend that his only object in life now was to make and sell a little flour and repair his home. Everything that he undertook was well done, and barrels of flour marked with his name were passed in the West Indies without being opened for inspection. Mount Vernon was presently transformed into a substantial mansion. Washington was very eager to improve agriculture in the South, and tried to get English farmers to come over and manage his planta-

MOUNT VERNON AS IT APPEARS AT PRESENT.

tions. But a man who came from England for this purpose thought the soil of Mount Vernon poor, and did not think land could be made profitable where there were a large number of negroes, many of them useless, to be supported. Washington's one fault seems to have been a habit of close dealing—a habit which no doubt had done much to raise him from a poor boy to a rich man. Everything that came into his house was weighed, measured, or counted, often under his own eye. A mason who had plastered a room in his absence had been paid by measure. Washington measured the room on his return, and found that the man had been overpaid. The mason had since died, and his wife had married a second husband, who advertised to pay the first husband's debts. Washington collected from the second husband the fifteen shillings overpaid. A gentleman who crossed a ferry owned by Washington paid in a coin which was found to be under weight. Washington caused his ferryman to collect the few cents due him. He would not give a certain tenant a receipt for rent which was a trifle underpaid, and the man had to ride to Alexandria to make change. Colonel Lee, who was famous in Revolutionary days as "Light-Horse Harry Lee," was once dining at Mount Vernon, when Washington mentioned that he wanted to buy a pair of carriage horses.

"I have a fine pair, general," said Lee, "but you can not get them."

"Why not?" asked Washington.

"Because," answered Lee, "you will never pay more than half price for anything, and I must have full price for my horses."

Mrs. Washington fell to laughing, and her parrot, sitting beside her, joined in the laugh. "Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow," said the general, good-humoredly; "see, that bird is laughing at you." Such were Washington's faults. He was just almost to hardness in his dealings, but he was generous in other matters. He gave freely to many useful objects. During the war he charged his agent at Mount Vernon to keep up his charities, that his poor neighbors might not suffer by his absence. He was always surrounded by young people whom he was helping on in the world or educating at his own expense. Some of these were his nephews and nieces, but some were not related to him. While he was President he found time to write his young relatives careful letters of advice. He kept a kindly eye on their faults, which he tried to correct. When he sent his niece Harriet, for whom he had been caring, to stay with his sister Betty (Mrs. Lewis) while he was in Philadelphia, he charged her to direct Harriet in the use of her clothes, "for without this," said he, they will be, I am told, dabbed about in

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON CUSTIS.
[From a miniature owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

every hole and corner and her best things always in use."

Washington took great pride in his two adopted children, Nelly and Washington. For Nelly he bought a

'ELLY CUSTIS'S HARPSICHORD AND STOOL, AND GENERAL WASHINGTON'S FLUTE.

[Drawn at Mount Vernon.]

harpsichord which cost a thousand dollars, and her brother afterward remembered how his sister would "play and cry and cry and play" for four or five hours a day on this instrument under the strict eye of Mrs. Washington. The grandmother was more indulgent to the boy; and when he went to college and proved indolent and careless Washington shed tears over his failings. On the other hand, he took much pleasure in Nelly. He would laugh heartily when she gave "a saucy description" of something which had happened, or played some merry prank. He liked to see her amuse herself with her girl

friends, but when he found that his presence awed them he would leave the room. He wrote Nelly a letter of advice on the occasion of her first ball, which happened while he was still President.

"Let me touch a little now on your Georgetown ball," said he, "and happy, thrice happy, for the fair who were assembled on the occasion that there was a man to spare; for had there been seventy-nine ladies and only seventy-eight gentlemen, there might in the course of the evening have been some disorder among the caps, notwithstanding the apathy which *one* of the company entertains for the '*youth*' of the present day, and her determination 'never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of them.' A hint here: men and women feel the same inclinations toward each other *now* that they always have done, and which they will continue to do until there is a new order of things; and *you*, as others have done, may find, perhaps, that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon or too strongly of your insensibility to or resistance of its powers. In the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable matter, however dormant it may be for a time, and, like an intimate acquaintance of yours, when the torch is put to it, *that* which is *within you* may burst into a blaze; for which reason, and especially, too, as I have entered upon the chapter of advices, I will read you a lecture drawn from this text.

"Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it can not be resisted. This is true in part only, for, like all things else, when nourished

and supplied plentifully with aliment it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth or much stinted in its growth. For example, a woman (the same may be said of the other sex), all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness *ceases*, and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may and ought to be under the guidance of reason; for, although we can not avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard. And my motives for treating this subject are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, and the way in which it may be accomplished.

PROTRAIT OF NELLY CUSTIS.
[From a portrait owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

"When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it: Who is the invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him?

Is he a man of good character—a man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? Is he a gambler, a spendthrift, or drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters live, and is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one: Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated, delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, having precluded all advances on your part. The declaration, without the *most indirect* invitation of yours, must proceed from the man to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-faced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others, by encouraging looks, words, or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected."

Nelly Custis afterward married Washington's nephew, his sister Betty's son, Lawrence Lewis, who lived in Washington's house as an assistant, as several of his nephews did at different times. Washington is said to have been much pleased with the match.

Washington's habits at home were simple. He rose at

four o'clock in the morning. His body servant prepared his clothes and combed and tied his hair, but he always shaved and dressed himself. His clothes were of an old-fashioned cut, and of plain but good material. The hair in those days was powdered with a ball made of cotton yarn, and the powder was carried in a buckskin bag. He visited his library and stables before breakfast. He made his breakfast of Indian cakes, honey, and tea. After breakfast he rode round his farms, a journey of from ten to fifteen miles. He went alone, opening gates and letting down bars for himself. One of the many strangers who came to Mount Vernon to get a look at the great man asked young Washington Custis how he should know him when he met him.

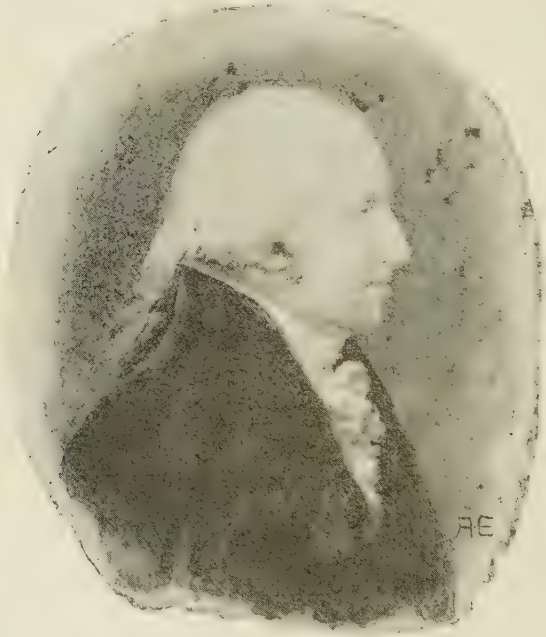
"You will meet, sir," answered the young man, "with an old gentleman riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff which is attached to his saddlebow—that person, sir, is General Washington."

"Thank ye, thank ye, young gentleman," answered the stranger. "I think if I fall in with the general I shall be apt to know him."

Washington's appearance in later life was somewhat changed by some false teeth which he was obliged to wear. The teeth were carved out of a piece of hippopotamus tusk, and the appearance of gums was produced by means of pink wax, which had often to be renewed. The upper and lower sets of teeth were joined together by little gold springs, which made an outward pressure on the lower jaw, and caused the lower lip to stand out in a

manner not natural to him, and which may be seen in his most famous portraits.

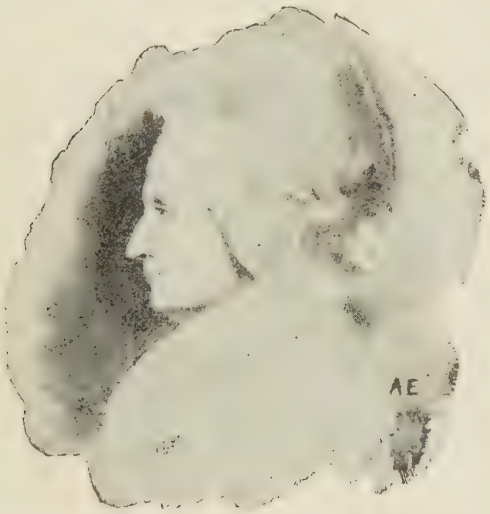
Elkanah Watson, a gentleman who once visited at Washington's house during the later years of his life,



PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.
[From a pastel by Sharpless, made in 1798. Owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

tells that, having a troublesome cough, he was astonished to find the great man standing by his bedside in the middle of the night with a bowl of tea, which he wished him to take for his cold. With all his kindly qualities, Wash-

ington had an air of dignity about him which made men fear to trifle with him. It is told that Gouverneur Morris once made a wager that he would treat Washington with familiarity. He accordingly went up to him, slapped him on the back, and said, "How are you this morning, general?" Washington merely turned and looked at him, but Morris afterward admitted that he did not care



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WASHINGTON.
[From a pastel by Sharpless, made in 1798. Owned by General G. W. C. Lee.]

to make the experiment again. Grave though he was, Washington was not without a sense of humor. A little boy who once ran after him, admiring his new clothes when he was coming from the tailor's in Philadelphia, never forgot how the great man suddenly turned round

and made him a low bow. Colonel Humphreys once challenged Washington to jump a hedge when they were riding together. Washington told Humphreys to go on. The colonel accordingly jumped the hedge and landed in a mudhole on the other side, quite up to the horse's saddle girths.

"Ah, colonel," said Washington, coolly looking over at Humphrey's struggles from the other side of the hedge, "you are too deep for me."

Washington had much of old-fashioned gallantry in his treatment of ladies. A letter which he wrote when a young man to Mrs. George William Fairfax, when she had twitted him on his engagement to Martha Custis, has sometimes been supposed to indicate that he was really in love with the wife of his friend while he was about to marry another woman, though the letter seems to express only the customary gallantry of an old-fashioned Virginia gentleman toward ladies. In the same way Washington presents himself in a letter to Madame Lafayette as "one of her greatest admirers," though he had never seen her, and pretends to be about to gain her heart, though he acknowledges that he has a disadvantage over her husband in being an old man. At another time he excuses himself from making a journey to France because it would be uncouth to talk with ladies through an interpreter. Nelly Custis tells how he was always considerate of and affectionate to her grandmamma, though he was sometimes so absent-minded that his wife was forced to seize him by the button to attract his attention when she wished to say something to him.

Mrs. Washington was now very happy, "settled

down," as she said, to the pleasant duties of an old Virginia housekeeper, "steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket." A lady who visited at Mount Vernon tells how she found Mrs. Washington busy in her room; on one side of her sat the chambermaid knitting, on the other a little colored pet learning to sew, and "an old decent woman" was near cutting out winter clothes for the negroes. Mrs. Washington directed them all, knitting incessantly herself. She showed her visitor several pairs of colored stockings and gloves she had made, and gave her a pair half done, asking her to finish them and wear them for her sake.

Bernard, a famous English actor of those days, was playing in Annapolis in 1798. One day he rode to a place below Alexandria to visit a friend who lived on the Potomac. He was returning on horseback. An old-fashioned chaise was before him on the road. The driver of the chaise used the whip freely, and the horse appeared to be very indifferent to it until it happened to fall on a galled spot and hurt the poor animal so badly that he threw himself back on his hind legs. One of the wheels went over the bank and the chaise upset, throwing out the owner and his young wife. A horseman who had been trotting gently from an opposite direction now galloped to the scene of the accident. He and Bernard dismounted and went to the assistance of the young woman, who was insensible. The stranger supported her while the actor brought water in the crown of his hat from a distant spring. The young woman when she returned to consciousness immediately began to scold her husband, who had been busy extricating his horse. The vehicle

lay on its side and was heavily loaded with baggage. The stranger, who was an elderly man, began unloading the luggage, and Bernard assisted him. They then grasped the wheel of the heavy chaise and having righted it with difficulty, helped the owner to load up once more. It was half an hour's hot work, and the perspiration rolled off their faces. The owner of the chaise expressed his thanks by inviting the two men to go to Alexandria with him and take "something sociable," but they refused, and the chaise went on its way. The stranger now offered to brush the dust from Bernard's clothes, and the two gentlemen accordingly brushed each other. Bernard noticed that his companion was a "tall, erect, well-made man," dressed in a blue coat, buttoned to the chin, and buckskin breeches. When the older man took off his hat his face seemed very familiar to Bernard, who had indeed seen it over every fireplace and on many a tavern sign. Still he did not recognize it as that of Washington. The latter, however, was quick at remembering a face he had seen before. A smile lighted up his face.

WASHINGTON'S POWDER BAG AND PUFF.

"Mr. Bernard, I believe?" he said.

The actor bowed.

"I had the pleasure of seeing you perform last winter in Philadelphia," said Washington.

Bernard explained how he happened to be in the neighborhood, and his companion said: "You must be fatigued. If you will ride to my house, which is not a mile distant, you can prevent any ill effects from this exertion by a couple of hours' rest." He pointed to his house. Bernard had the day before spent half an hour looking at this very dwelling.

"Mount Vernon!" he exclaimed with a stare of wonder. "Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?"

With a smile of rare benevolence Washington extended his hand, and said: "An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard; but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private, and without a prompter." Washington then pointed to their two horses, standing looking at them, and shrugged his shoulders at the inn.

Bernard accepted Washington's invitation, and the two gentlemen rode to Mount Vernon together, where they had a long talk while they rested. The actor observed that the great American's face had little expression, but that the indentations over the eyes and the compression of the mouth seemed to show that he kept his passions under firm control. His voice was not rich, but he spoke earnestly, and his eyes were "glorious conductors of the light within." To Bernard these eyes seemed to say, "I am a man, and interested in all that concerns humanity." When the actor mentioned the differences he saw between New England people and those of the Southern States, Washington, who had long since overcome any prejudices in favor of one part of his country over another, said:

"I esteem those people greatly; they are the stamina of the Union and its greatest benefactors. They are continually spreading themselves too, to settle and enlighten less-favored quarters. Dr. Franklin is a New Englander."

They then had some talk about England, and Bernard said that Washington's remarks were flattering to his country.

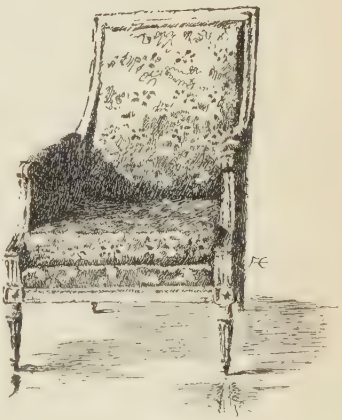
"Yes, yes, Mr. Bernard," answered he, "but I consider your country the cradle of free principles, not their armchair. Liberty in England is a sort of idol; people are bred up in the belief and love of it, but see little of its doings. They walk about freely, but then it is between high walls; and the error of its government was in supposing that after a portion of their subjects had crossed the sea to live upon a common, they would permit their friends at home to build up those walls around them."

At this moment a slave came into the room with a pitcher of spring water, and Bernard could not avoid smiling in a way which seemed to say, "Is this your liberty?"

"This may seem a contradiction," said Washington, reading his visitor's thoughts, "but I think you must perceive that it is neither a crime nor an absurdity. When we profess as our fundamental principle that liberty is the inalienable right of every man, we do not include madmen or idiots; liberty in their hands would be a scourge. Till the mind of the slave has been educated to perceive what are the obligations of a state of freedom, and not confound a man's with a brute's, the gift would

insure its abuse. We might as well be asked to pull down our old warehouses before trade had increased to demand enlarged new ones. Both houses and slaves were bequeathed to us by Europeans, and time alone can change them—an event, sir, which, you may believe me, no man desires more heartily than I do. Not only do I pray for it on the score of human dignity, but I can already foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our Union, by consolidating it in a common bond of principle."

Thus did the far-seeing mind of Washington foreshadow the conflict of later days. He had some further talk with Bernard. His face lighted up vividly with pleasure when the actor said that he was surprised to meet so many men of talent in Philadelphia. Washington said that men on the other side of the water had said that America had not produced one poet, statesman, or philosopher. It was easy to see, he said, why talent in a new country should tend to be scientific rather than imaginative. He mentioned Franklin, Rittenhouse, and Rush, and added the names of Jefferson and Adams as politicians. He ended by offering the actor an introduction to "my friend Jefferson," as he called him. This shows, among other things, that



CHAIR FROM LAFAYETTE'S CHATEAU IN FRANCE.
[Presented to Mount Vernon by Edmund de Lafayette.]

though Jefferson was the leader of an opposite party, Washington never allowed the friendship to be really broken between himself and that other great American.

Bernard was much impressed with Washington. To the actor, Washington's figure and every feature of his face seemed to indicate a spirit both simple and sublime. He said that "nine country gentlemen out of ten who had seen a chaise upset near their estate would have thought it savored neither of pride nor ill-nature to ride home and send their servants to its assistance." The actor felt that he had "witnessed one of the strongest evidences of a great man's claim to his reputation—the prompt, impulsive working of a heart which, having made the good of mankind—not conventional forms—its religion, was never so happy as in practically displaying it."

CHAPTER LI.

WASHINGTON'S LAST DAYS.

1799.

ONCE more before he died Washington was called into public life for a short time. President Adams had sent three commissioners to France. The French minister, Talleyrand, treated them ill, and sent secret agents to them to let them know that nothing would be done until they paid large bribes. The three Americans sent home cipher dispatches in which they told how they had been received. President Adams thought best to publish these dispatches, putting the letters X, Y, and Z in place of the names of the secret agents. These papers came to be known as the X, Y, and Z dispatches, and they caused great excitement in America. The cry was, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," and the war spirit rose very high. Every one wished Washington to be the leader in case there should be war with France. President Adams accordingly wrote to Washington, asking him to accept the command of the new army which was to be formed. Washington accepted, on condition that he was not to be called into service unless there should really be war, and that he should be allowed to name the chief officers who were to serve under him. He wished to put a young and able man second in command—

for old officers seldom make good ones—so he chose Hamilton first, then Pinckney, and then Knox. Adams disliked Hamilton, and tried to place Knox second in command, as this old officer thought his due. There was some trouble between Washington and Adams on this point, but Adams was forced to give way to the great leader. Washington went to Philadelphia in the fall of 1798, to work over army plans with his major-generals. It seemed possible that he might have to lead the Americans against one of Napoleon's great armies. But though he made careful preparations, Washington did not believe that there would be war. He thought, however, that preparing for war would be the best way to bring about peace. And so it proved; for no sooner did Talleyrand see that the Americans were really aroused than he caused it to be intimated to the American minister at Holland that he would treat another envoy better. Adams accordingly sent one to France, and war was finally averted, though the news of the settlement did not reach America until after the death of her great general.

Washington had said, "I am of a short-lived family, and can not remain long upon the earth." In fact his sister and all of his brothers except one died before he did. According to his usual careful habits, he made out a long paper, in which he planned how his estates should be managed for several years, with a rotation of crops. He finished this paper only four days before his death. The day before he was taken ill he walked out with his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, who was now married to Nelly Custis and living at Mount Vernon, and talked to him about building a new family vault. "This change," said

he, "I shall make first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

On the 12th of December, 1799, Washington made the tour, as usual, of his plantations. The weather was very bad. There was rain, hail, and snow falling at different times, and a cold wind blowing. It was after three o'clock when he returned. Mr. Lear, his secretary, brought him some letters to be franked, for he intended to send them to the post office that afternoon. Washington franked the letters, but said that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Lear noticed that the general's neck appeared to be wet, and that there was snow clinging to his hair. He spoke to him about it, but Washington said that he was not wet, as his greatcoat had protected him. He went to dinner, which was waiting for him, without changing his clothes. The next day he complained of a sore throat, and remained in the house in the morning, as it was snowing hard. In the afternoon, however, he went out to mark some trees which he wished cut down, between the house and the river. He was quite hoarse by evening. He sat in the parlor, however, with Mrs. Washington and Lear, reading the papers which had been brought from the post office. He read some things aloud in spite of his hoarseness. At nine o'clock Mrs. Washington went to the room of her granddaughter Nelly, whose first child had recently been born. The two gentlemen continued to read the papers, and Washington seemed cheerful. Once he became excited over some political event, and used some of the strong words he could command on occasion. Before they went to bed Lear advised the general to take something for his cold.

"No," said Washington; "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

During the night, however, he had a chill, and awoke Mrs. Washington, telling her that he felt ill. She wished to get up, but he would not allow her to do this, lest she should take cold. When the servant came into the room to make a fire at daylight, Mrs. Washington sent for Lear and got up herself. The general was now breathing with difficulty and could scarcely speak. Lear sent for Dr. Craik, and meantime Washington told him to send for Mr. Rawlins, an overseer, to bleed him. Rawlins came soon after sunrise, and trembled at the prospect of opening a vein on the great man's arm. "Don't be afraid," said Washington; and when the vein had been opened, he added, "the orifice is not large enough." Mrs. Washington did not approve of the bleeding before the doctor came, but Washington said, "More, more." It was a universal remedy in those days, but it brought no relief to the sufferer.

During the day three doctors arrived. Washington was bled again three times; blisters were applied to the throat and to the feet; all that medical science could do in that day was tried, but without success. The disease was an acute laryngitis, and could have been relieved only by tracheotomy, which was not practiced in the South, though it had been tried in Philadelphia at an earlier date. About half past four in the afternoon the sick man asked Mrs. Washington to go downstairs and fetch two wills from his desk. He looked at them, and asked her to burn one of them, which she did. Lear now came to his bedside and took his hand.

WASHINGTON'S ROOM.

[The bed is the one on which he died, and all the other furniture belonged to him. Drawn at Mount Vernon.]

"I find I am going," Washington said to him. "My breath can not last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has begun."

Washington asked Lear whether he thought of anything else that ought to be done, for he had but a very short time, he said, to remain with his friends. The secretary answered that he could think of nothing, and that he hoped the general was not so near his end as he thought. Washington smiled, and said that he certainly was, "and that, as it was a debt which we must all pay, he looked on the event with perfect resignation."

Sometimes he seemed to be in pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and was very restless. Lear would then lie down upon the bed and raise and turn him as gently as possibly. Washington often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;" and when the young man assured him that he wished for nothing but to give him ease, Washington replied:

"Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope that when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

He noticed that his servant, Christopher, had been standing most of the day, and told him to sit down. He asked when his nephew Lewis and his adopted son Custis, who were away from home, would return. When his life-long friend Dr. Craik came to his bedside, he said: "Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed

from my first attack that I should not survive it. My breath can not last long." The doctor was unable to answer from grief, and could only press his hand.

He afterward said to all the physicians: "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but, I pray you, take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly; I can not last long." He continued to be restless and uneasy, but made no complaints, only asking now and then what time it was. When Lear helped him to move, he gave the secretary a look of gratitude. About ten o'clock at night he made several efforts to speak to Lear before he could do so. He finally said: "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." Lear nodded, for he could not speak.

"Do you understand?" asked Washington.

"Yes."

"'Tis well," said the dying man.

About ten minutes before death his breathing became easier; he felt his own pulse, and the expression of his face changed. One hand presently fell from the wrist of the other. Lear took it in his and pressed it to his bosom.

Mrs. Washington, who sat near the foot of the bed, asked in a firm voice, "Is he gone?"

Lear was unable to speak, but made a sign that Washington was dead.

"'Tis well," said she; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

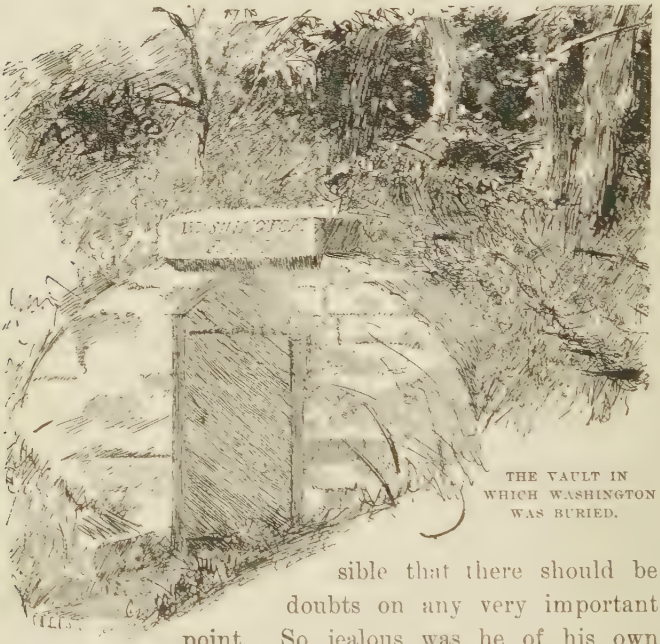
Washington died on December 14, 1799, in his sixty-eighth year. All his neighbors and relatives assembled to

attend his funeral; the militia and Freemasons of Alexandria were present; eleven pieces of artillery were brought to Mount Vernon to do military honors, and a schooner which lay in the Potomac fired minute guns. Washington's horse, with saddle, holster, and pistols, was led before the coffin by two grooms dressed in black. The body was deposited in the old family vault, after short and simple ceremonies. Washington was deeply mourned all over the United States, for never had a man been so beloved by his own countrymen.

Washington left all of his estates to his wife for life; after her death they were to be divided between his nephews and nieces and Mrs. Washington's grandchildren. He made his nephew, Bushrod Washington, his principal heir, leaving Mount Vernon to him. He said that he did this partly because he had promised the young man's father, his brother John Augustine, when they were bachelors, to leave Mount Vernon to him in case he should fall in the French war. He willed that all his negro slaves should be set free on the death of his wife. He said that he earnestly wished that it might be done before this, but he feared it would cause trouble on account of their intermarriages with the dower negroes who came to Mrs. Washington from her first husband, and whom he had no right to free. He willed also that such negroes as were too old or too young to support themselves should be comfortably clothed and fed by his heirs. To his five nephews he left his swords, with the injunction that they were "not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be in self-defense, or in defense of their country and its rights; and in the lat-

ter case to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof."

Washington's life is an open book. He knew that he was making history, and he kept careful copies of all his most important letters and writings, so that it is impos-



THE VAULT IN WHICH WASHINGTON WAS BURIED.

sible that there should be doubts on any very important point. So jealous was he of his own honorable reputation, that his last act as President was to file a denial of the authenticity of some spurious letters which were attributed to him by his political enemies. These letters were first published during the Revolution by the English, and purported to be written by Washington to Lund Washington, to Mrs. Washington, and to

John Parke Custis. The person who wrote them knew something of Washington's private affairs, but he made the American general say things which represented him as opposed to the independence of the colonies. It was asserted that Washington in his retreat from New York left his servant Billy behind, and that these papers were found in a handbag which the valet carried. As it was well known in the army that Billy had never been captured, Washington did not then think it needful to deny having written these letters; but when they were brought forward again by his enemies during the last years of his presidency, he was alarmed lest they should go down to history as his own. Most of Washington's writings which are preserved show him to us only as a grave public character, and lives of Washington drawn mainly from this source are apt to make the great man seem unnaturally cold, dignified, remote, and impressive. So usual has this view of Washington become, that there is a common belief that he never laughed aloud—a belief which there are many stories to refute. In order to make Washington seem the truly human man that he was, many personal anecdotes have been introduced into this book.

Washington had immense physical courage. In all the battles in which he fought he exposed himself fearlessly. His moral courage was even greater. He never shrank from doing what he thought right because it was likely to make him unpopular. Perhaps Washington's greatest qualities were his wisdom and prudence. These traits were very important in the leader of a young people engaged in a revolutionary struggle. He had few brilliant military successes, but it is impossible to say what

he might not have done had he not been weighed down by immense difficulties. His influence over men was great, and those who were under him loved him. He was never swayed by mean motives, his actions were always honorable, and he was generous even to those who were his bitter opponents. Though he was a man of action, he thought deeply on many subjects. "Never," said Jefferson, "did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance."

THE END.

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